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MAD® FOR KICKS

'MAD For Kicks

Edited by

Albert B. Feldstein

WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

WARNER BOOKS EDITION

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8 "JAMES BOMB" BOMB MOVIES

A MAD RETROSPECT ...WITH NO RESPECT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEPT THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE

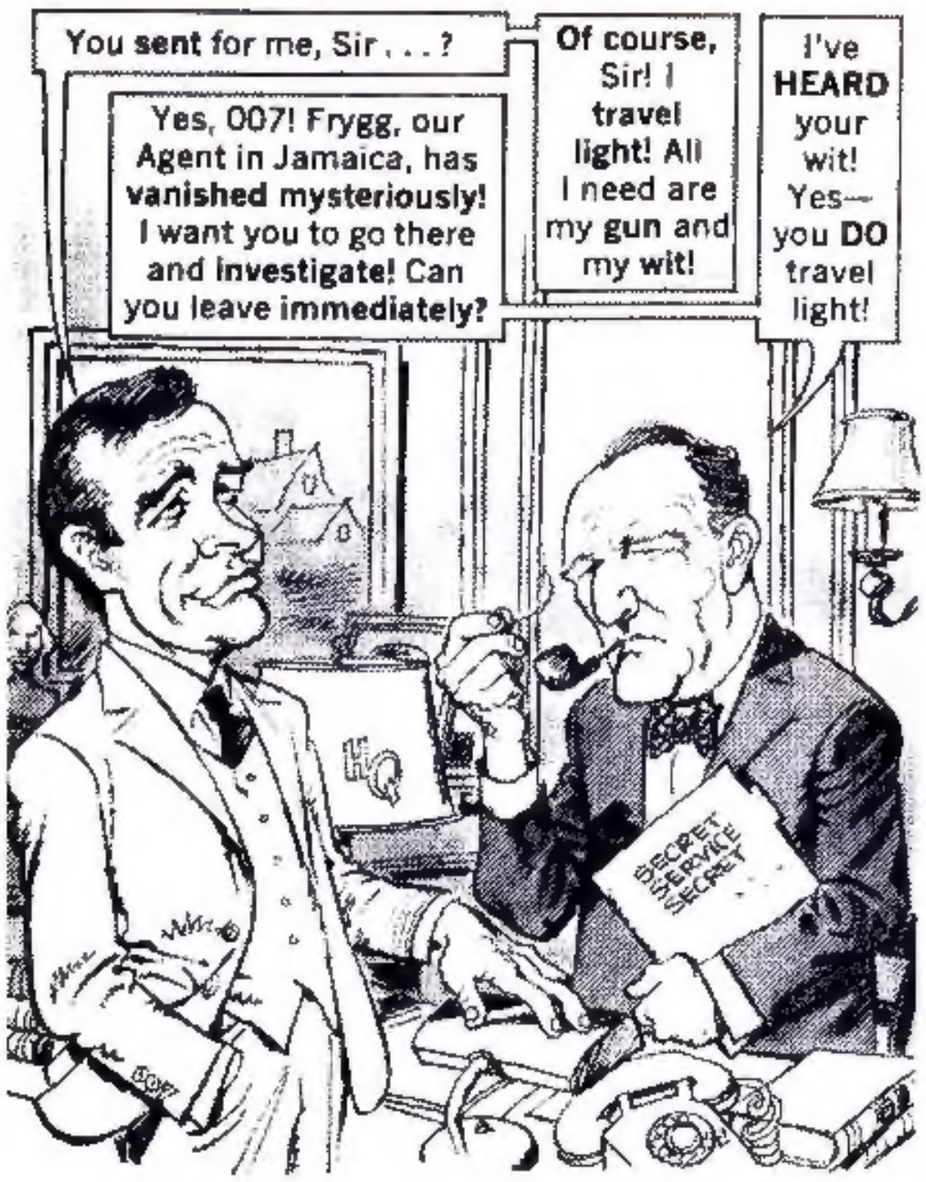
"DR. NO-NO"

You sent for me, Sir . . . ?

Yes, 007! Frygg, our Agent in Jamaica, has vanished mysteriously! I want you to go there and investigate! Can you leave immediately?

Of course, Sir! I travel light! All I need are my gun and my wit!

I've HEARD your wit! Yes— you DO travel light!



Good-bye, Mr. Bomb, and do take care!

I will, Mr. Pennymoney!

That's MISS Pennymoney! Oh, James! Look at me! I'm a woman . . . and I'm secretly in love with you! Why do you keep on ignoring me?!?

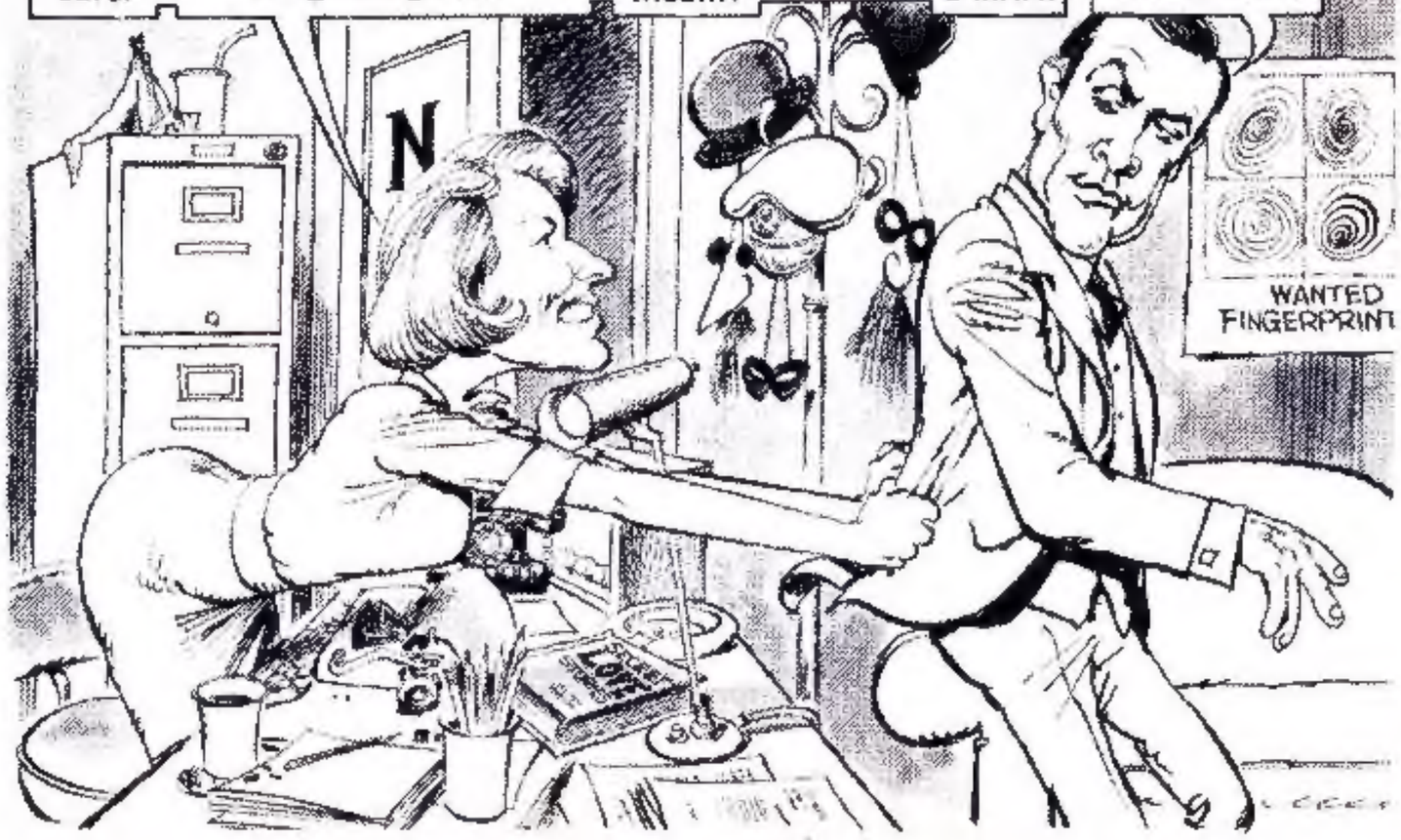
Keep on ignoring WHO?

See what I mean?!

Excuse me, Sir, but I'm in a hurry!

James, why do you always treat me like a MAN?

BECAUSE, my dear Pennymoney, compared to the girl in the next scene, you ARE a man!



Hi! I'm Honey Roper . . . one of the exciting new discoveries you'll be seeing in these James Bomb films!

Wrong! TWO of the exciting new discoveries!

Actually, in real life, I'm Ursula Undress, and except for this part, my acting career has been a big nothing!

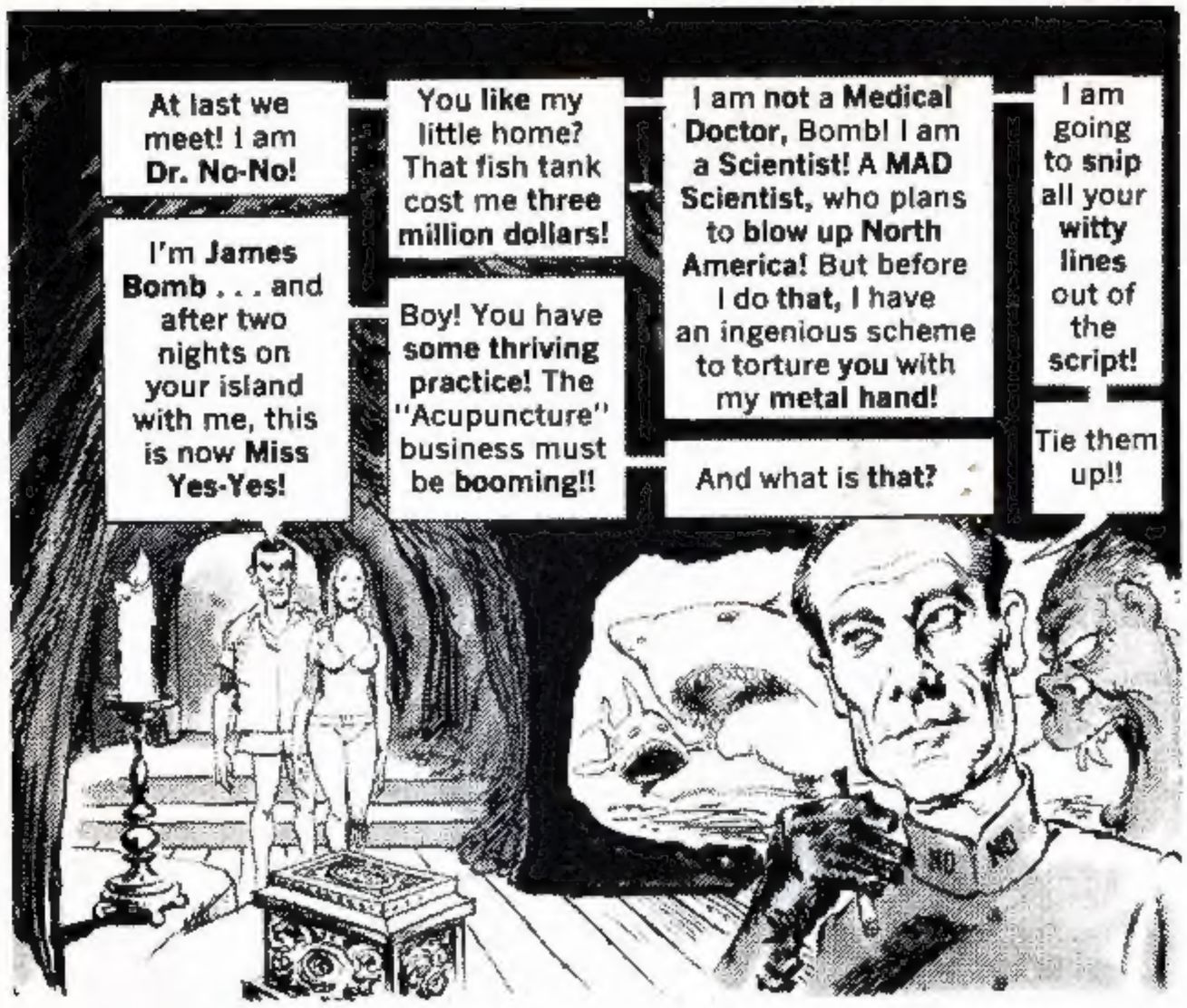
Don't sweat it! That same thing happened to someone very close to me! Mainly, ME!

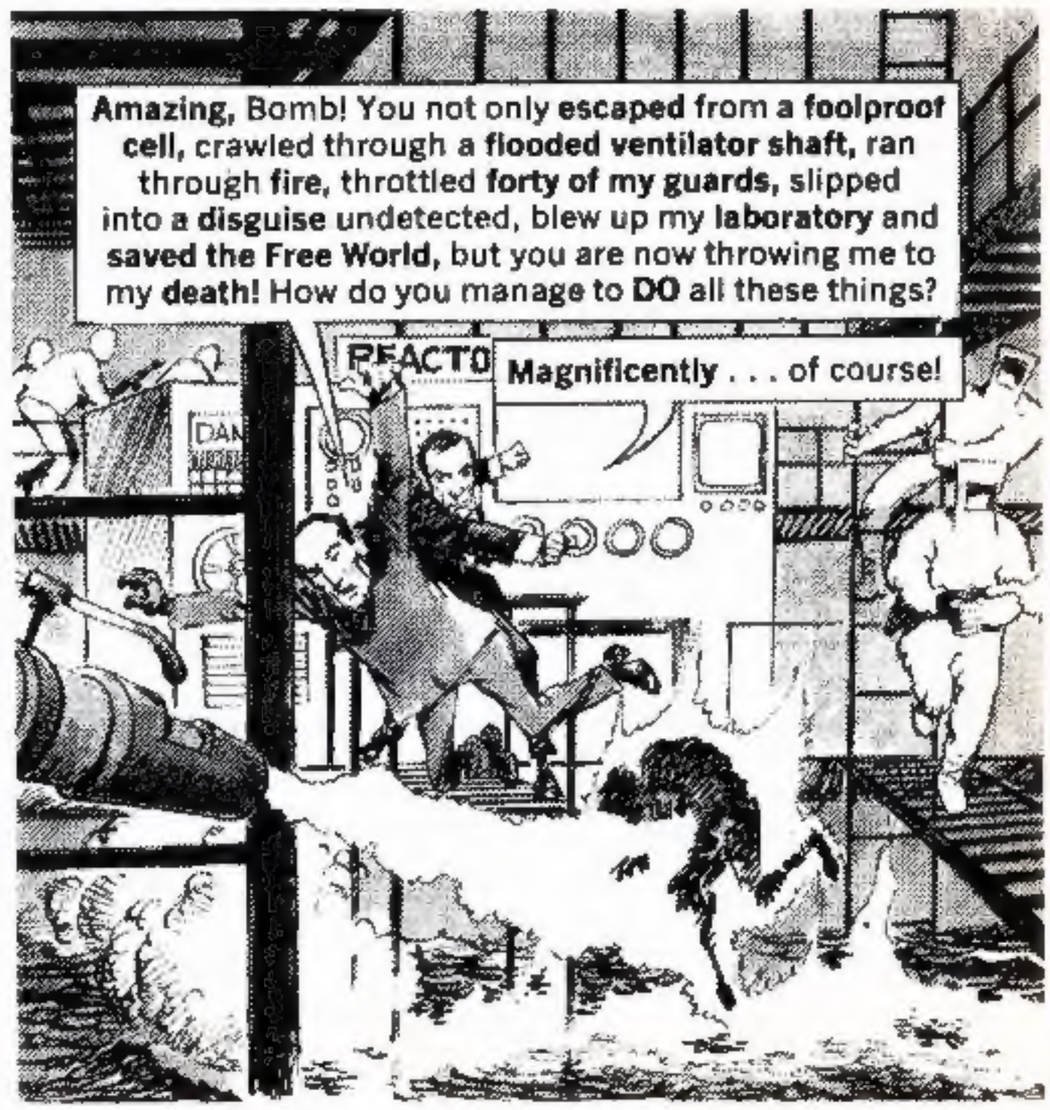
Where are we?

But it looks deserted! Where is he?

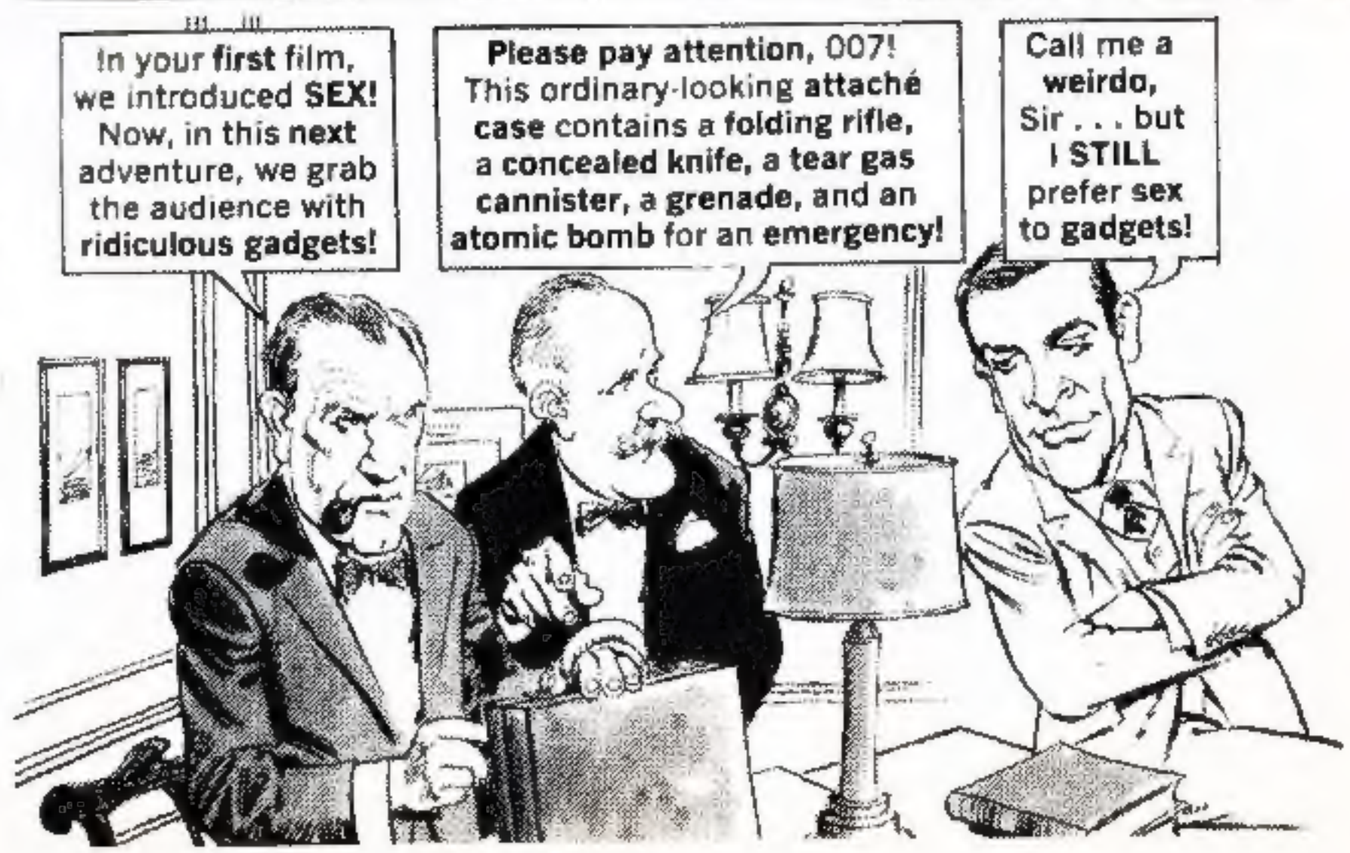
This is the island of the master criminal, Dr. No-No!

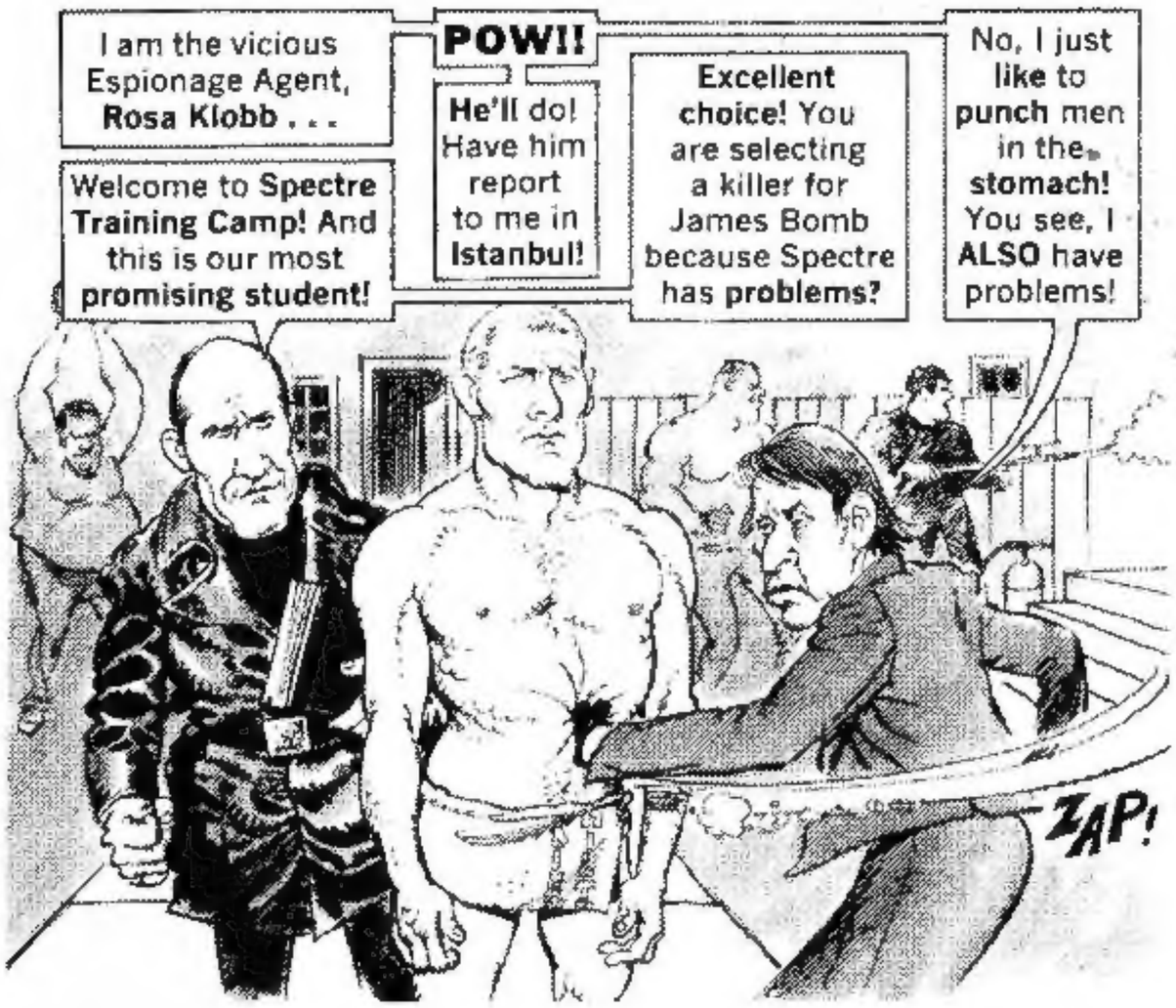
It's Wednesday . . . the Doctor's day off! He's taking time out from maiming, torturing and killing to relax and play golf!

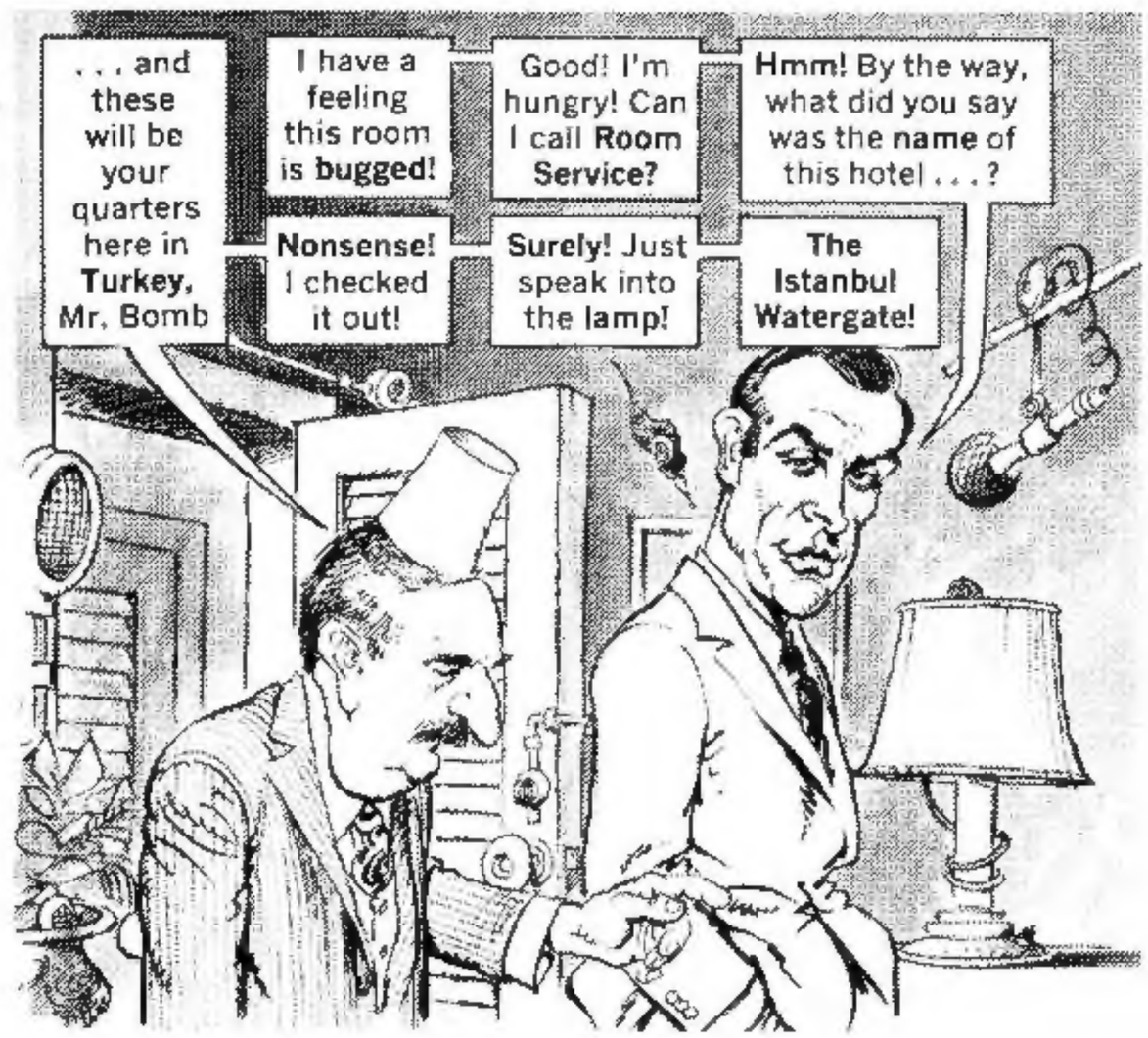


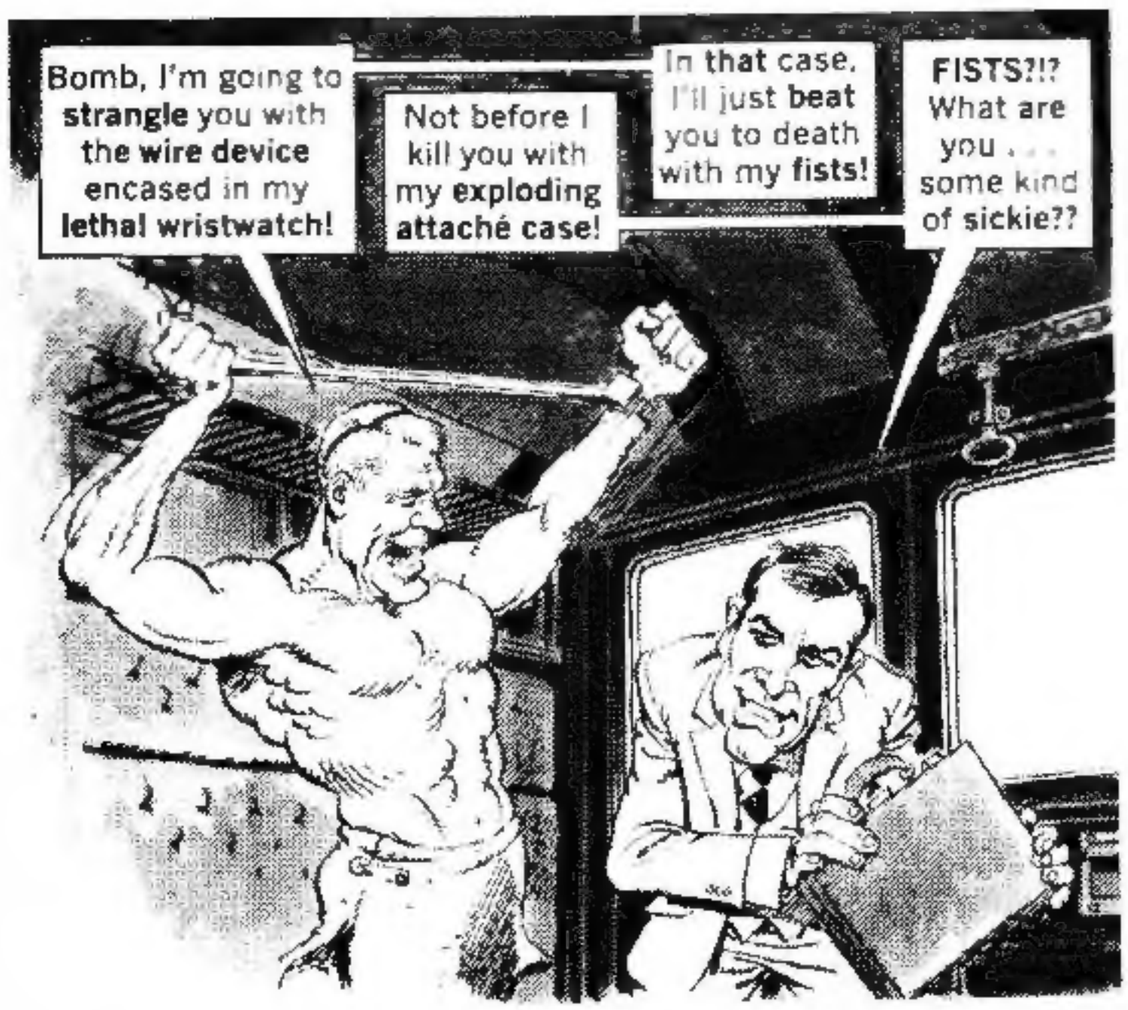


"FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"



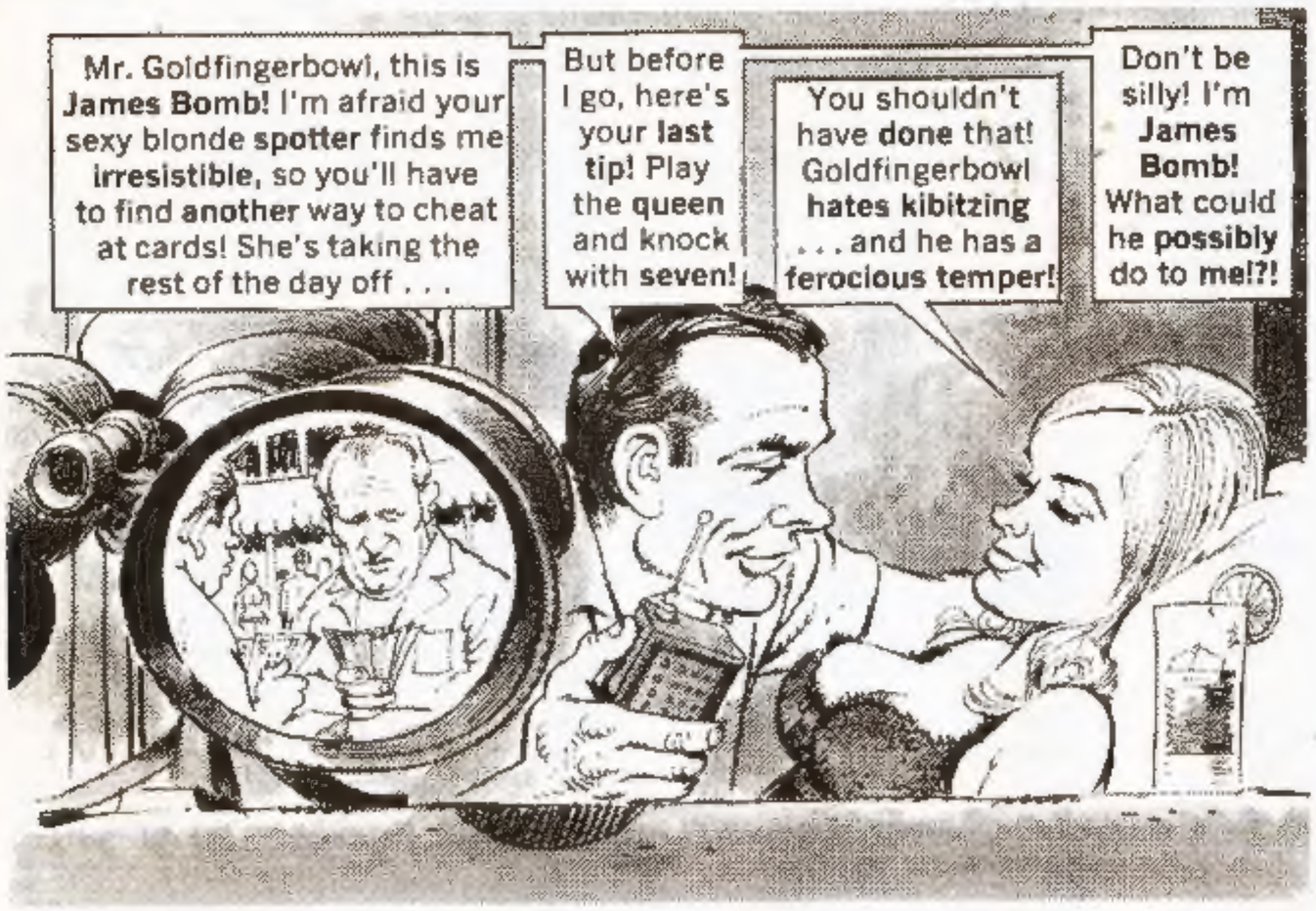

I am the vicious Espionage Agent, **Rosa Klobb . . .**
POW!!
He'll do! Have him report to me in **Istanbul!**
Excellent choice! You are selecting a killer for James Bomb because Spectre has **problems?**
No, I just **like** to **punch** men in the **stomach!** You see, I **ALSO** have problems!
Welcome to **Spectre Training Camp!** And this is our most **promising student!**
ZAP!

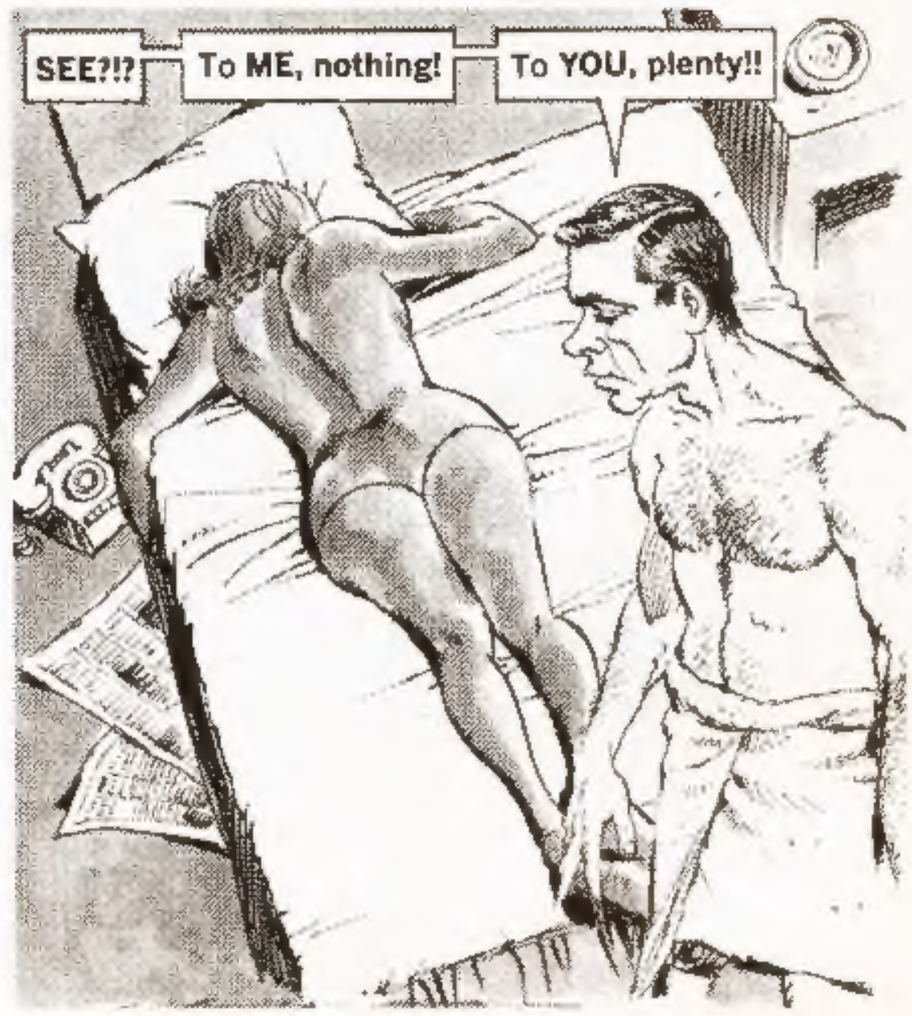

. . . and these will be your quarters here in **Turkey,** Mr. Bomb
I have a feeling this room is **bugged!**
Nonsense! I checked it out!
Good! I'm hungry! Can I call **Room Service?**
Surely! Just speak into the lamp!
Hmm! By the way, what did you say was the **name** of this hotel . . . ?
The Istanbul Watergate!

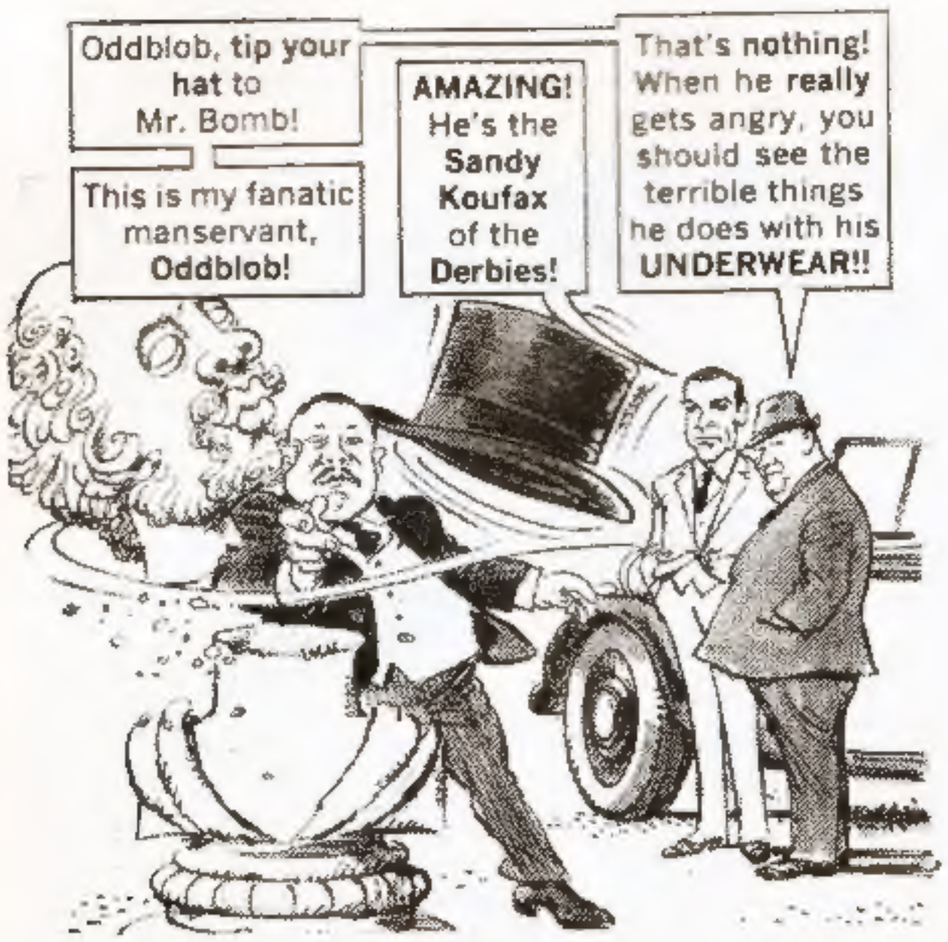

Bomb, I'm going to **strangle** you with **the wire device** encased in my **lethal wristwatch!**
Not before I kill you with my **exploding attaché case!**
In **that** case, I'll just **beat** you to death with my **fists!**
FISTS?!? What are you . . . some kind of **sickie??**

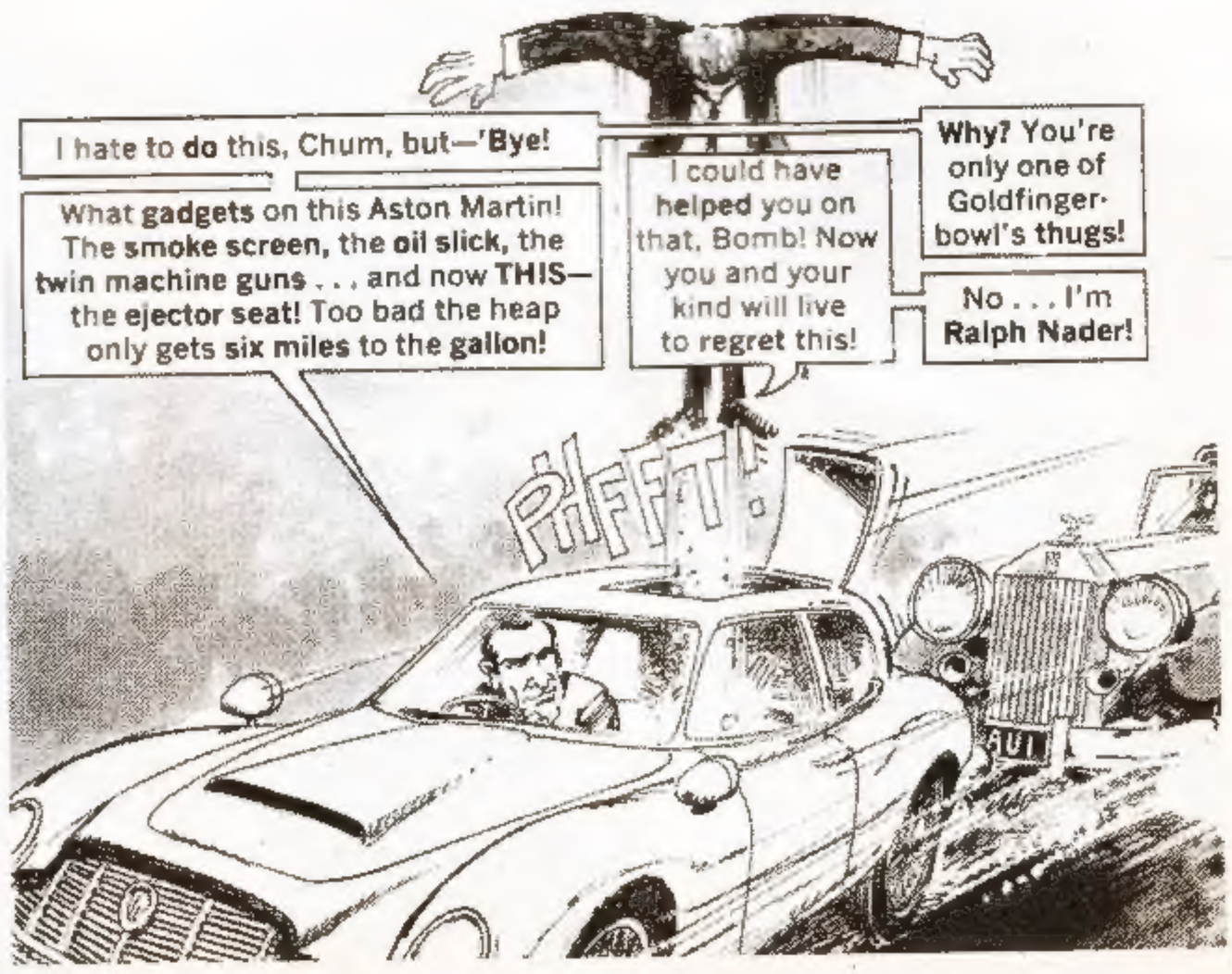
You've destroyed all my **underlings,** Bomb! So now you force me to kill you **myself** with my **poisoned shoe . . . spiked**
It won't work! I'm wearing my **arsenic-tipped golashes** to **counteract** it!
You're **too clever** for me, Bomb . . .
For **YOU, maybe!** But get a load of the **fat, shrewd villain** in my **next** movie, called—

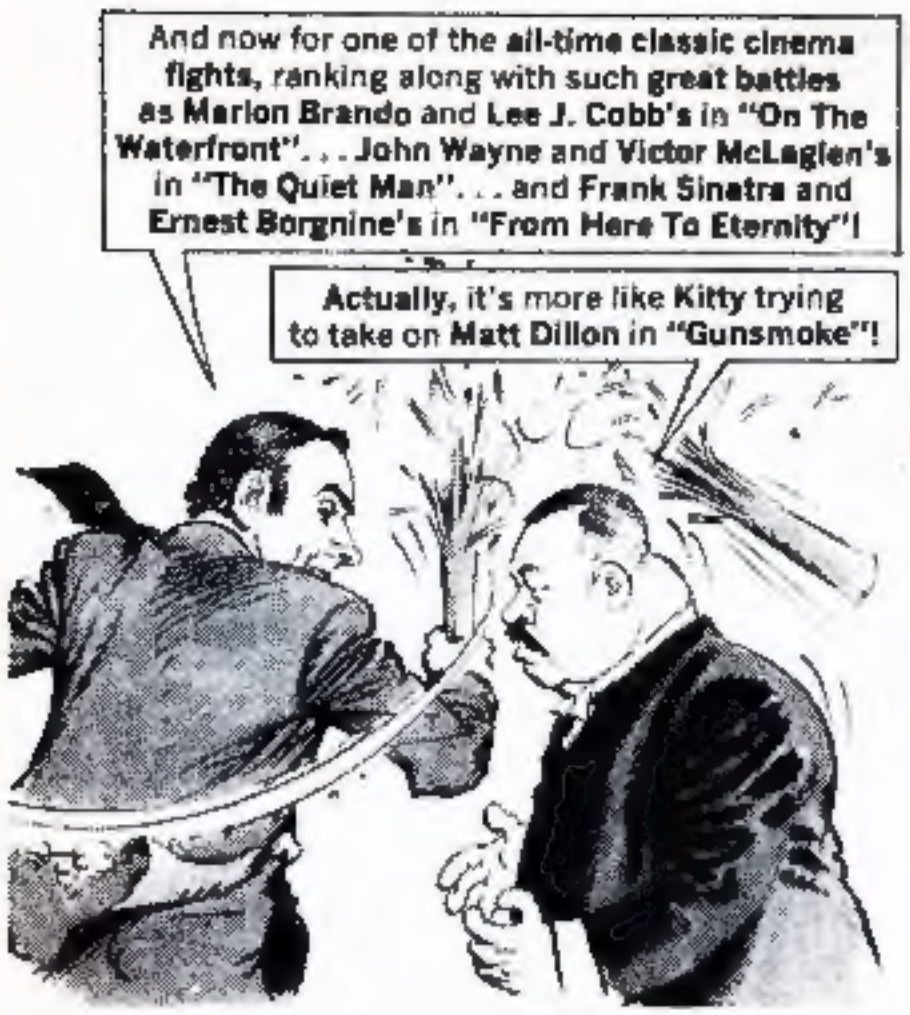
"GOLDFINGER BOWL"

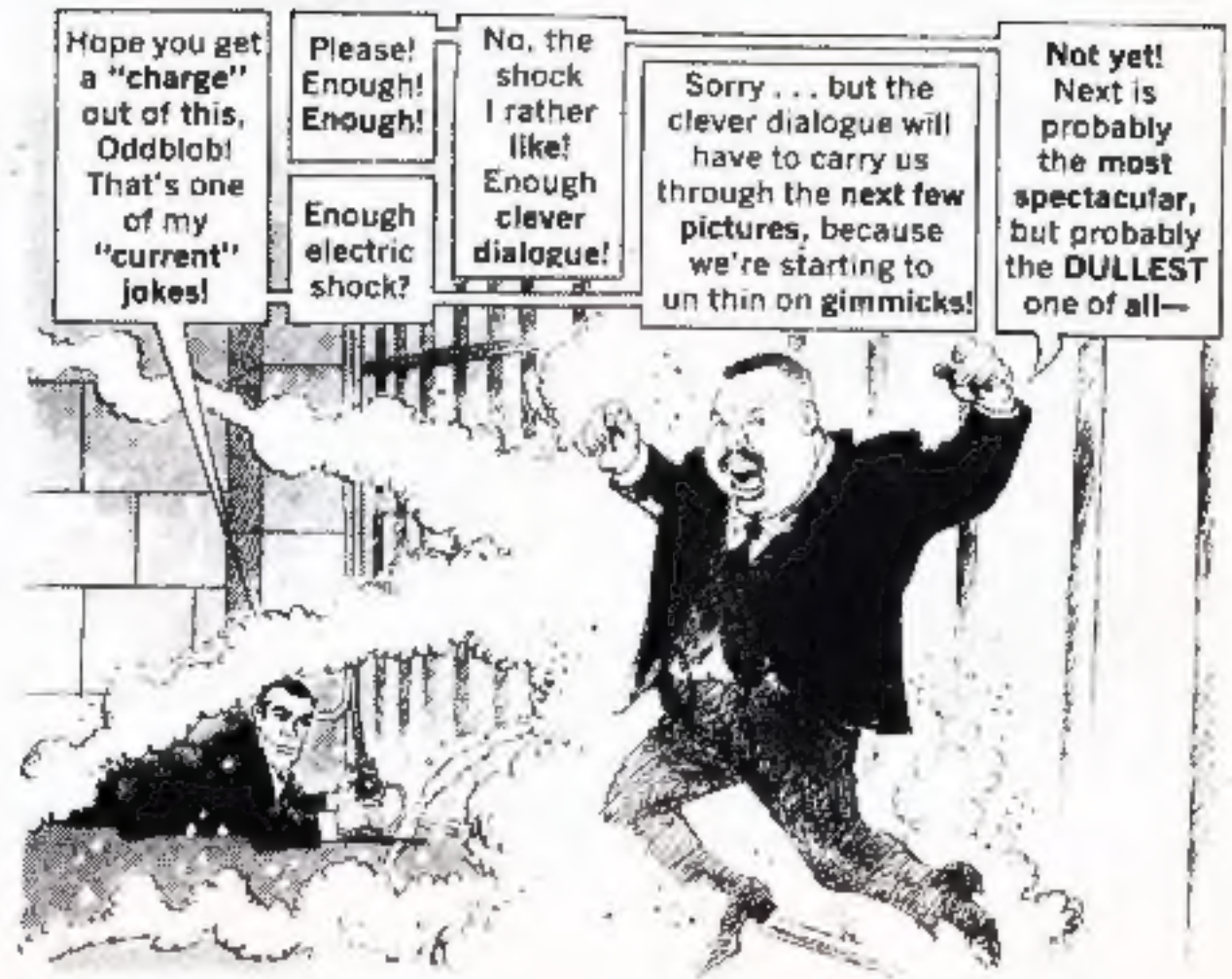




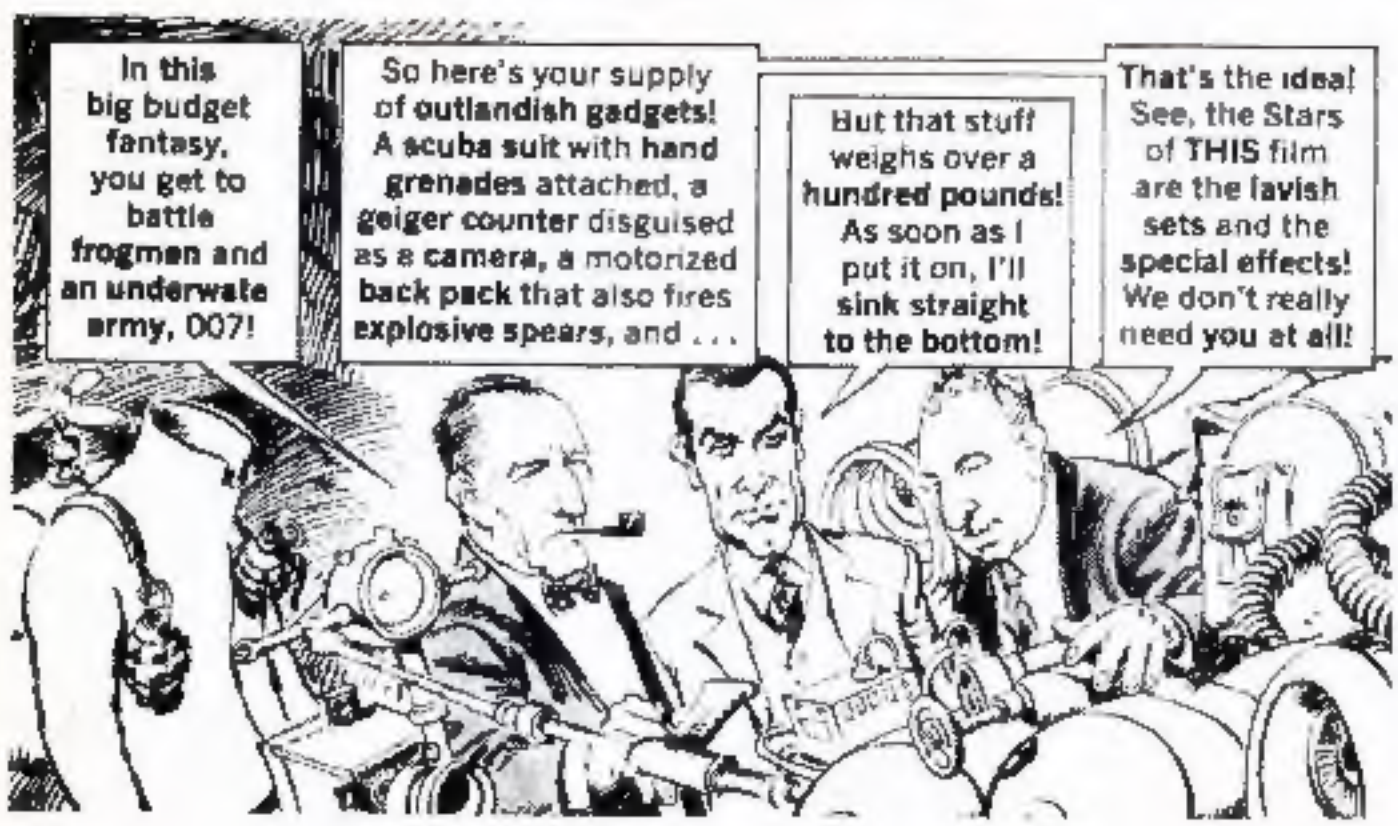


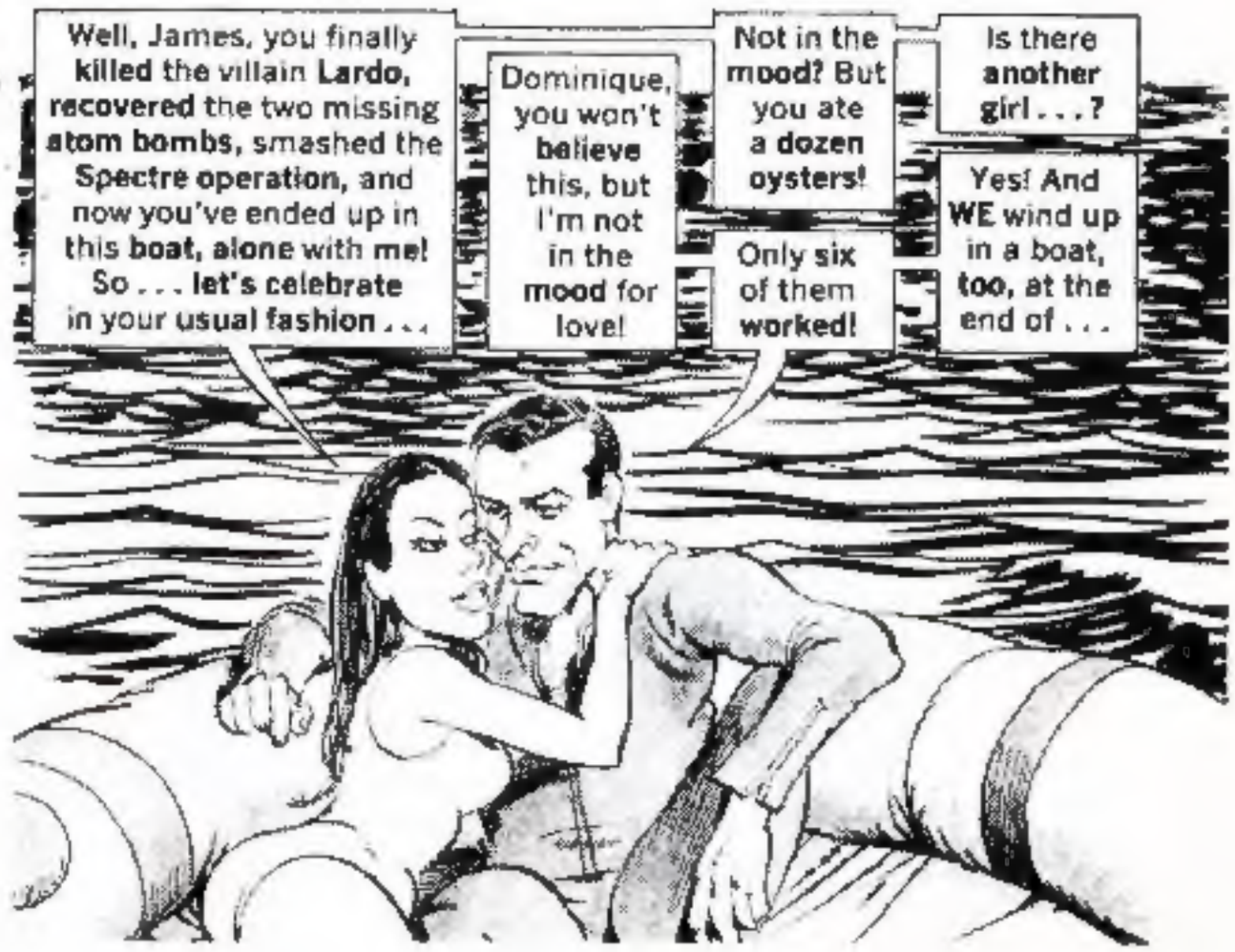




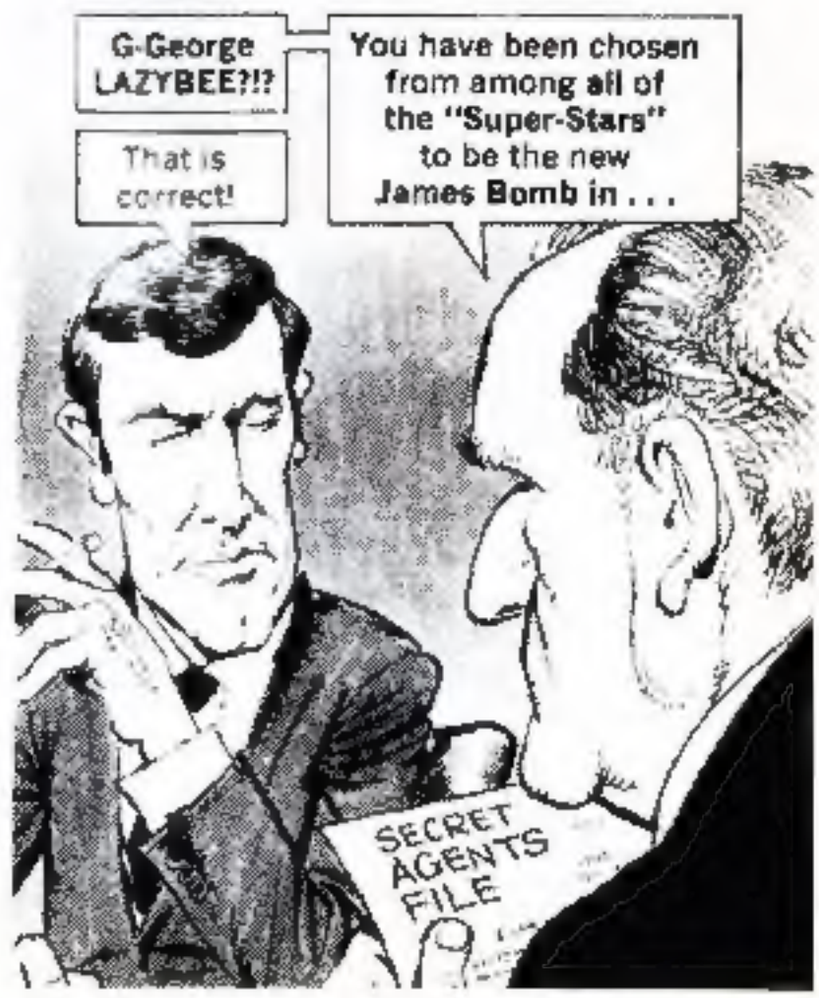


"THUNDEBLAHH"





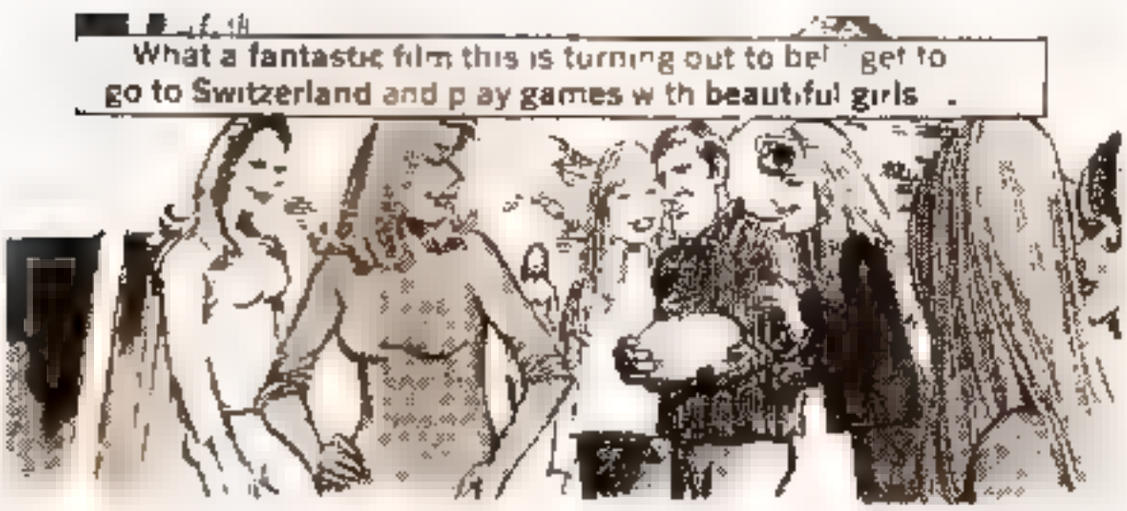
"YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

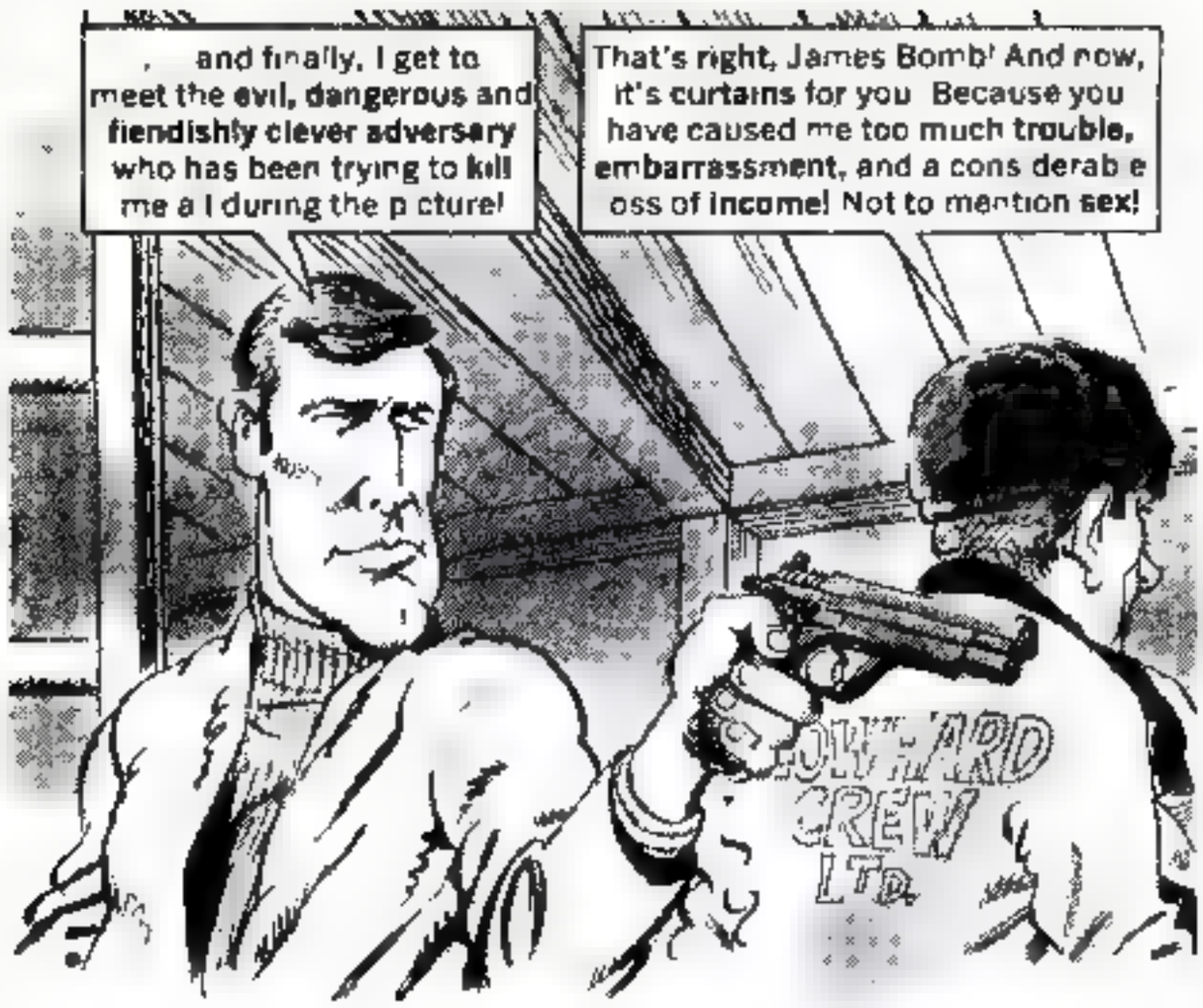


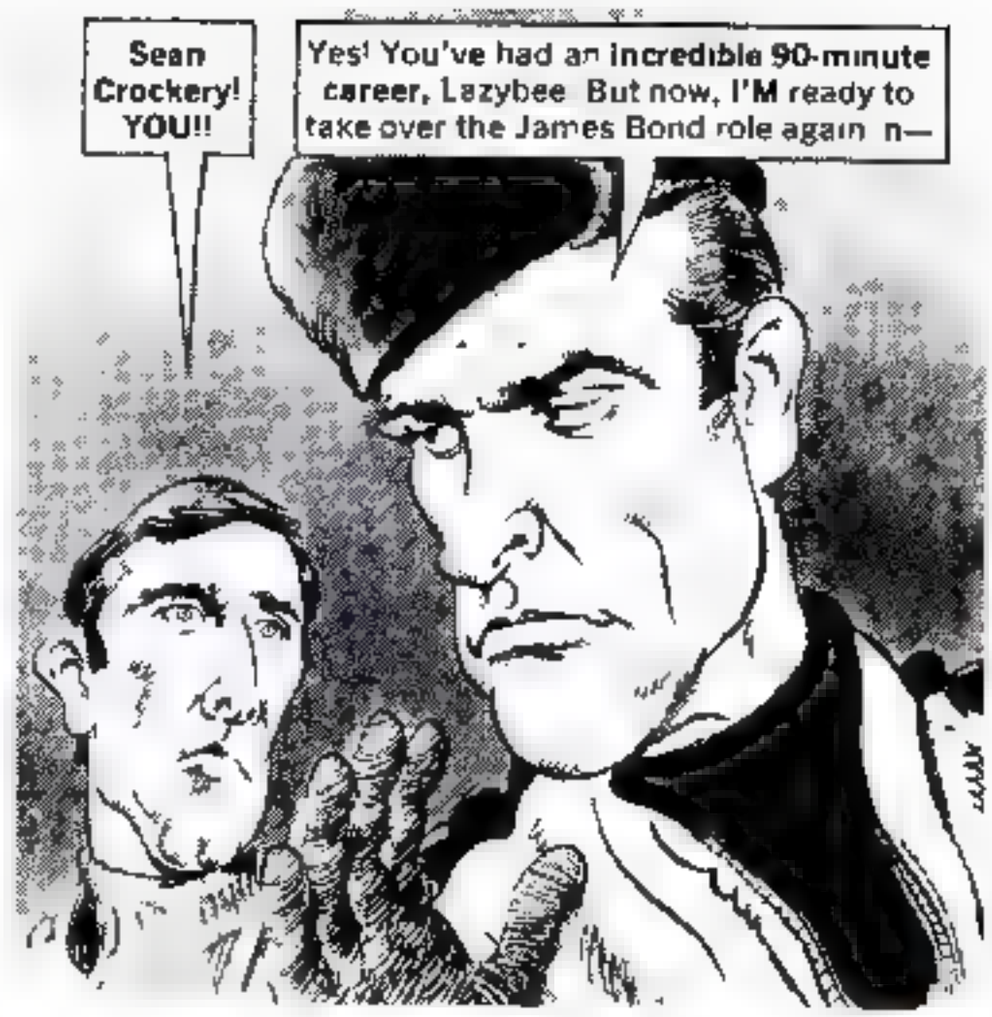
"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"

WHO?!? Who did he say he was?
George Lazybee!
Why did they ever pick him??
Because Paul Lynde was tied up in a TV Series, and Englebert Humperdink wanted too much money!

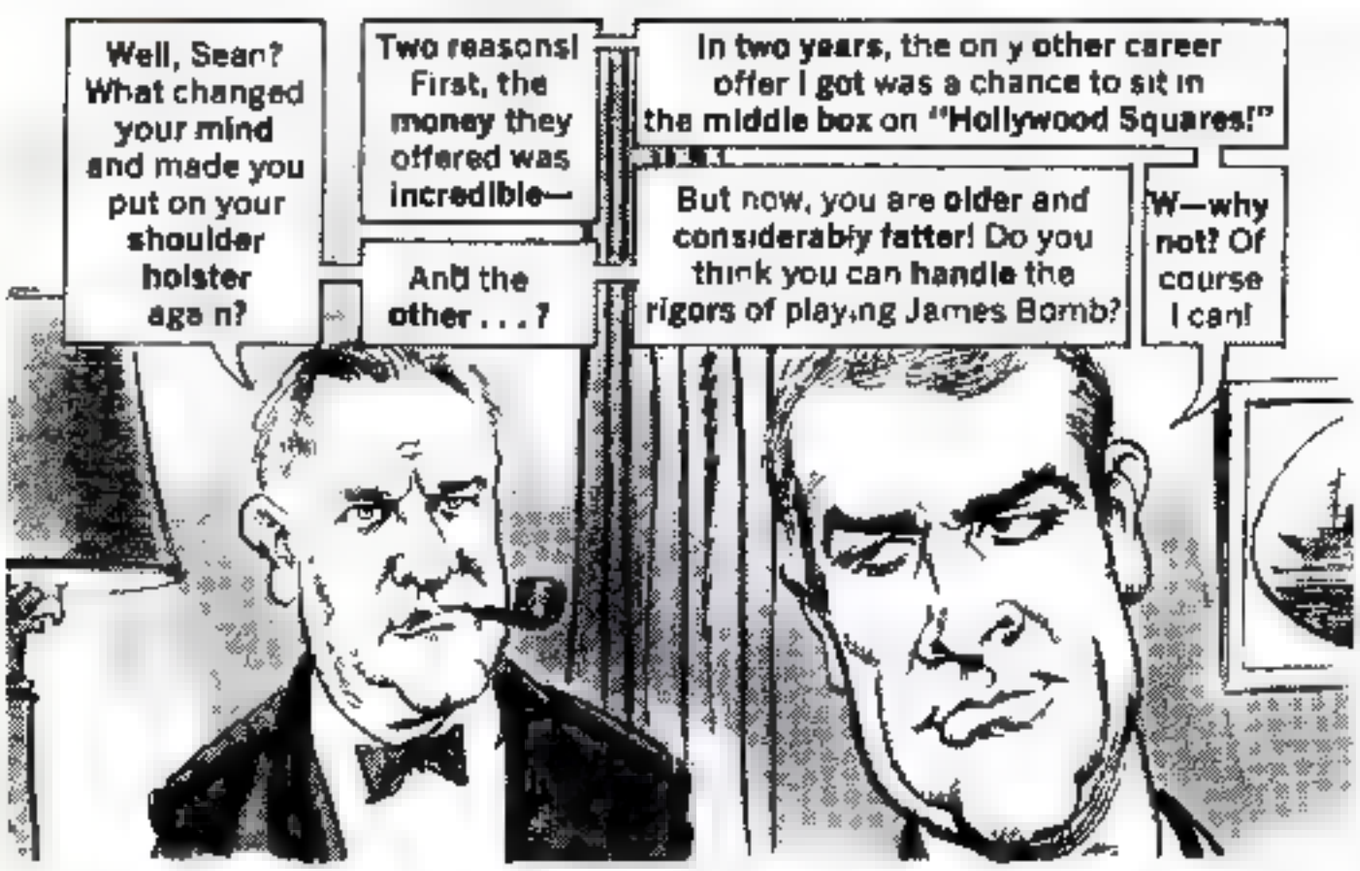
Before you start your role, George Lazybee, tell me: Who ARE you?
As soon as I find out, I'll let you know, Sir!
Good! I have full confidence in you as the new James Bomb!
Thank you Sir!
Now, go out there, smash Spectre, seduce women and save the Free World, 006!
006, Sir??
Well, we can't be too sure, can we?

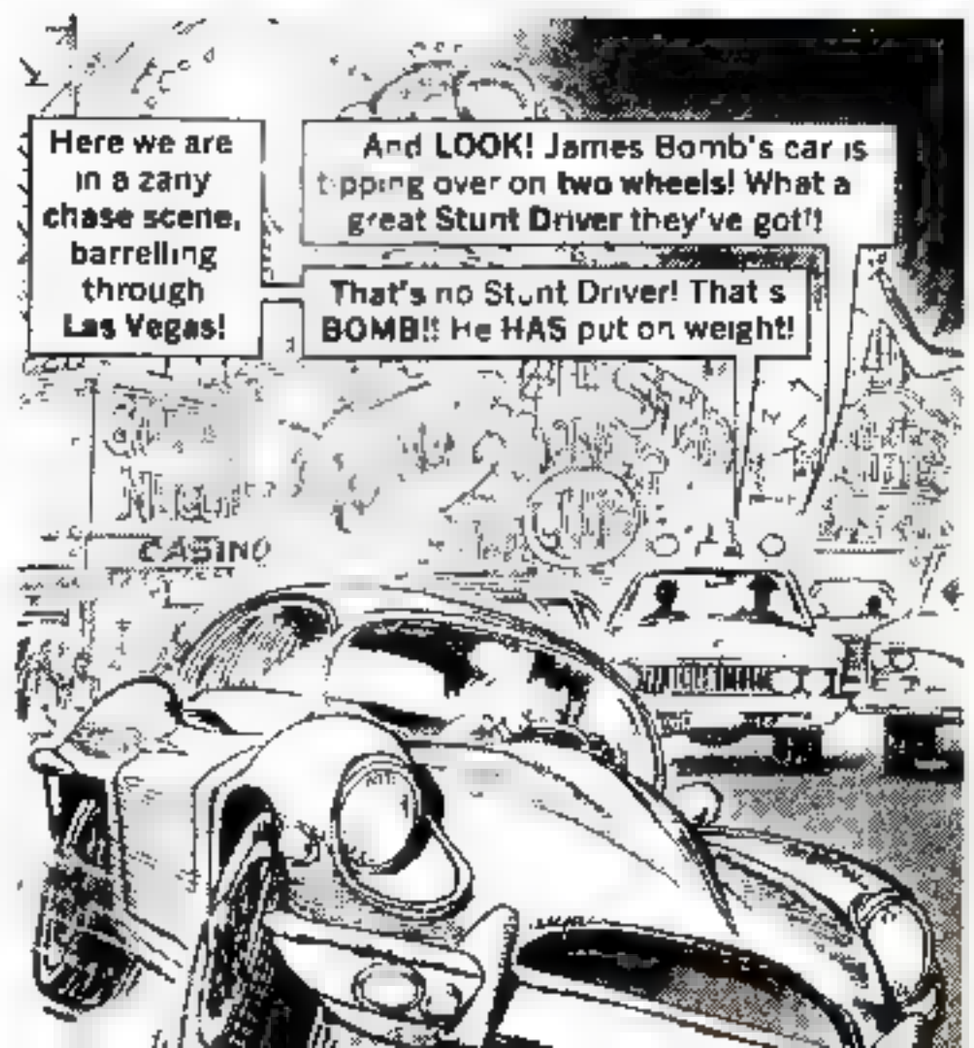


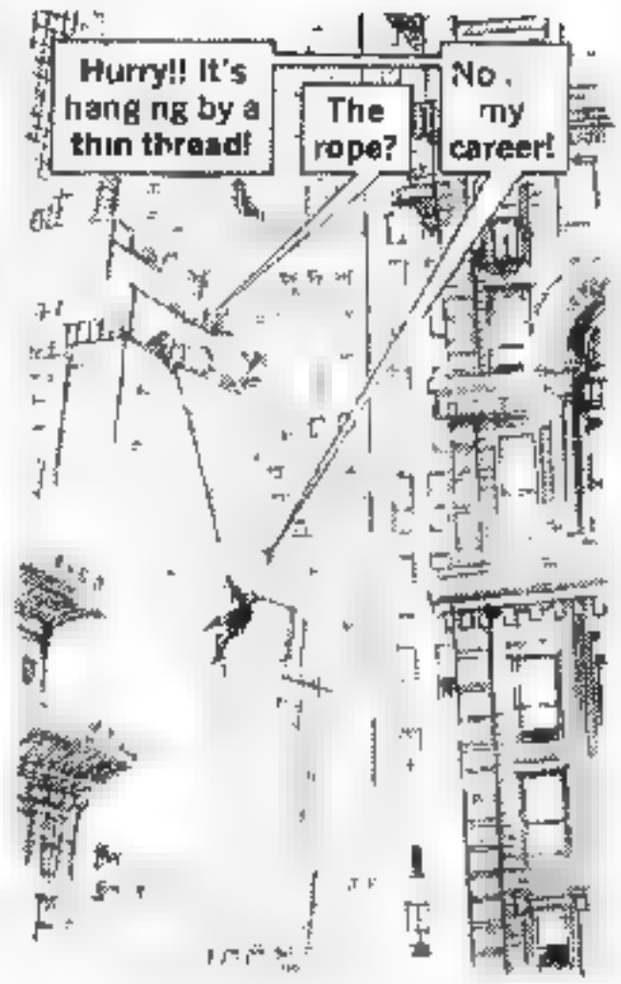




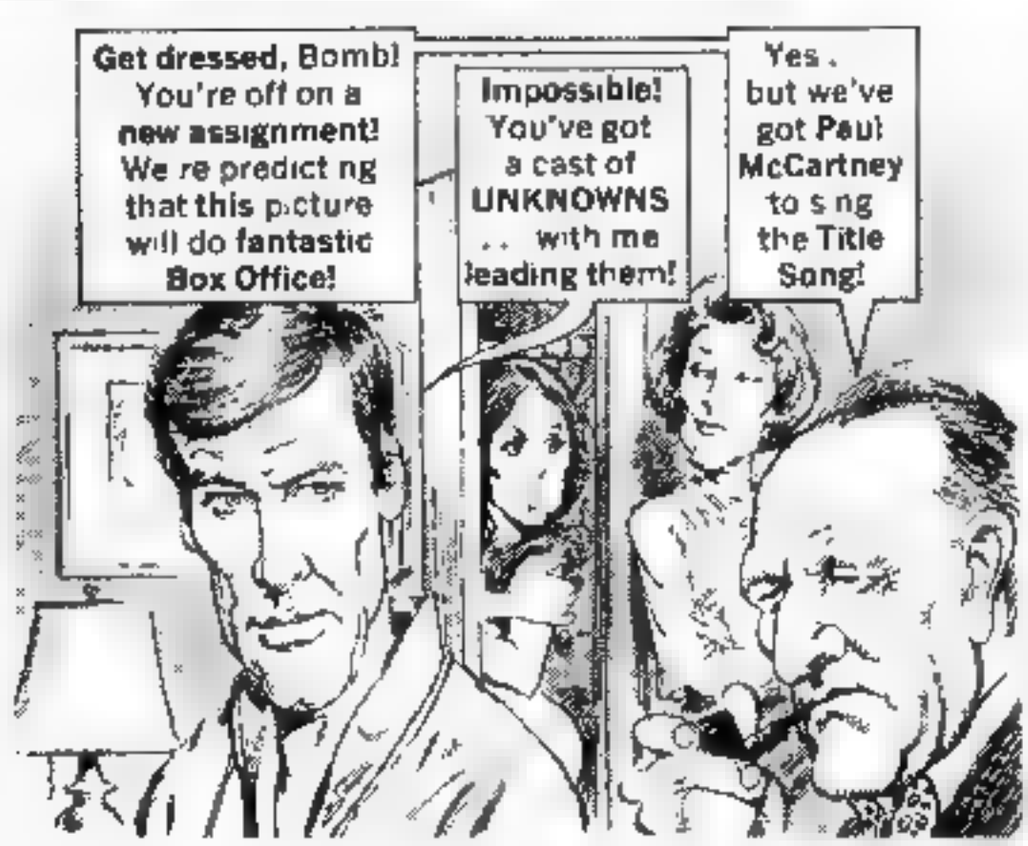
"DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"





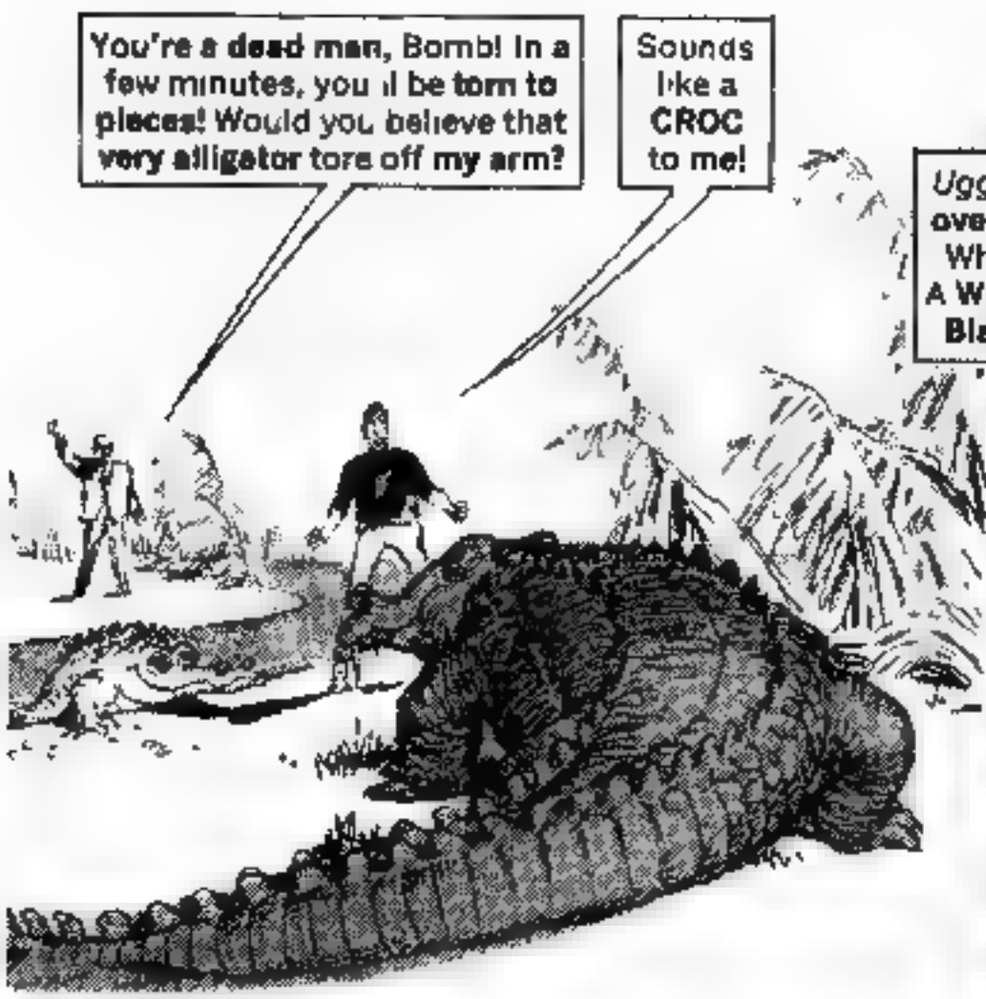


"LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

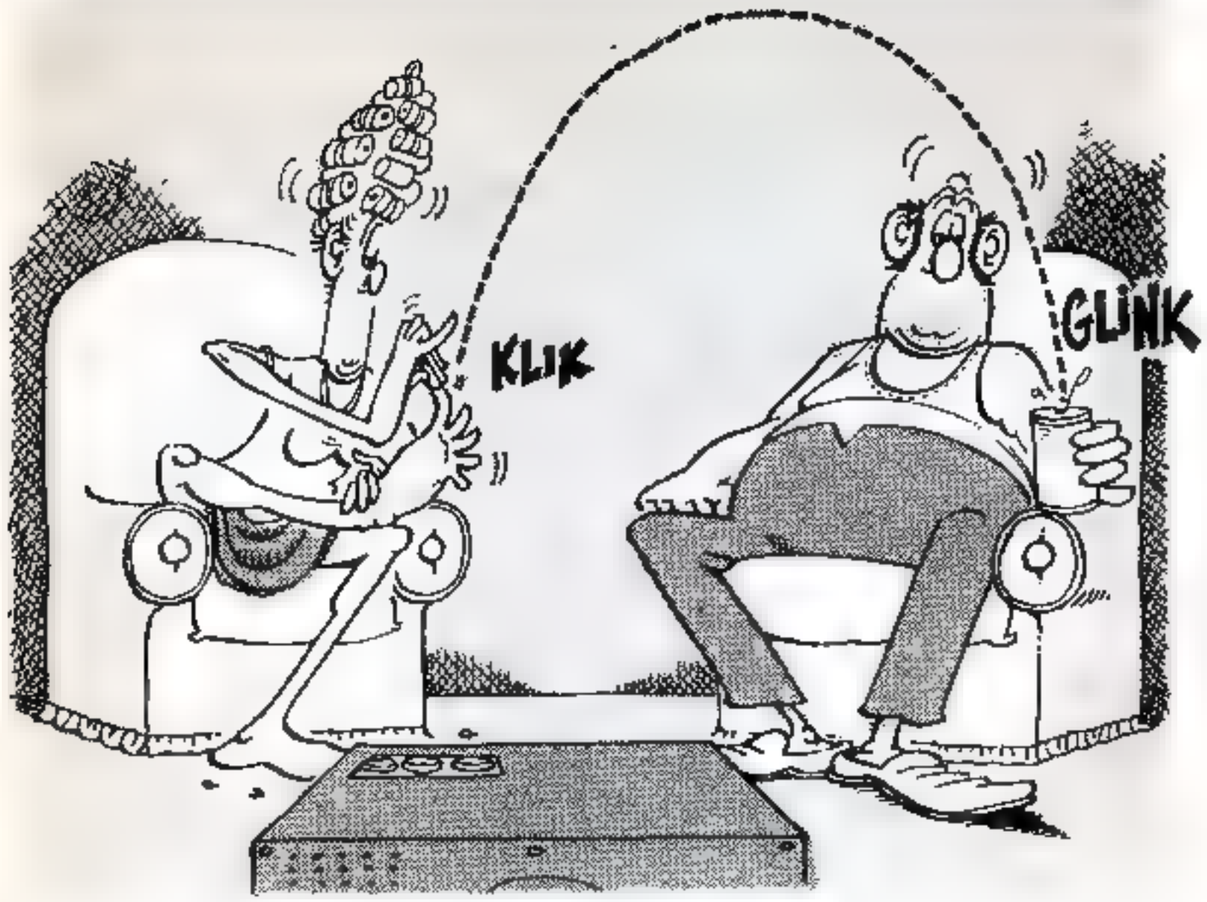


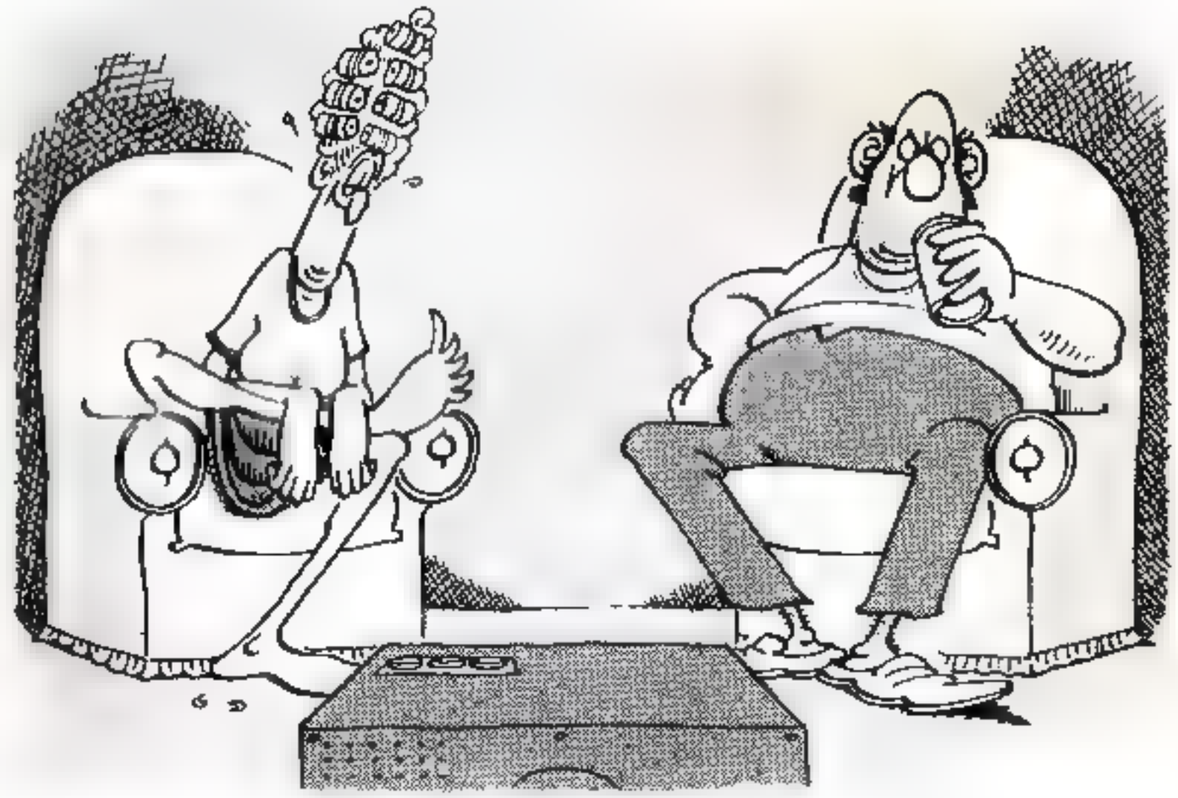
I guess it wasn't funky enough!

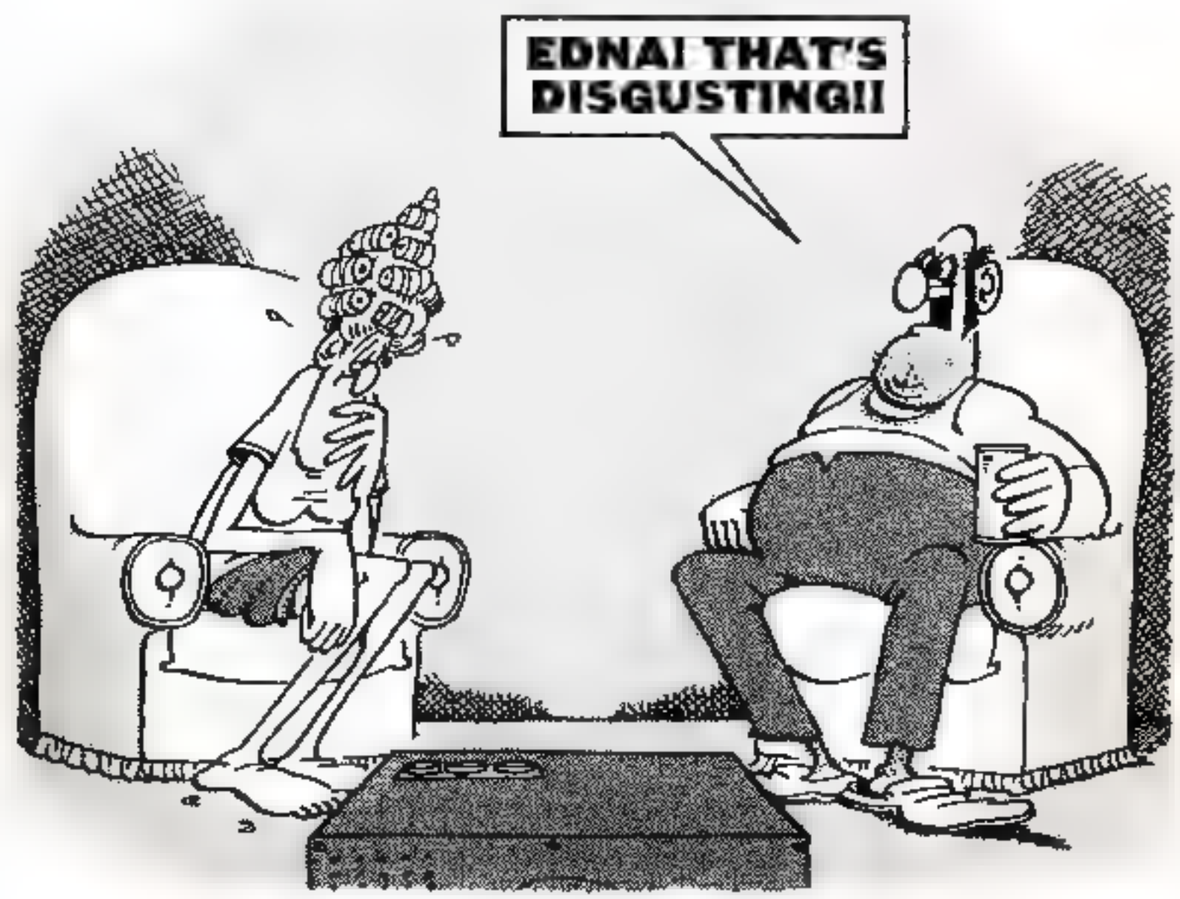
What do the Tarot Cards tell you about him, Canasta?
The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems!
Groovy! What else do they tell you?
They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate . . . that there is no Mafia . . . that Howard Coselli is modest . . . and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!
I think we're in big trouble! We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!


You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?
Sounds like a CROC to me!

Uggh! Oooff! You-you've overpowered me, Bomb! What a cultural switch! A White Man beating up a Black in a modern film!
It's a form of sweet revenge!
For the Secret Agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of Voodoo torture?
No, for the Box Office success of Black Movies like "Shaft"!


KLIK
GLINK

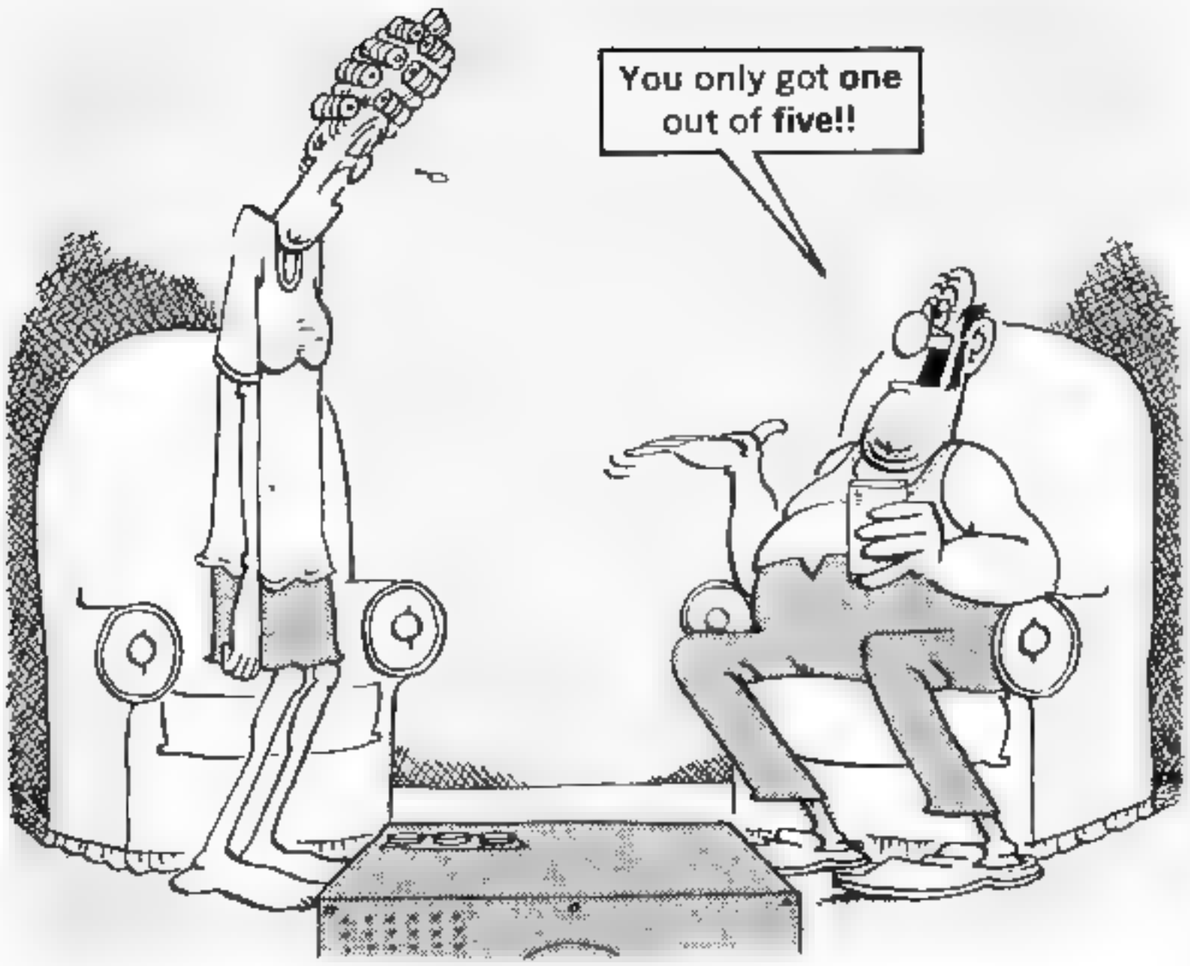



EDNA! THAT'S DISGUSTING!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

ENERGY CRISIS



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

THIS IS A STICK-UP!!

Ha! I sure fooled you!

Yeah, *heh-heh!* You're always kidding around! I—*uh*—just came in for a little gas! Got any?

Sure! All the gas you want! For a DOLLAR a GALLON! And I ain't kiddin' around now!!

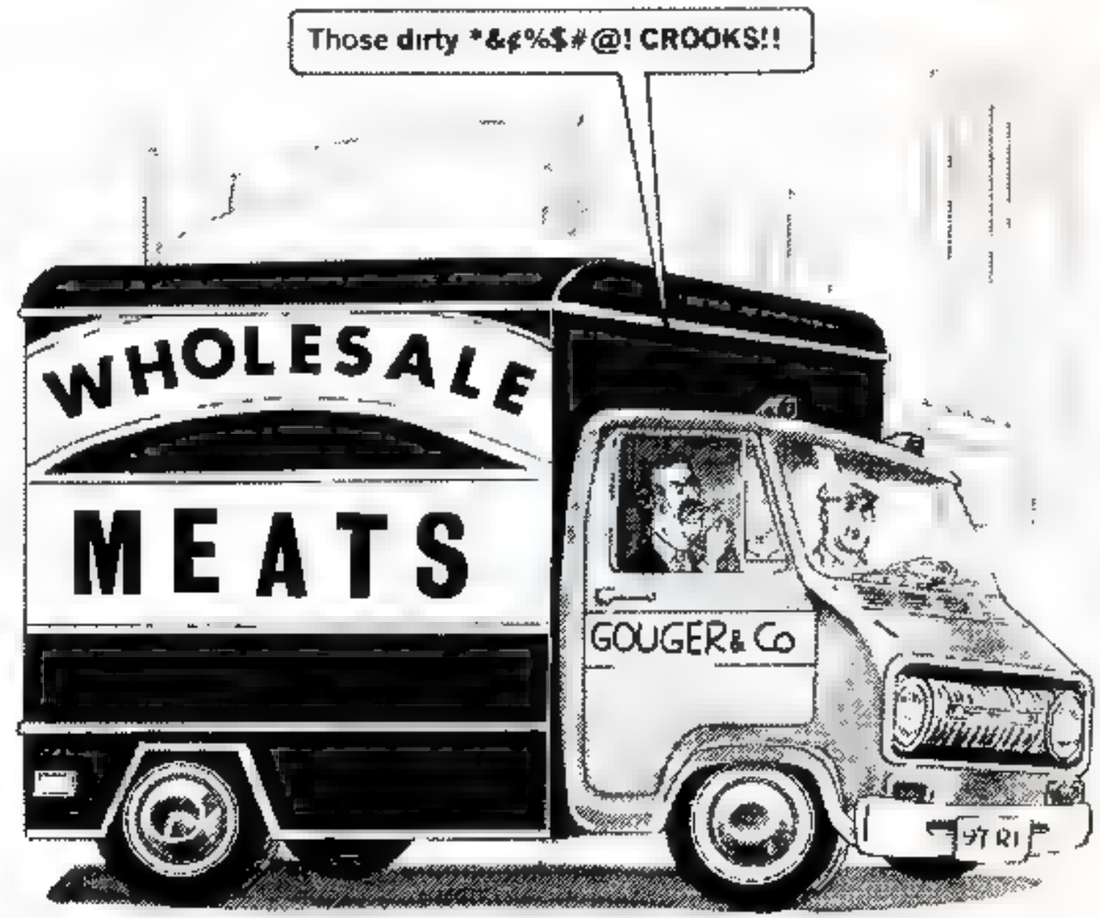
A—a DOLLAR a GALLON?!

THIS IS A STICK-UP!!

I think this so-called gas shortage is a big phony!

The big oil companies invented the whole thing so they could raise prices and make a killing!

Those dirty *&¢%$#@! CROOKS!!



What in heck is this country coming to? There are shortages of everything!

I freeze in Winter because there's a shortage of heating oil! I can't cool off in Summer because there's a shortage of electric power! I can't drive my car or boat because there's a shortage of gasoline. . . !

There's only one thing left that I can do! I'm going to the "Reading Room." . . !

You can forget that, too!

There's also a shortage of TOILET PAPER!

Here's a room w th nobody in it! Yet the LIGHTS are on! The last one out of a room should shut the lights off!!

It's only EIGHTY DEGREES outside! We can certainly do without the Air Conditioner!

I must say, your husband is very diligent about saving watts! I'd ca l him a "GOOD CITIZEN"!

He was always this way!

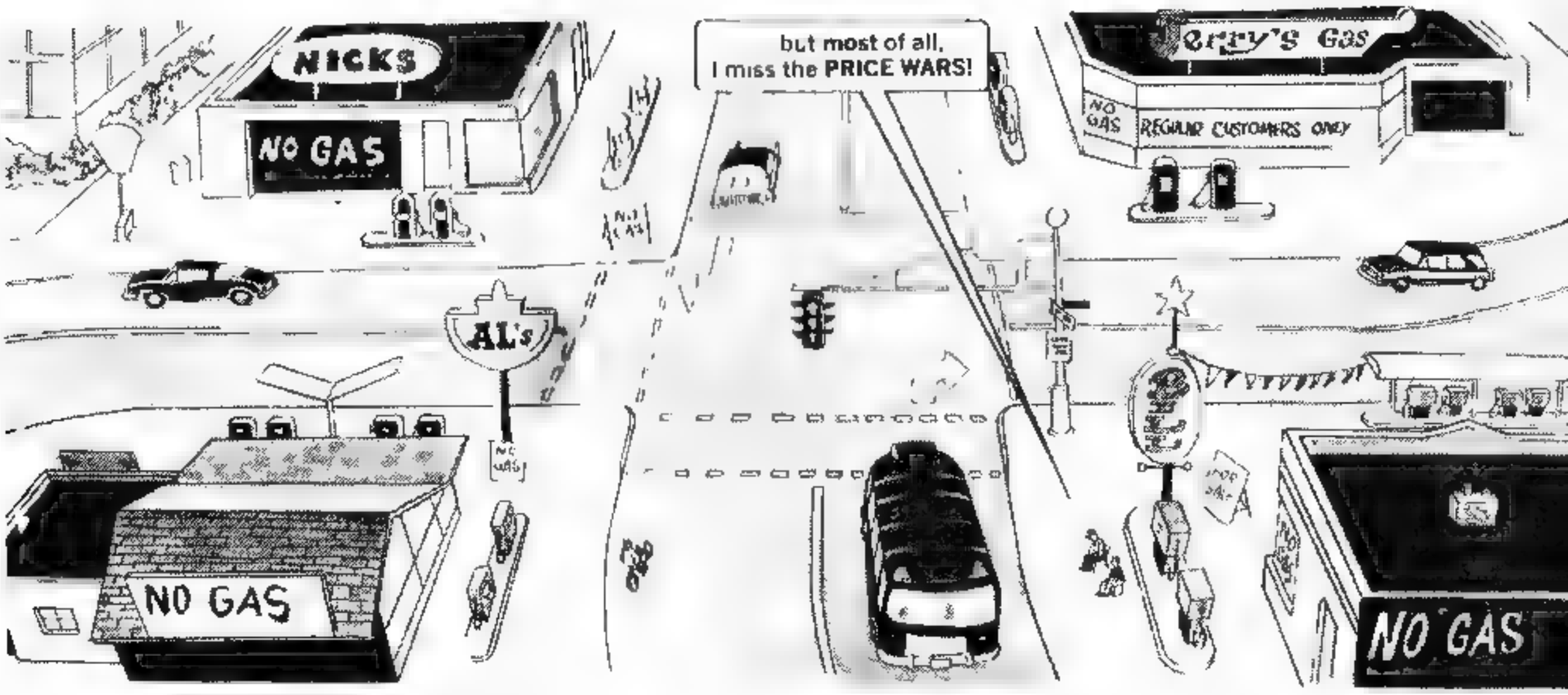
Only BEFORE the energy crisis, you would have called him "CHEAP"!!

In accordance with the Divorce Decree, you must now divide up your community property! First, there's the RCA Color TV . . .
I want it!
No, I want it!

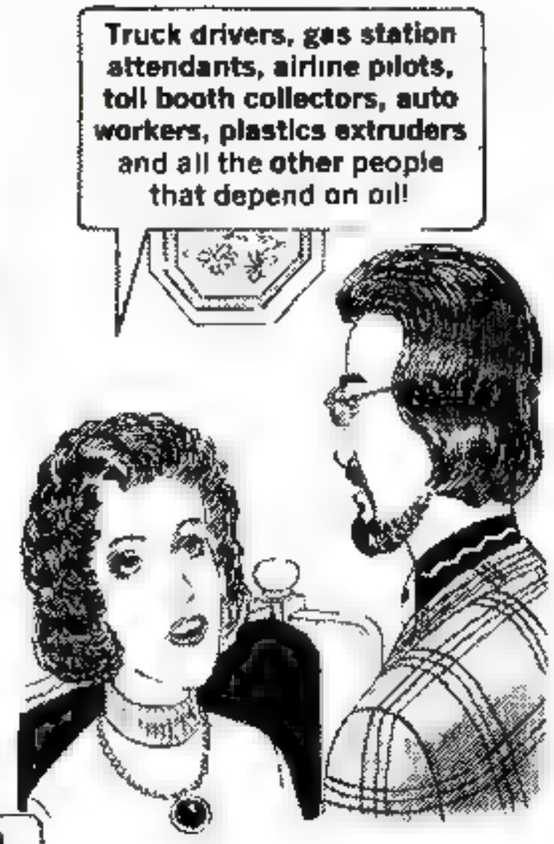
Next there's the Fisher Stereo Hi-Fi Equipment!
That's mine!
The heck it is!

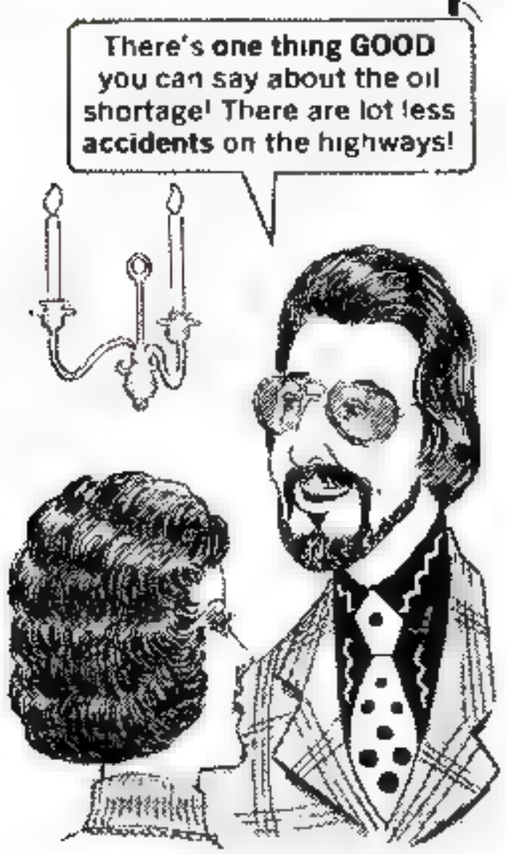
And the Baldwin Grand Piano!
Chop it into fire wood rather than give it to her!
Over my dead body will he get that!

And the 1973 Eldorado Cadillac!
She's welcome to that!
Be my guest! He can have it with my compliments!


NICKS
NO GAS
but most of all, I miss the PRICE WARS!
Gary's Gas
NO GAS
REGULAR CUSTOMERS ONLY
AL's
NO GAS
NO GAS

Boy, this oil shortage is hurting! It's putting a lot of people out of work!

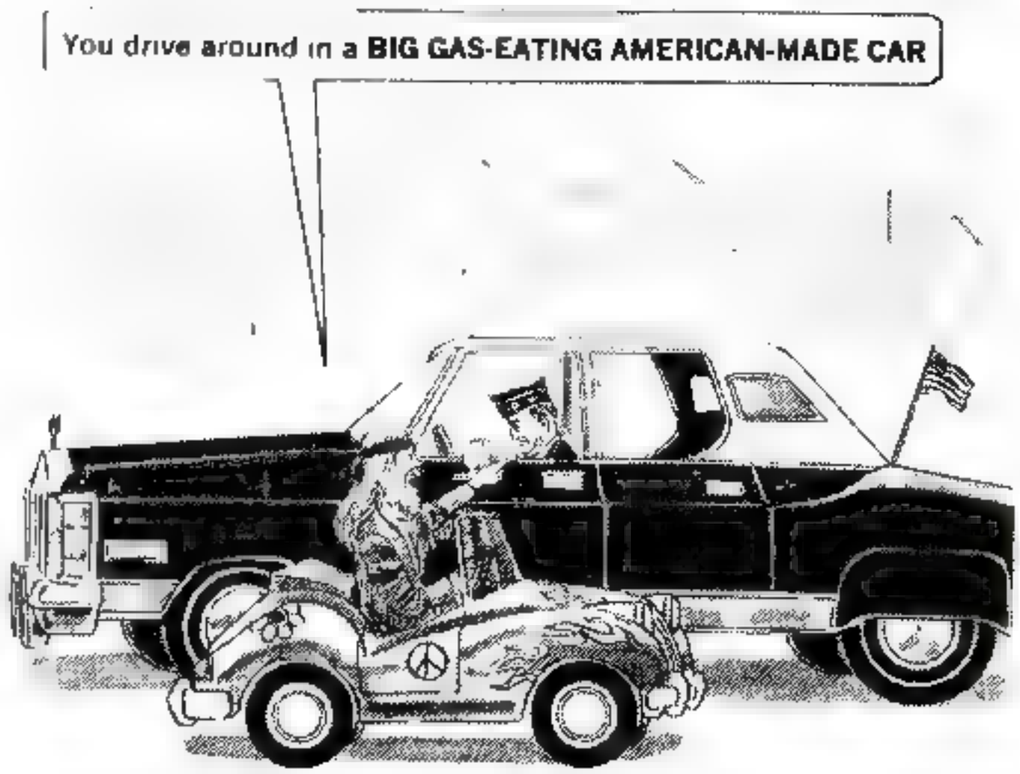

Truck drivers, gas station attendants, airline pilots, toll booth collectors, auto workers, plastics extruders and all the other people that depend on oil!


There's one thing GOOD you can say about the oil shortage! There are lot less accidents on the highways!

See?!? It's even putting HOSPITAL PERSONNEL out of work!!

What are you . . . some kind of unpatriotic subversive?
Who, ME?
NY

Yes, YOU!! Our country is in the middle of a severe crisis! And what do you do?

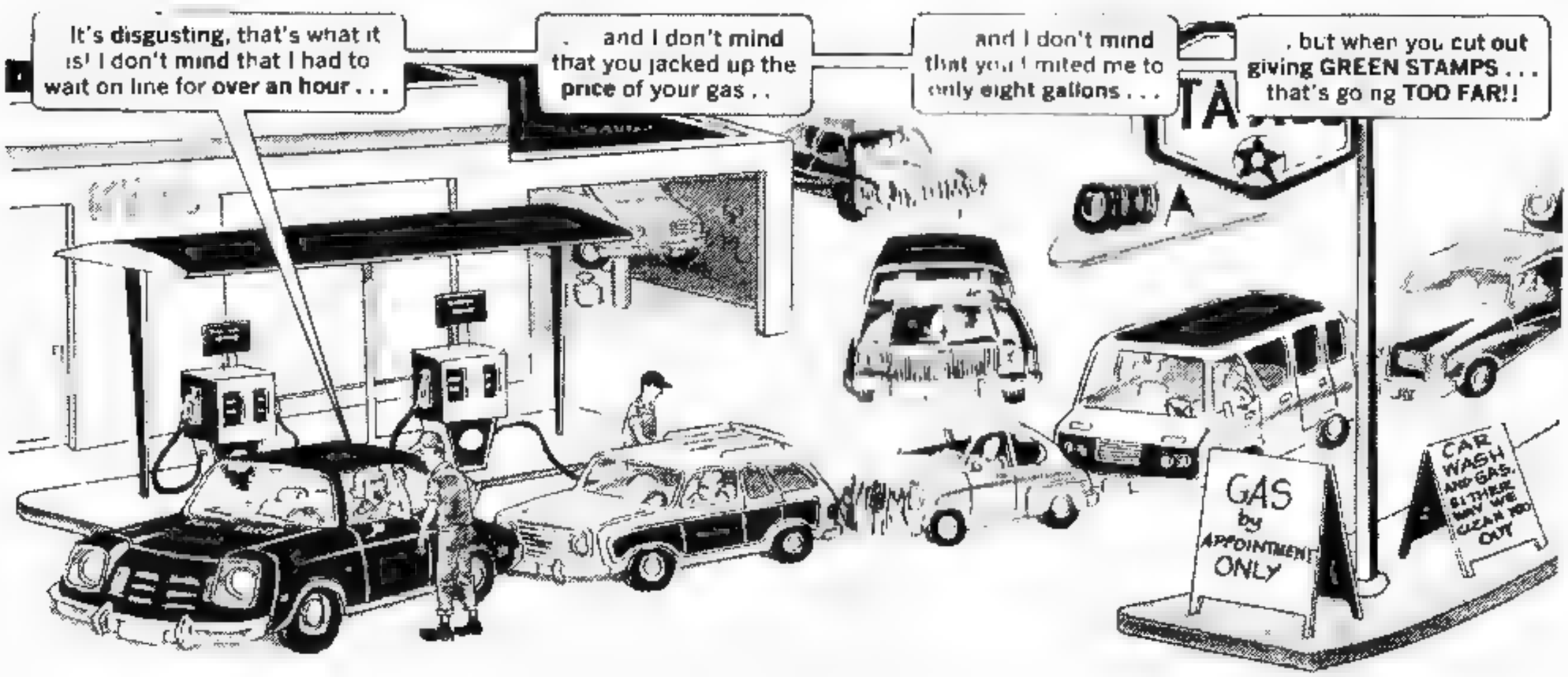

You drive around in a BIG GAS-EATING AMERICAN-MADE CAR

I can't believe what happened to me! Somebody just siphoned all the gas out of my tank!
Yeah! There's a lot of that going around. . . !

You'd better sell me a cap with a lock for my gas tank!
Sorry, I'm all out of 'em! I can't get enough! Everybody wants one!

Price gouging! Black Markets! Darn it! This gas shortage is making crooks out of everyone! Is there no decency left. . . ? !
Anything else you want?

Yes!
A siphoning hose!


It's disgusting, that's what it is! I don't mind that I had to wait on line for over an hour . . .
. and I don't mind that you jacked up the price of your gas . .
and I don't mind that you limited me to only eight gallons . . .
. but when you cut out giving GREEN STAMPS . . . that's going TOO FAR!!
GAS by APPOINTMENT ONLY
CAR WASH AND GAS. EITHER WAY WE GEAR YOU OUT

Hey, let's steal a car!

Look! This dude left his keys in the ignition! Like, man, he's askin' for it!
Jump in and let's take off!

Why isn't it starting?
No gas!
RRRR

Hey, let's steal a bike!

Aw, gee! There's no gas sold on Sundays any more!

That means we can't visit our relatives on Sundays any more!

And it means we can't go for long aimless drives in the country on Sundays any more!

This is awful! I don't know what I'm going to DO with myself on Sundays any more!
CLICK

THEN AND OWW! DEPT.

AND NOW,

FOR YOU NOSTALGIA FANS,
A LOOK BACK AT
THE OLD DAYS
WHEN THINGS WERE
A LOT DIFFERENT!

REMEMBER WHEN...

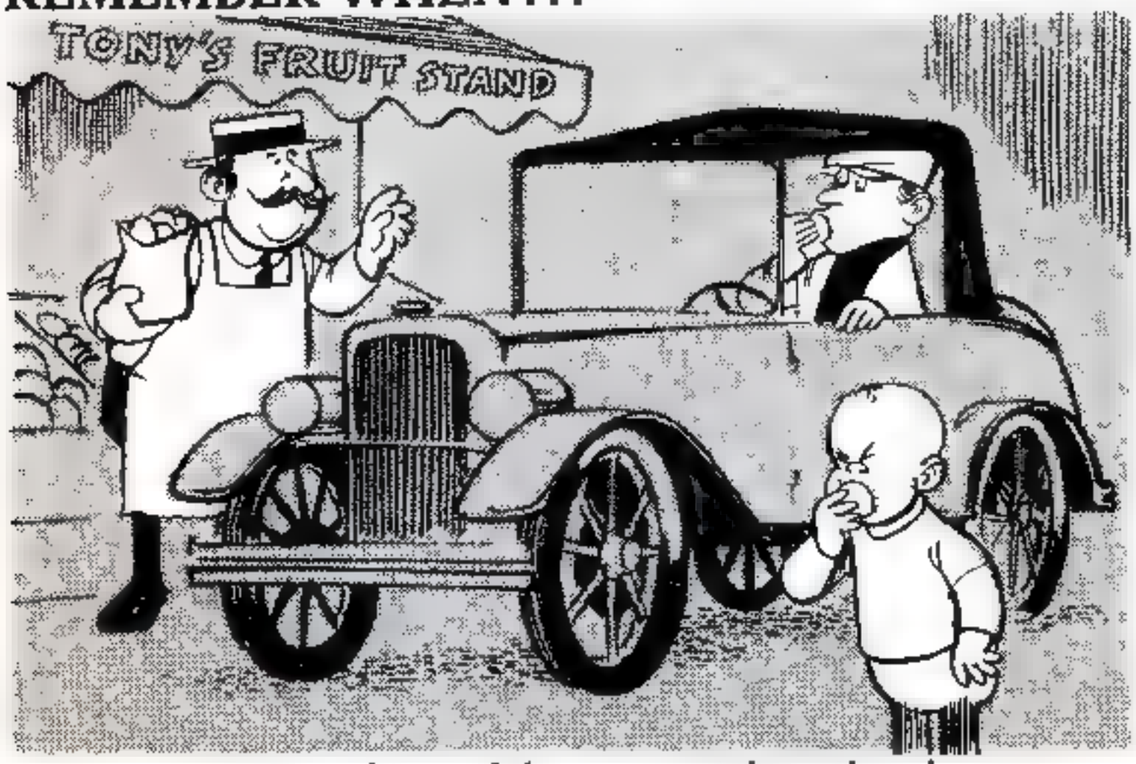
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . there were no fold-outs in magazines, and the biggest sex thrill was sneaking a look at "National Geographic" in your Dentist's waiting room!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

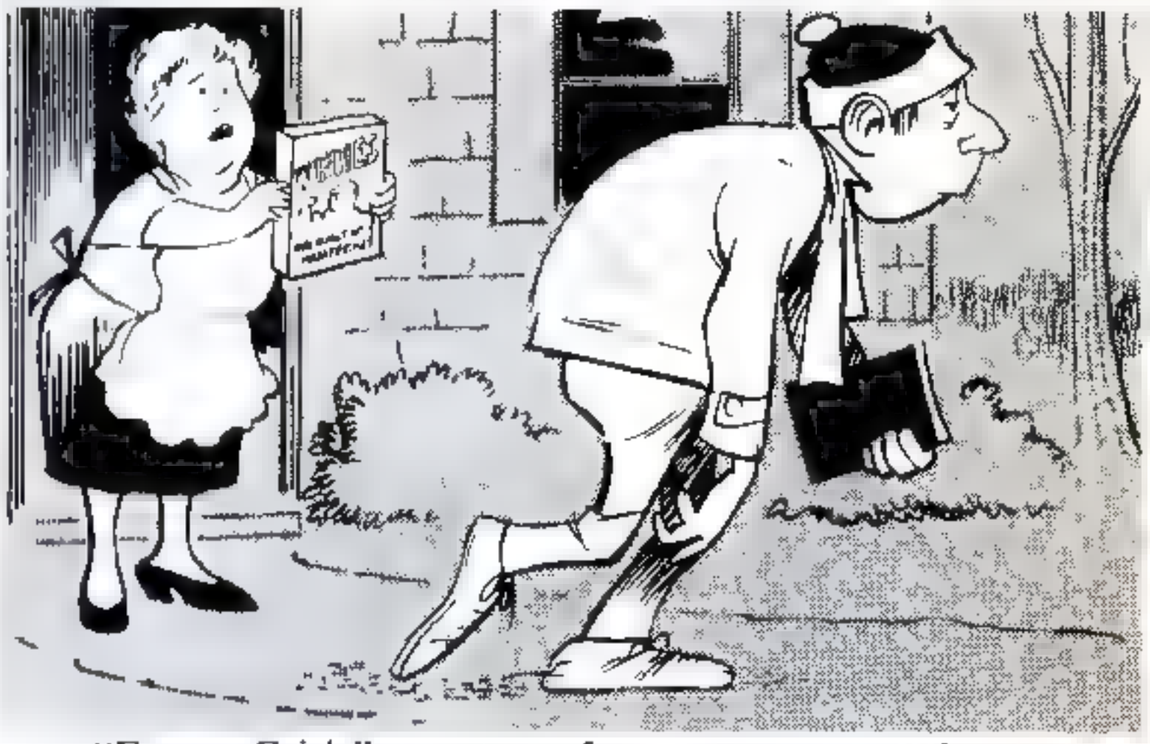


. . . we used to suck lemons, not drive them!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

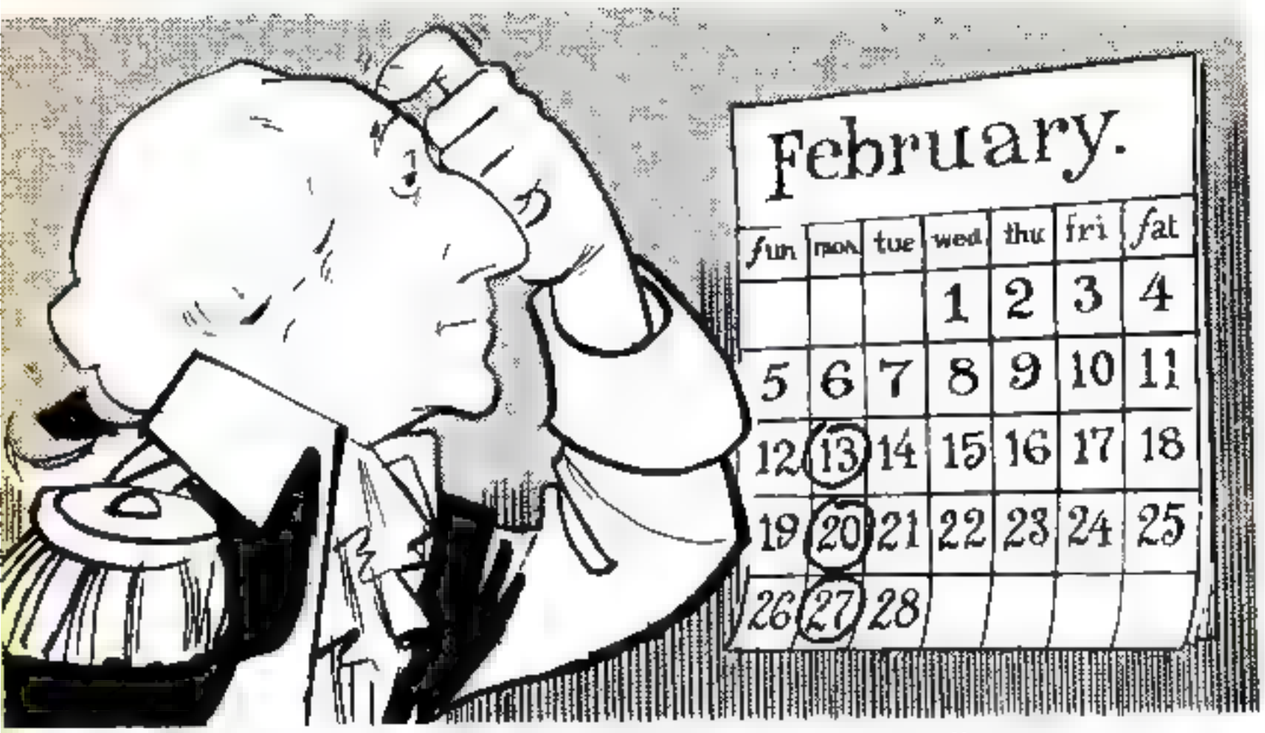
. . a "Pot Party" was a social gathering where women came to buy teflon fry pans!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



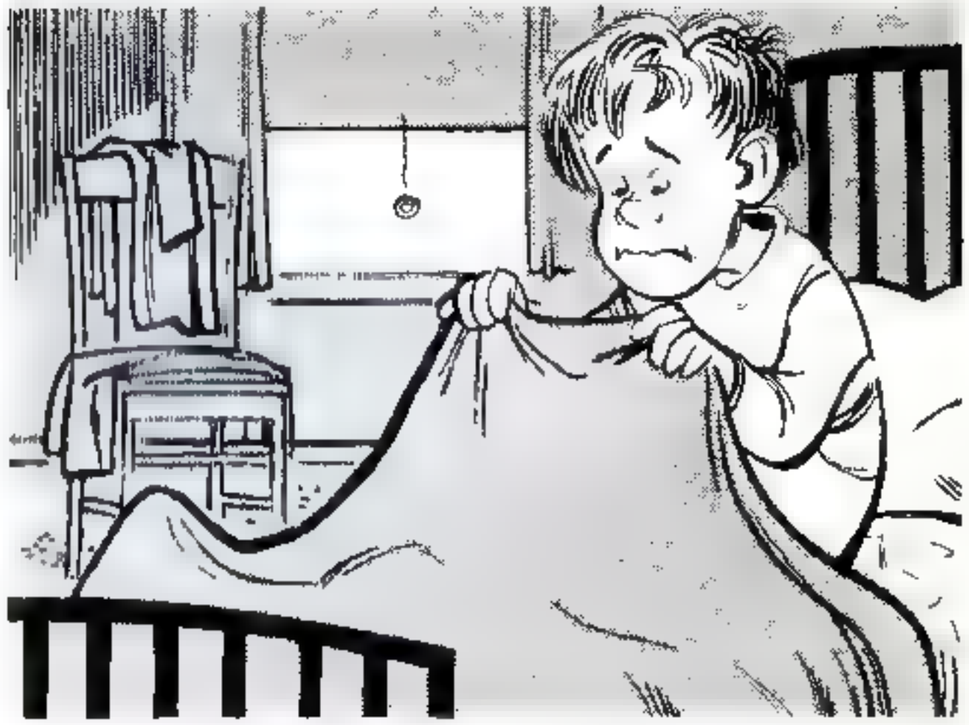
. "Energy Crisis" meant you forgot to eat your *Wheaties!*

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . George Washington's birthday was actually celebrated on George Washington's birthday!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . you slept on a "Water Bed"? No . . . not intentionally! You just woke up that way!

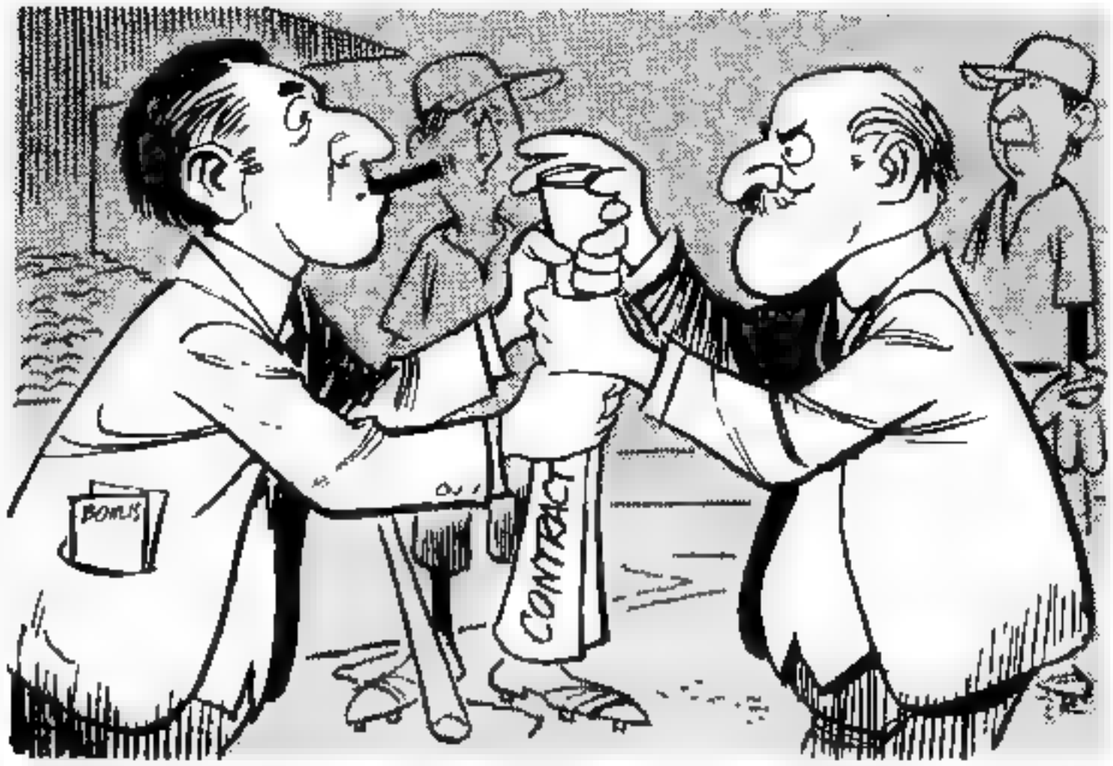
REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . you not only didn't *watch* "Kung Fu"
. . . you weren't even allowed to *say* it!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

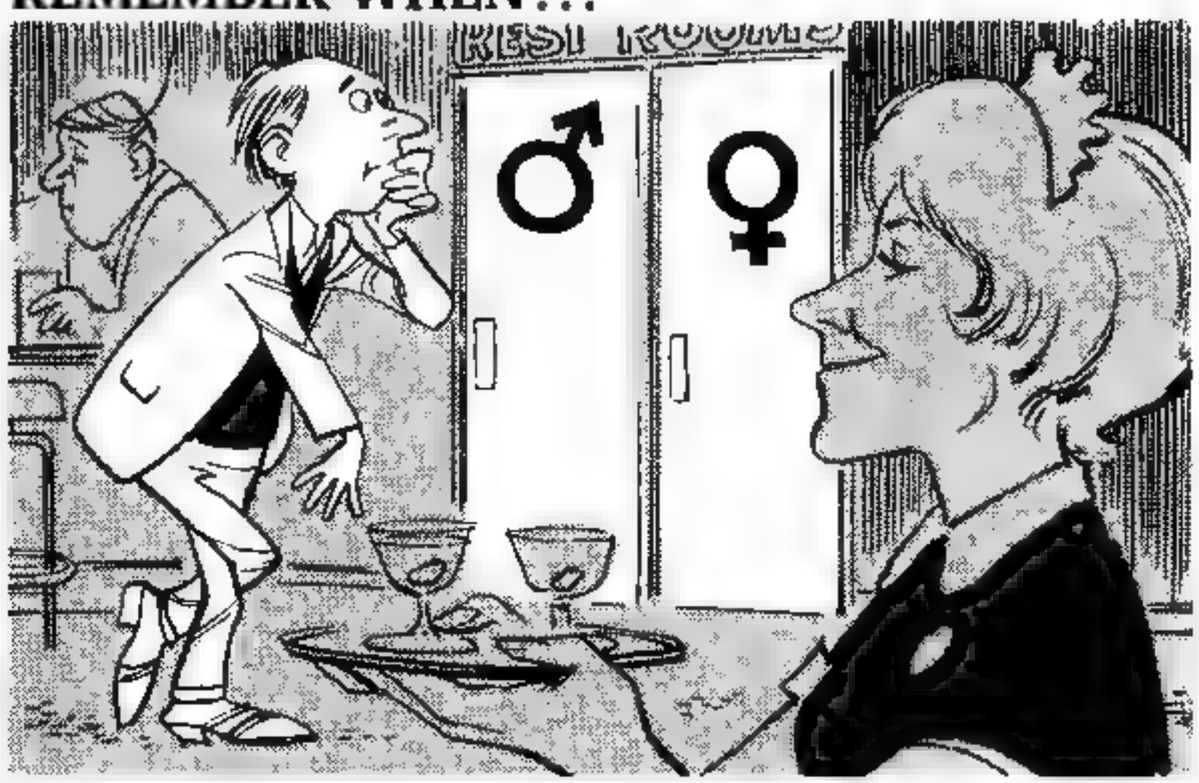
. . . girls wore long skirts? And how, if you wanted to know if a girl was knock-kneed, you had to listen!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . baseball teams used to trade players, not wives!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

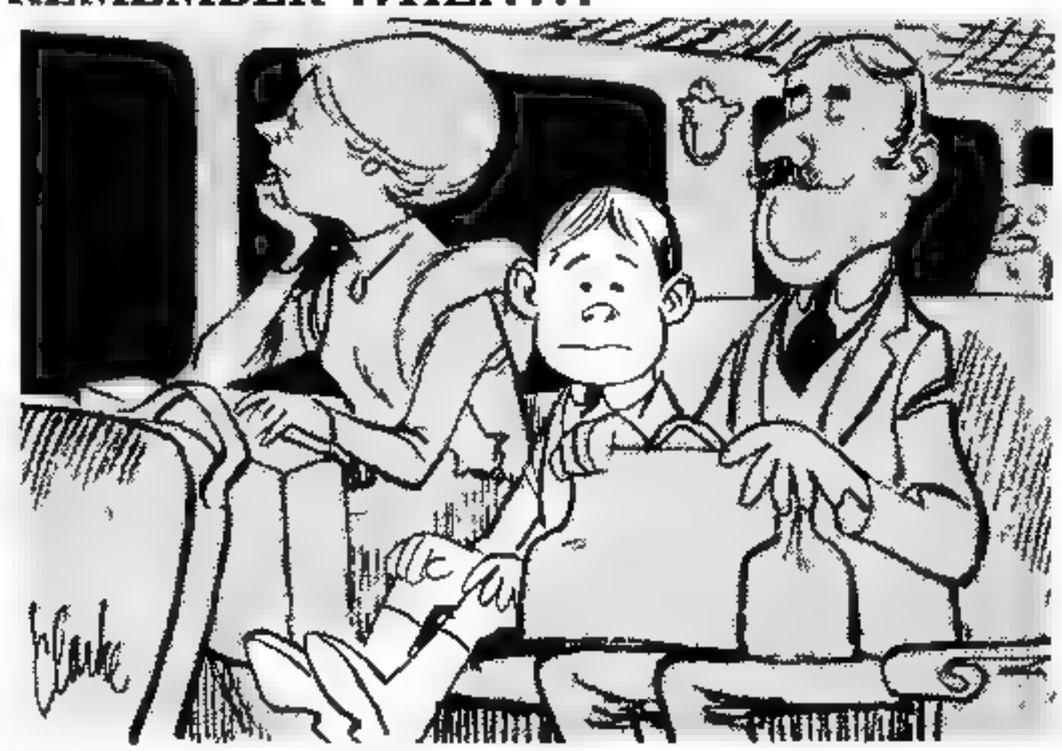


. . . Rest Rooms were simply marked "Men" and "Women"!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

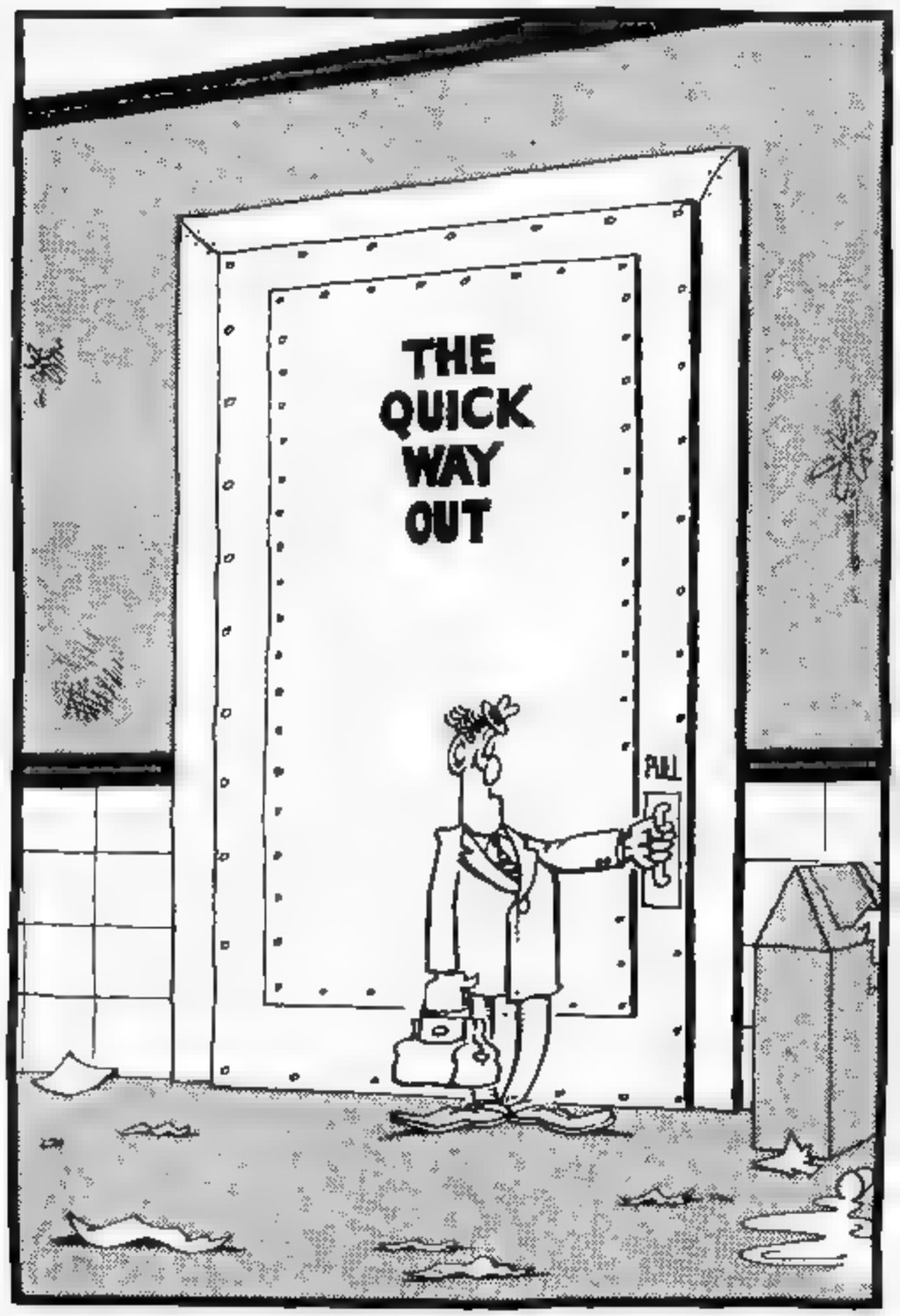
. . . we used to settle our problems over coffee and cigarettes? Now, *those* are our problems!

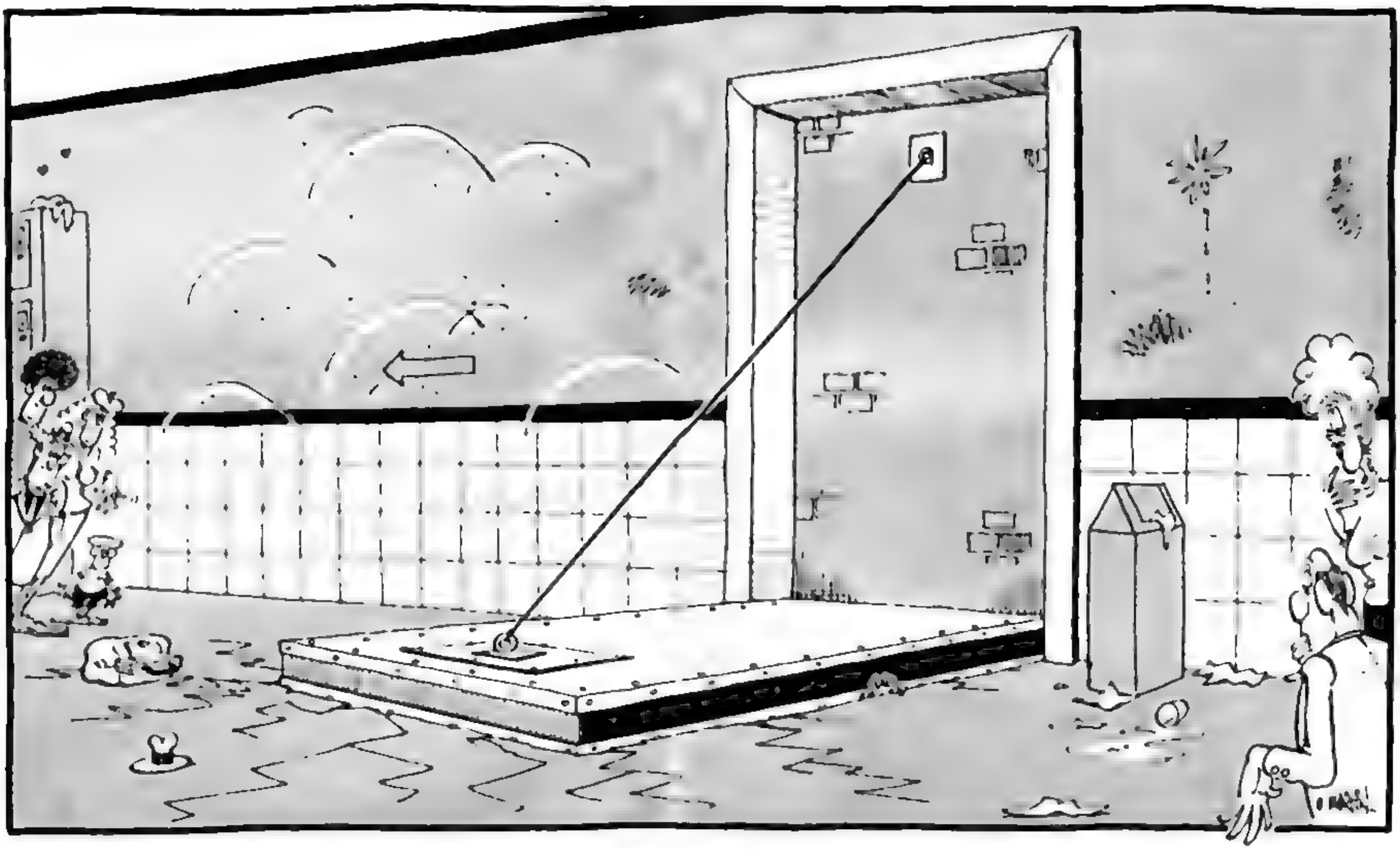
REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . a "bad trip" was an overnight train ride to visit your cousin in Schenectady!

ONE MORNING AT A BUS DEPOT

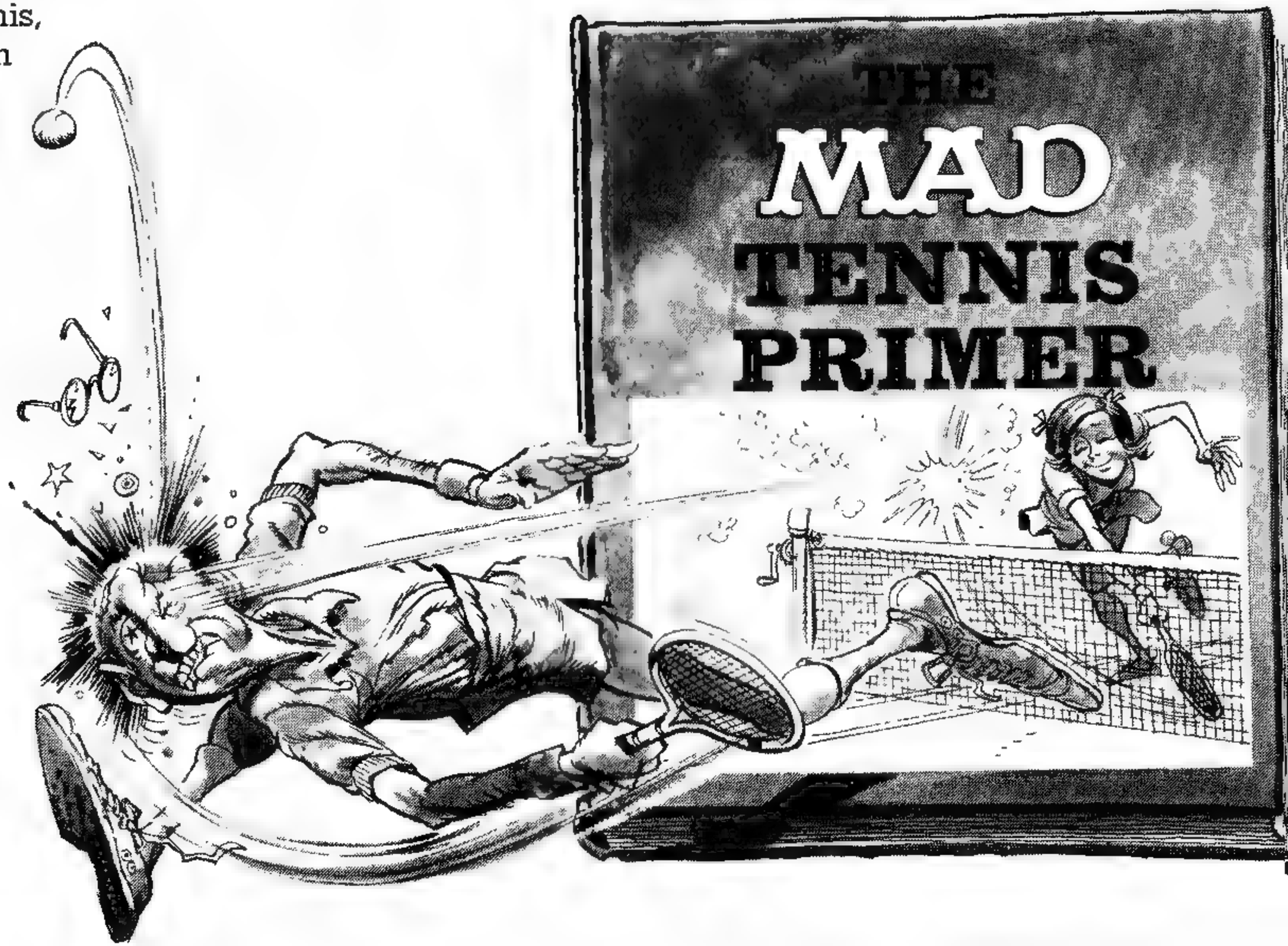




COURT JESTING DEPT.

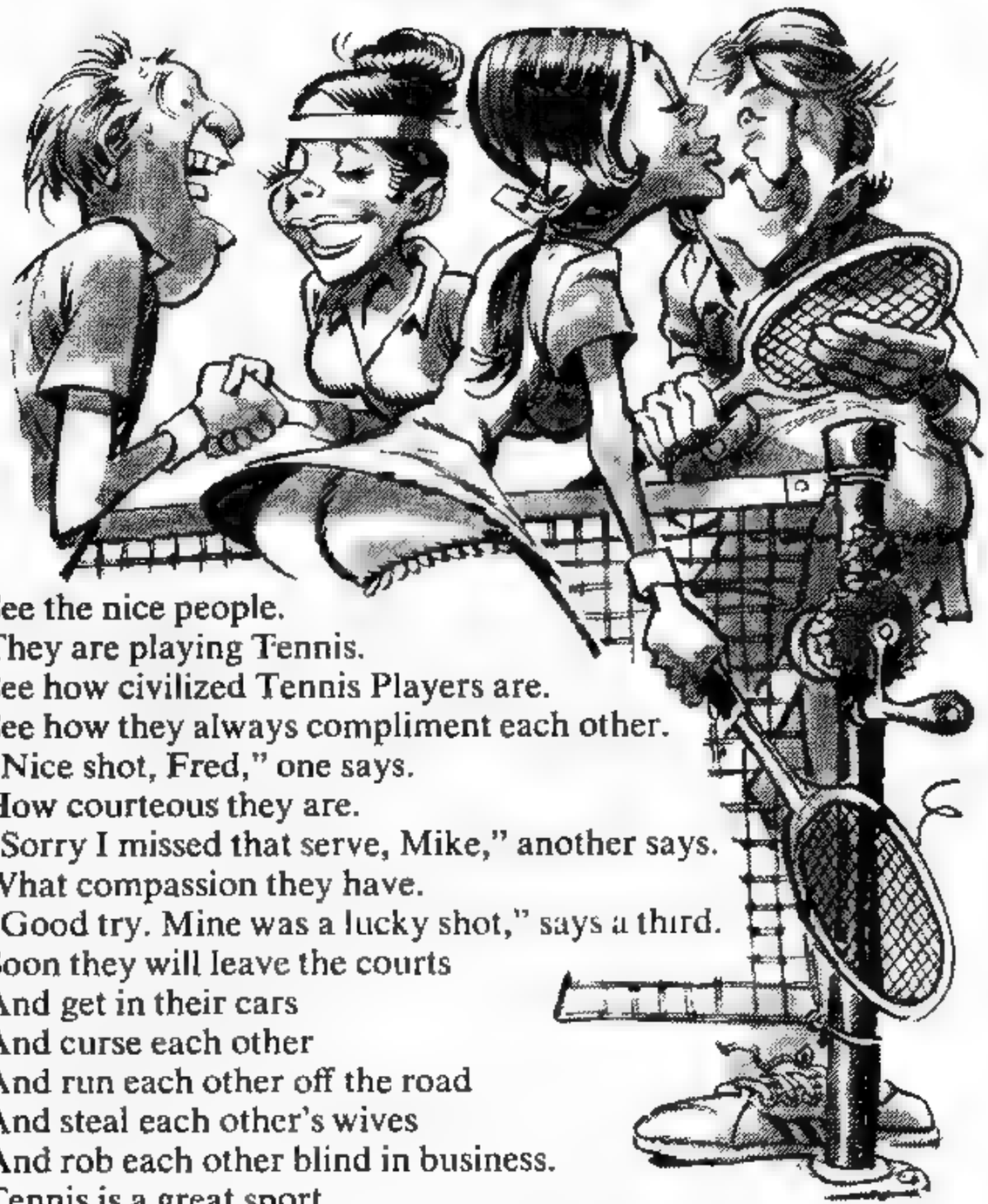
Tennis is one of the fastest-rising Sports in the country today. It seems that just about everybody is playing Tennis, and its rise in current popularity is amazing.

Well, we've decided to put an end to it once and for all...with



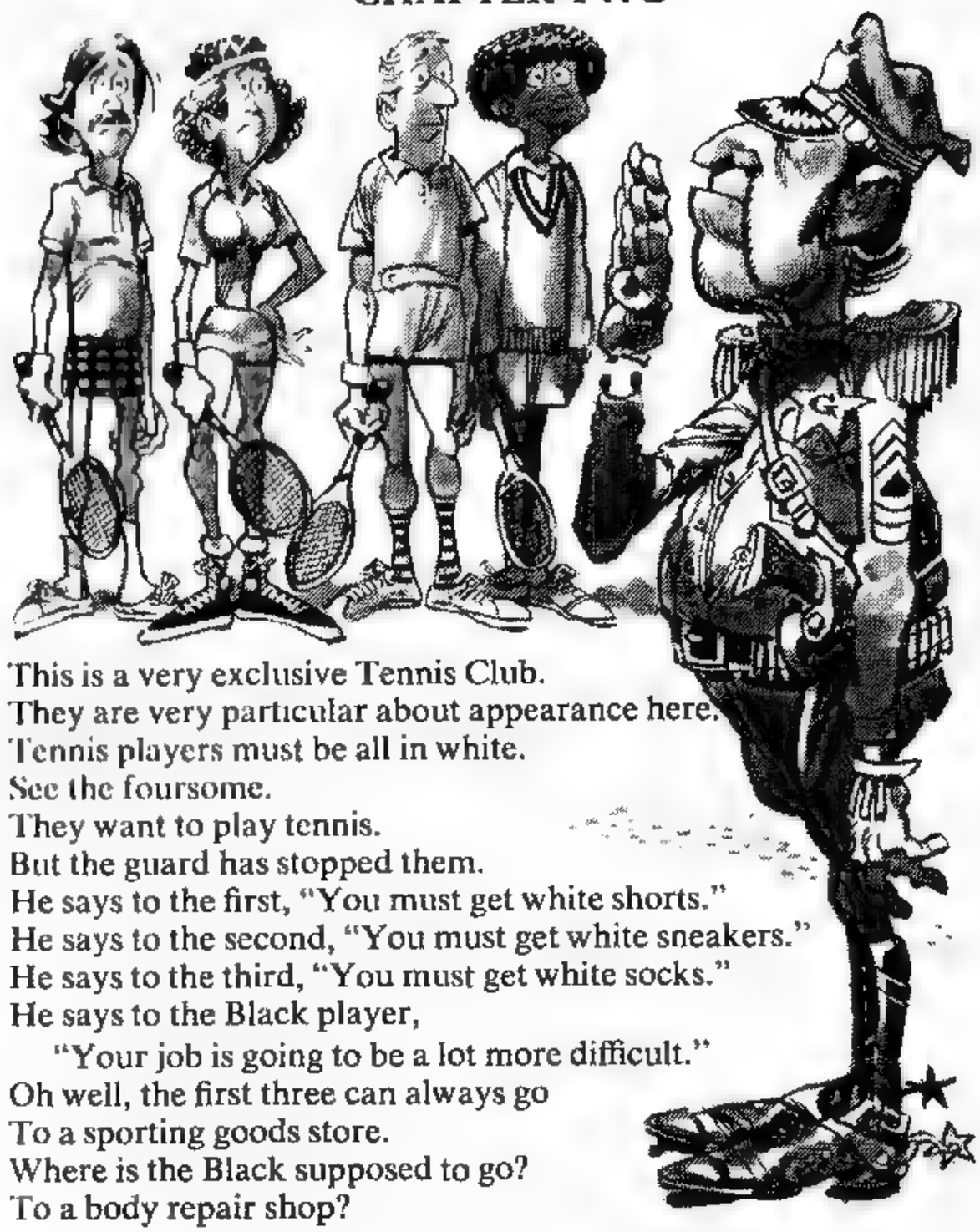
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER ONE



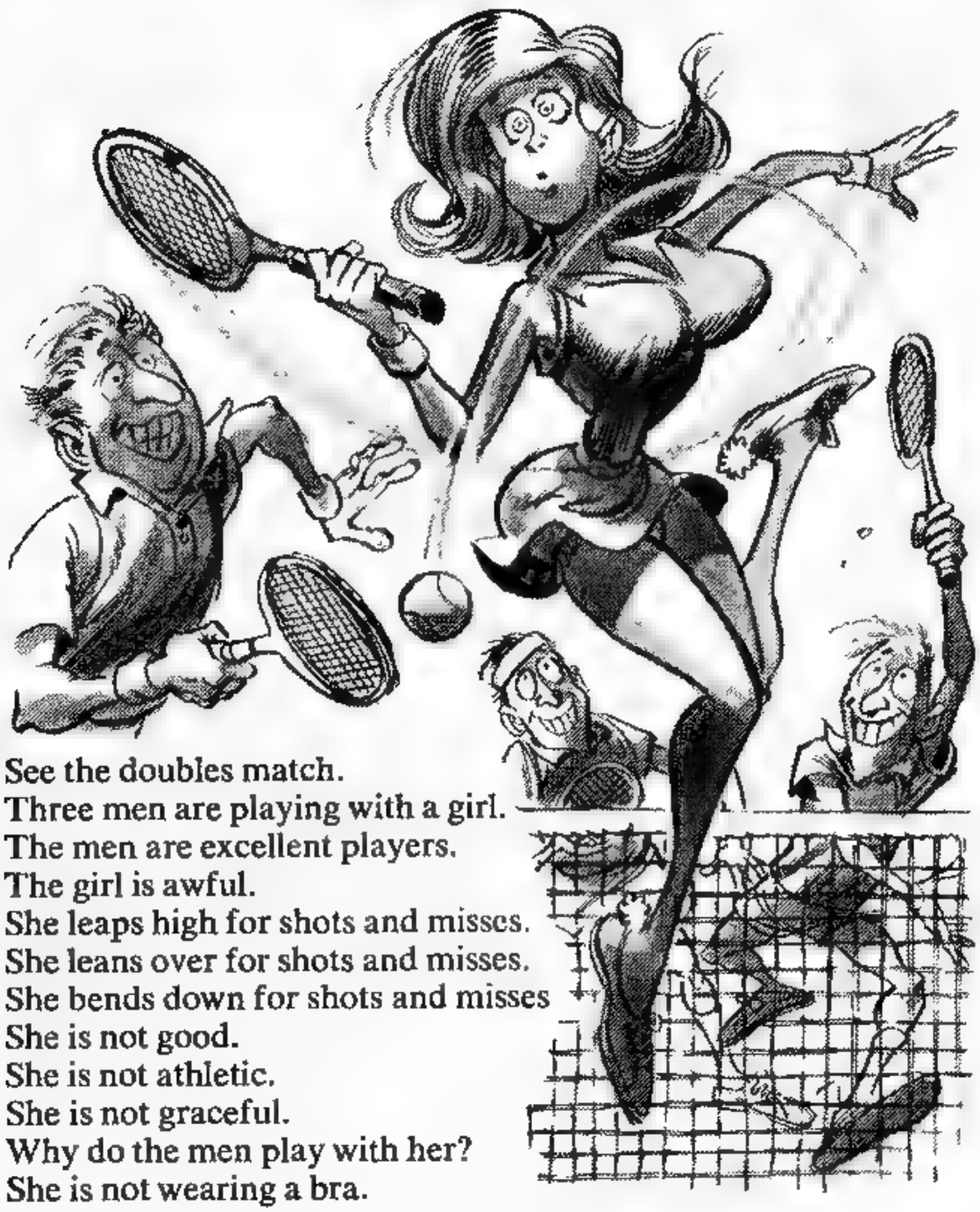
See the nice people.
They are playing Tennis.
See how civilized Tennis Players are.
See how they always compliment each other.
"Nice shot, Fred," one says.
How courteous they are.
"Sorry I missed that serve, Mike," another says.
What compassion they have.
"Good try. Mine was a lucky shot," says a third.
Soon they will leave the courts
And get in their cars
And curse each other
And run each other off the road
And steal each other's wives
And rob each other blind in business.
Tennis is a great sport
But it *does* interfere with the American Way of Life.

CHAPTER TWO



This is a very exclusive Tennis Club.
They are very particular about appearance here.
Tennis players must be all in white.
See the foursome.
They want to play tennis.
But the guard has stopped them.
He says to the first, "You must get white shorts."
He says to the second, "You must get white sneakers."
He says to the third, "You must get white socks."
He says to the Black player,
"Your job is going to be a lot more difficult."
Oh well, the first three can always go
To a sporting goods store.
Where is the Black supposed to go?
To a body repair shop?

CHAPTER THREE

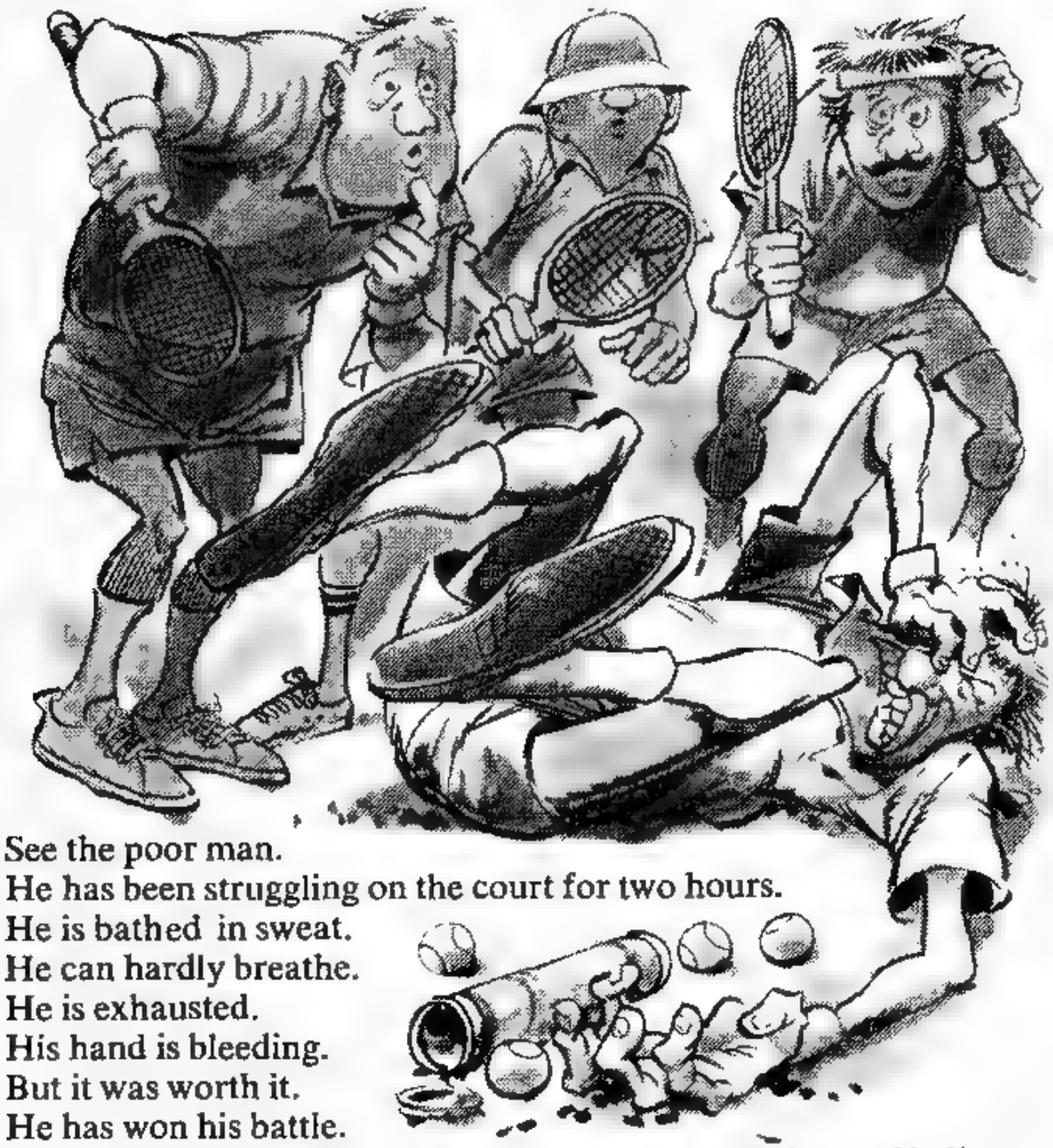


See the doubles match.
Three men are playing with a girl.
The men are excellent players.
The girl is awful.
She leaps high for shots and misses.
She leans over for shots and misses.
She bends down for shots and misses
She is not good.
She is not athletic.
She is not graceful.
Why do the men play with her?
She is not wearing a bra.

CHAPTER FOUR

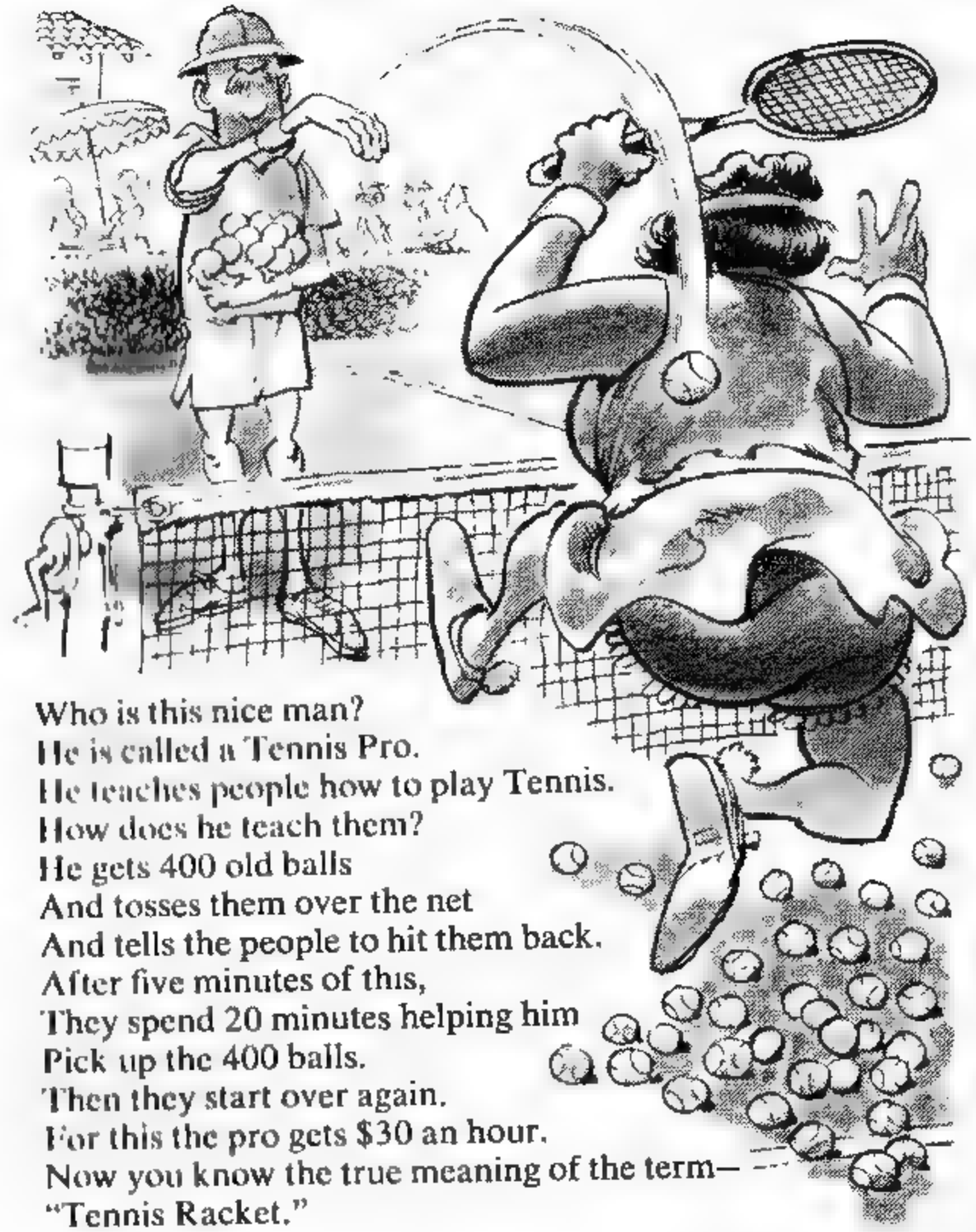
Ha, ha, ha.
See the funny people.
See how their heads go from side to side to side
To side to side.
Wait a minute.
See the man in the middle.
His head is going up and down and up and down
And up and down.
What is going on here?
Very simple.
All the people are watching the Tennis game.
Except the man in the middle.
He is watching the girl
Without the bra.

CHAPTER FIVE



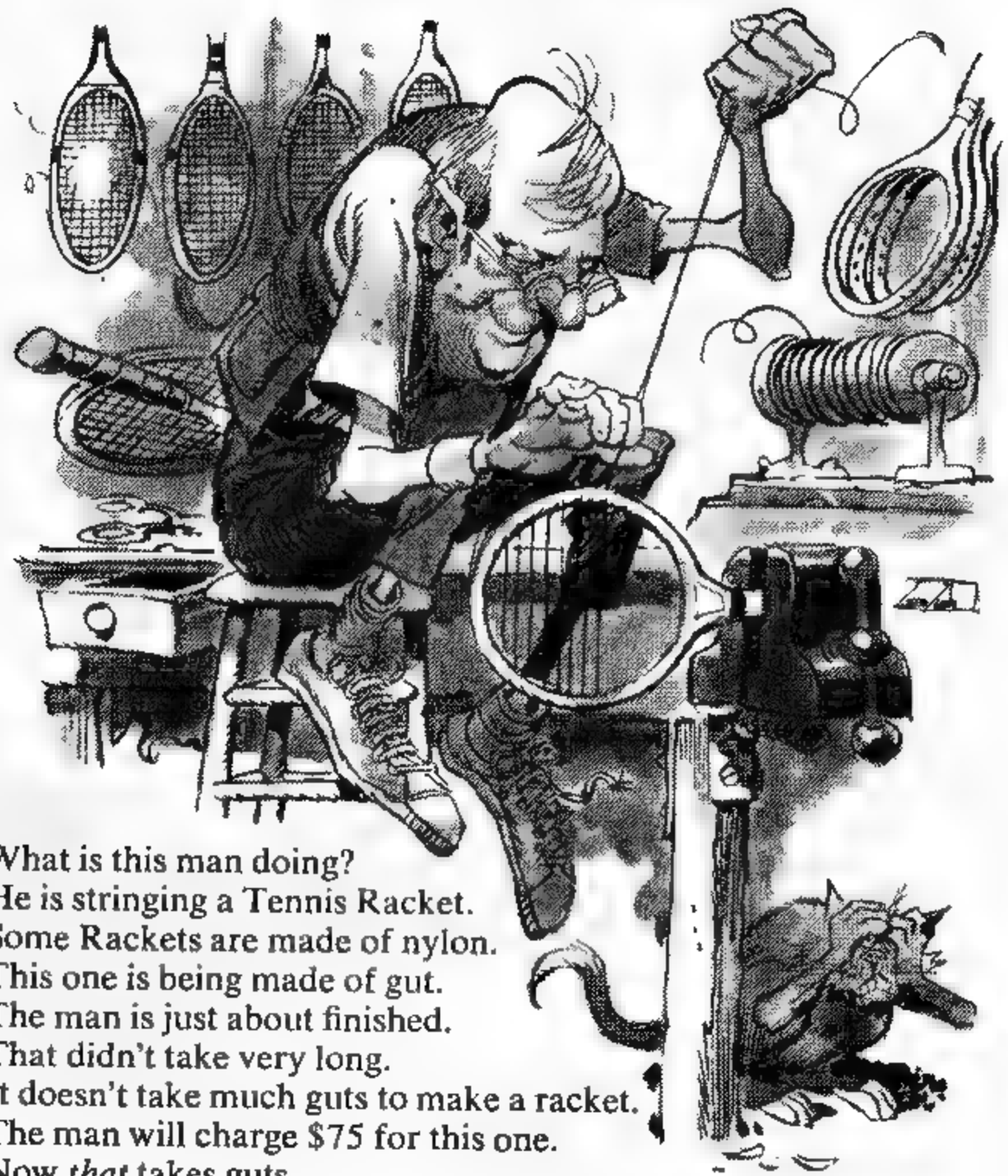
See the poor man.
He has been struggling on the court for two hours.
He is bathed in sweat.
He can hardly breathe.
He is exhausted.
His hand is bleeding.
But it was worth it.
He has won his battle.
Now that he has finally opened the vacuum-packed can of balls,
He is ready to play Tennis.

CHAPTER SIX



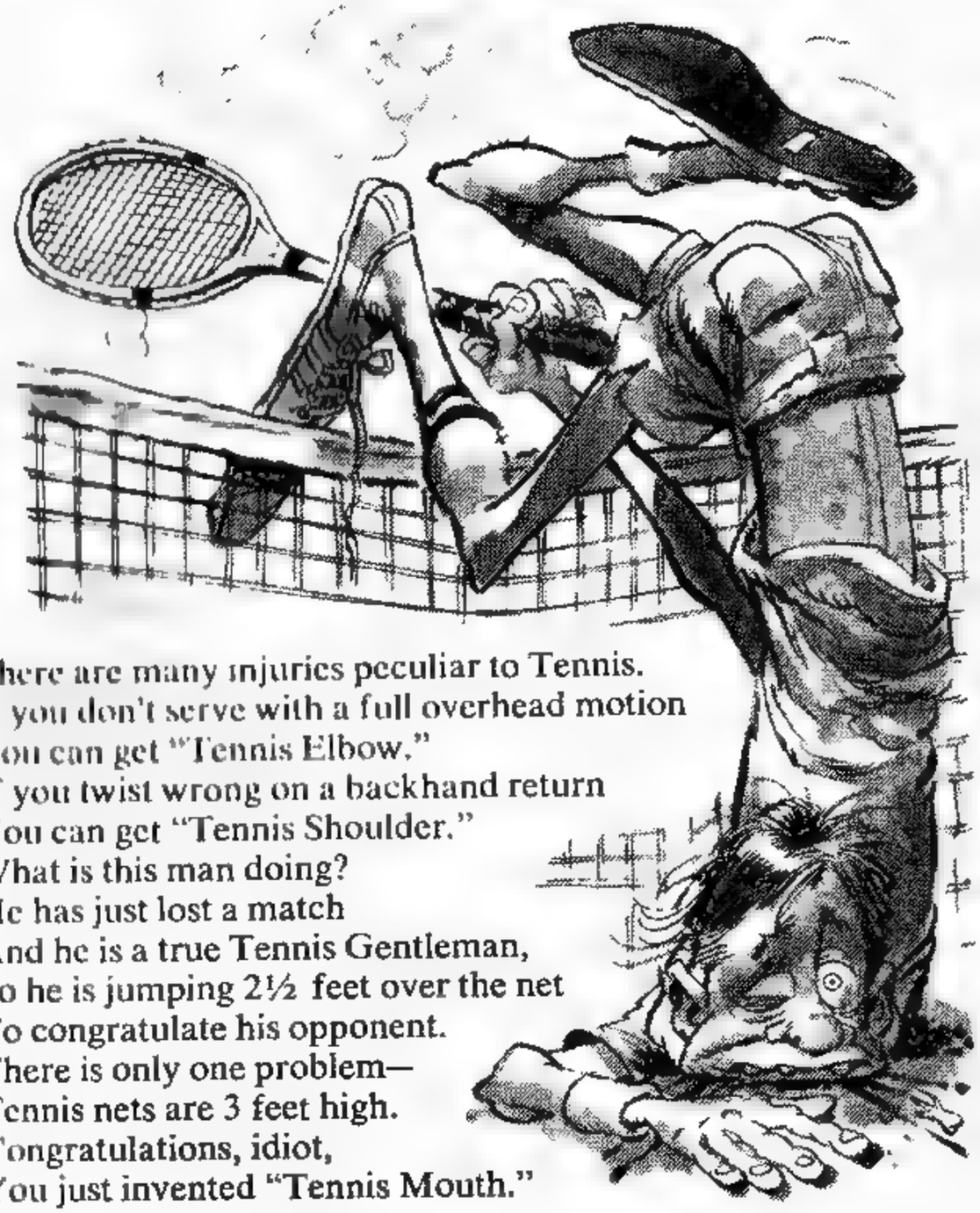
Who is this nice man?
He is called a Tennis Pro.
He teaches people how to play Tennis.
How does he teach them?
He gets 400 old balls
And tosses them over the net
And tells the people to hit them back.
After five minutes of this,
They spend 20 minutes helping him
Pick up the 400 balls.
Then they start over again.
For this the pro gets $30 an hour.
Now you know the true meaning of the term—
"Tennis Racket."

CHAPTER SEVEN



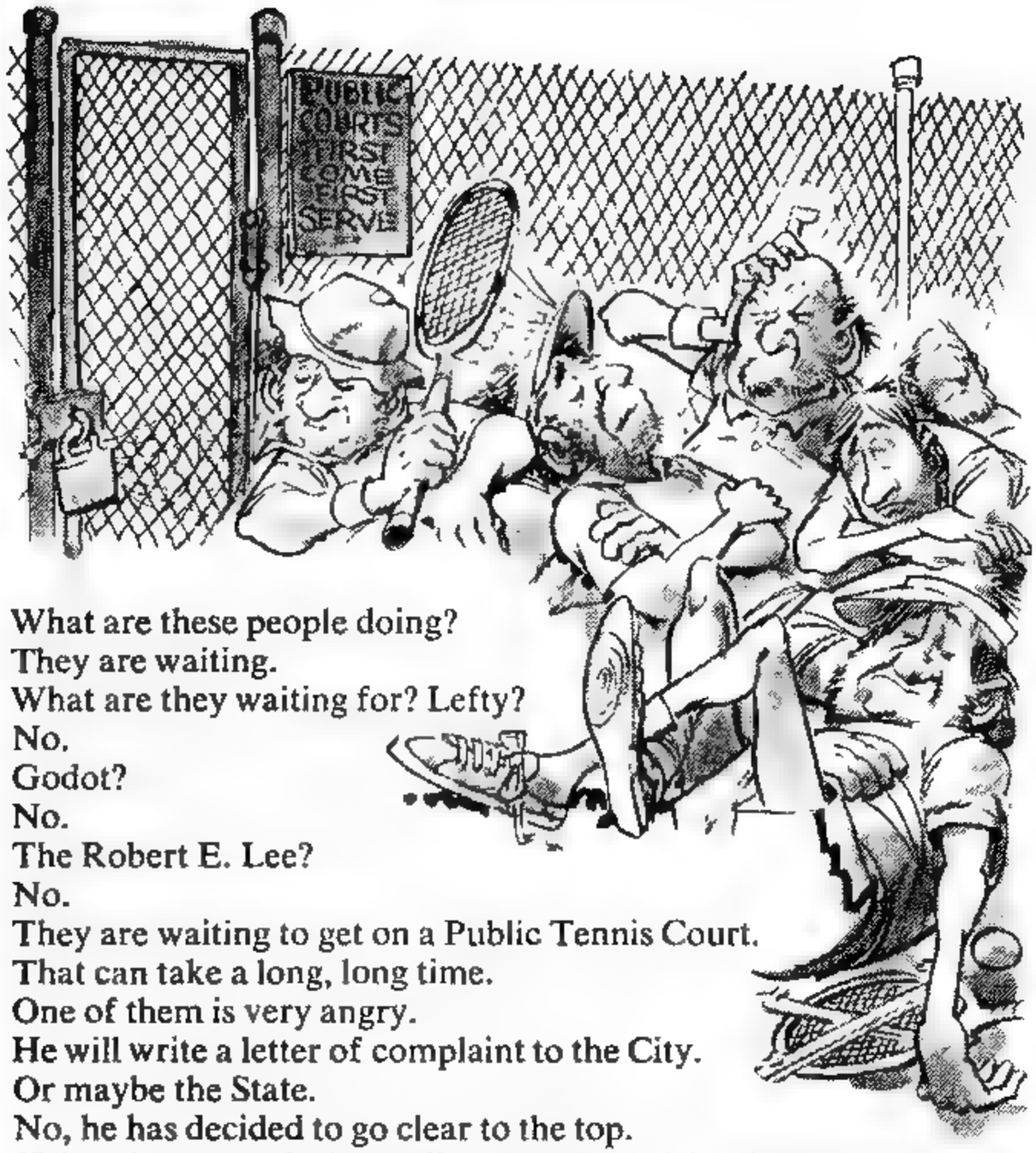
What is this man doing?
He is stringing a Tennis Racket.
Some Rackets are made of nylon.
This one is being made of gut.
The man is just about finished.
That didn't take very long.
It doesn't take much guts to make a racket.
The man will charge $75 for this one.
Now *that* takes guts.

CHAPTER EIGHT



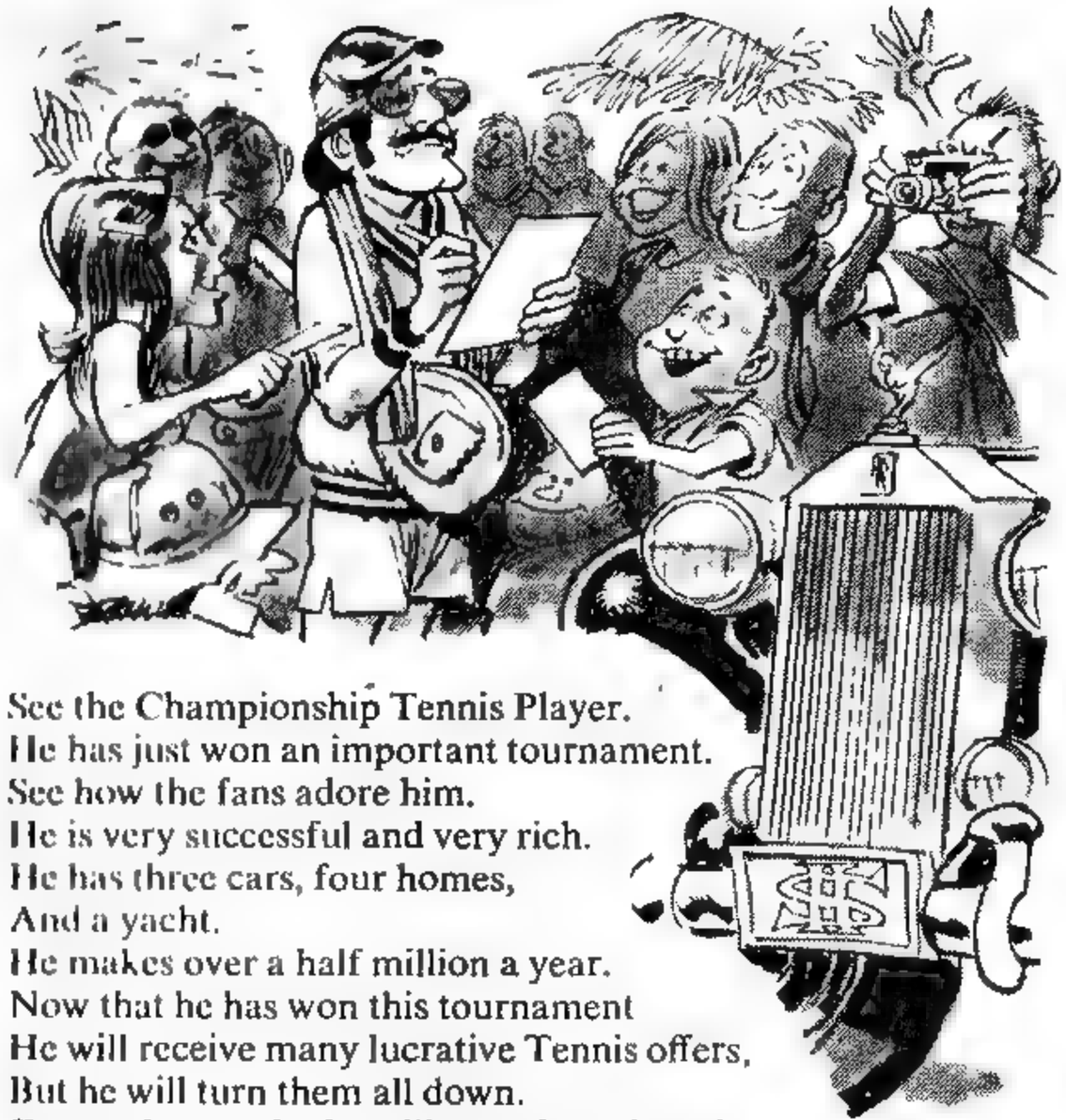
There are many injuries peculiar to Tennis.
If you don't serve with a full overhead motion
You can get "Tennis Elbow."
If you twist wrong on a backhand return
You can get "Tennis Shoulder."
What is this man doing?
He has just lost a match
And he is a true Tennis Gentleman,
So he is jumping 2½ feet over the net
To congratulate his opponent.
There is only one problem—
Tennis nets are 3 feet high.
Congratulations, idiot,
You just invented "Tennis Mouth."

CHAPTER NINE



What are these people doing?
They are waiting.
What are they waiting for? Lefty?
No.
Godot?
No.
The Robert E. Lee?
No.
They are waiting to get on a Public Tennis Court.
That can take a long, long time.
One of them is very angry.
He will write a letter of complaint to the City.
Or maybe the State.
No, he has decided to go clear to the top.
He's going to send a letter directly to Pres. Eisenhower.
Hmm, he's been waiting a lot longer than we thought.

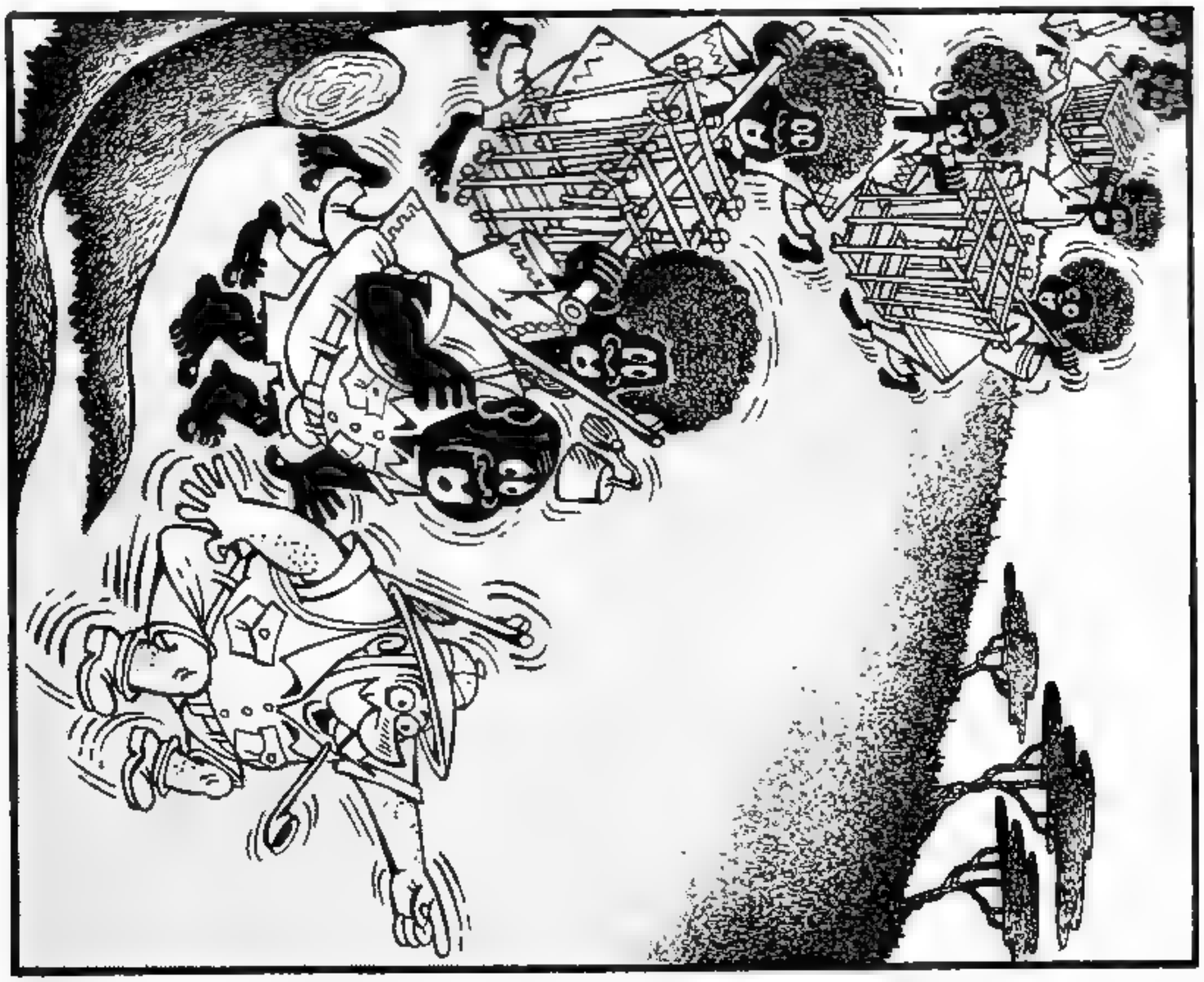
CHAPTER TEN

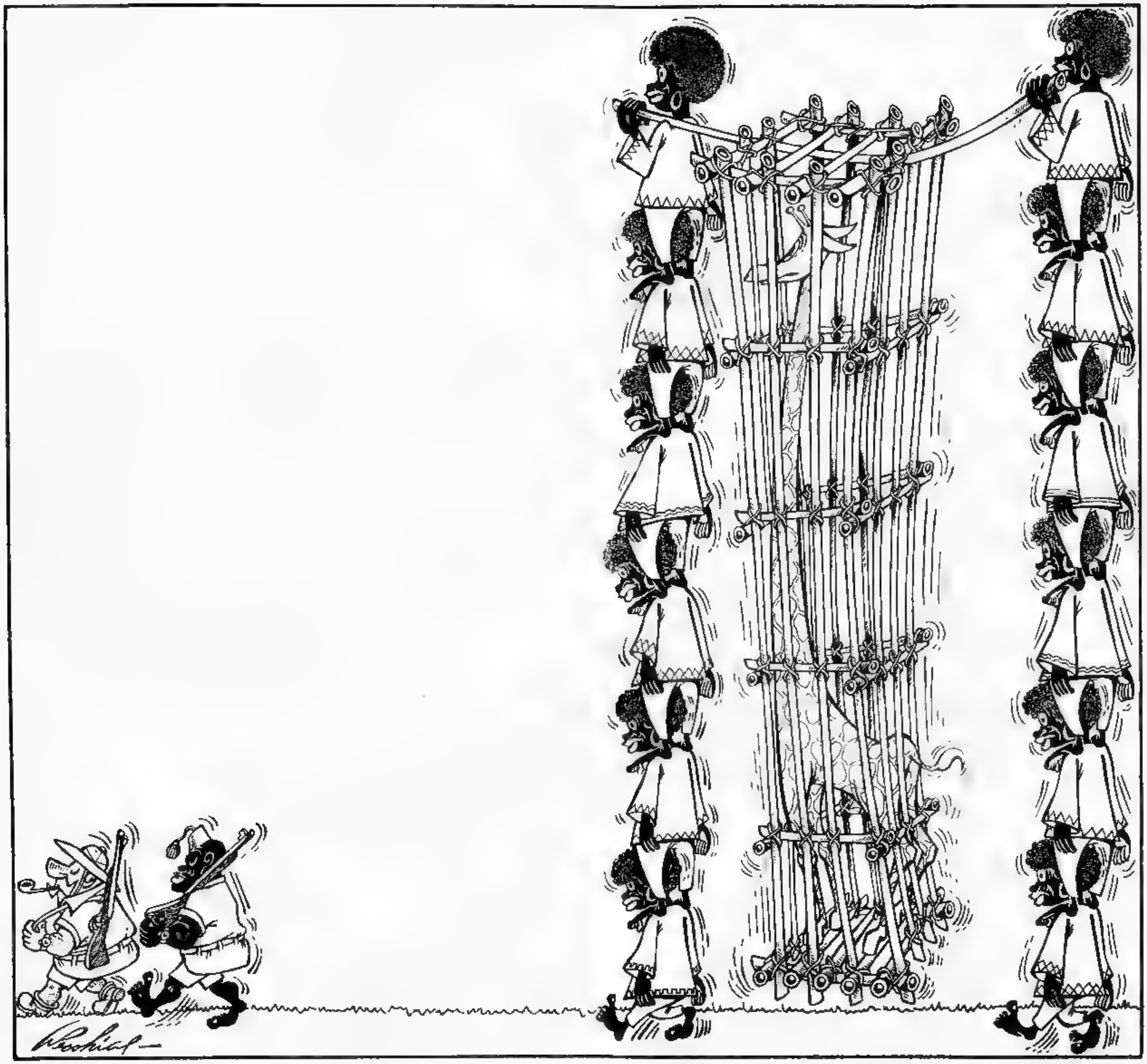


See the Championship Tennis Player.
He has just won an important tournament.
See how the fans adore him.
He is very successful and very rich.
He has three cars, four homes,
And a yacht.
He makes over a half million a year.
Now that he has won this tournament
He will receive many lucrative Tennis offers,
But he will turn them all down.
Do you know why he will turn them down?
Because he doesn't want to turn Professional.
Isn't Amateur Tennis wonderful?
Some top performers make almost as much money
As College Football Players.

ON A SAFARI

ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS





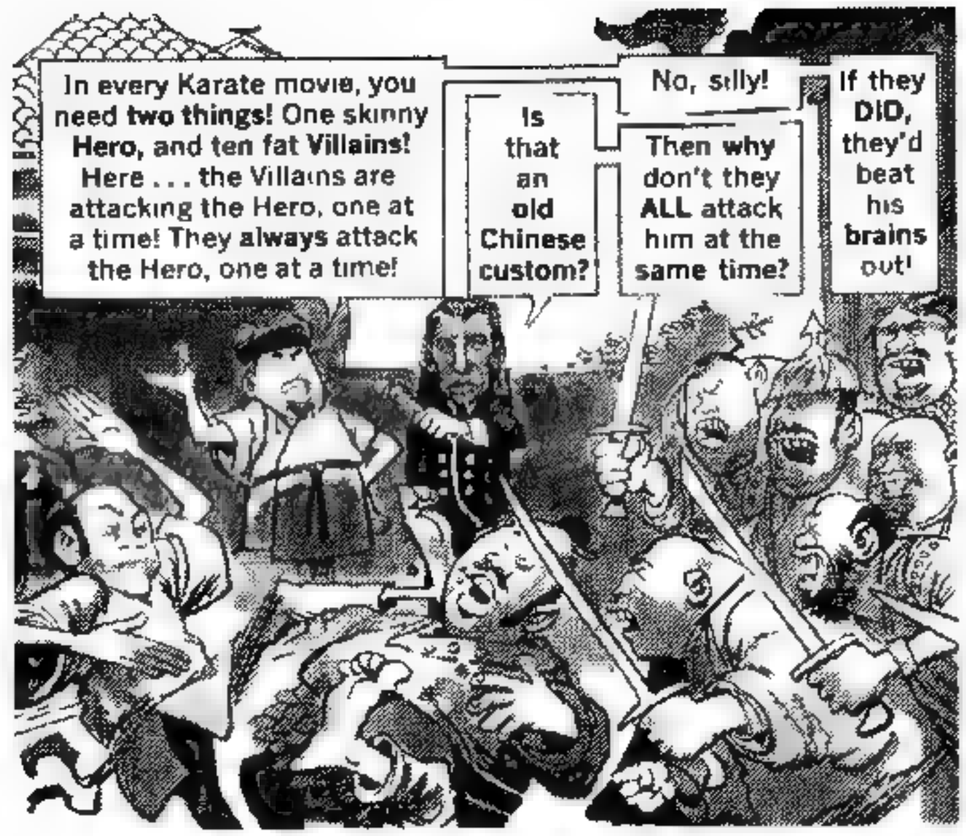
HACK FILM-MAKER DEPT.

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

Hello! I'm Mike Malice . . . and today we're going to do an "in depth" study of a recent Business Phenomenon! That's why I'm here with Mr. Kim Sai Shee, who has just been named

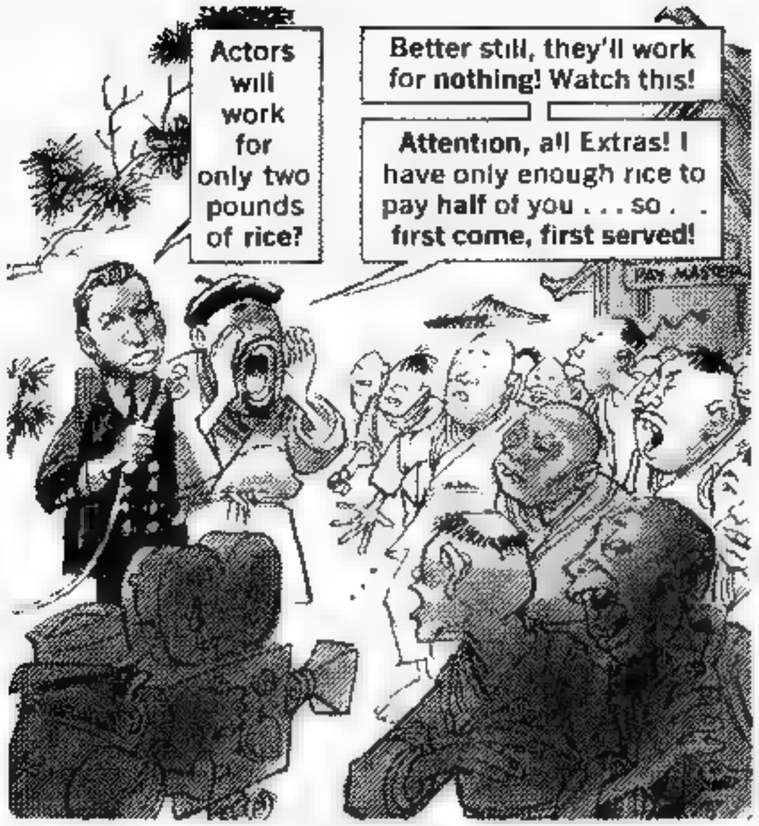
MAD'S "KARATE MOVIE" PRODUCER OF THE YEAR

My . . . you certainly have an active movie studio!
Yes, I make four pictures a week . . . all on very modest budgets!
Wow! Four a week! How do you do it?
Naturally, to keep up that pace, some things must be left out of my movies!
Like what?
Like a plot, good acting and decent photography!
BAP

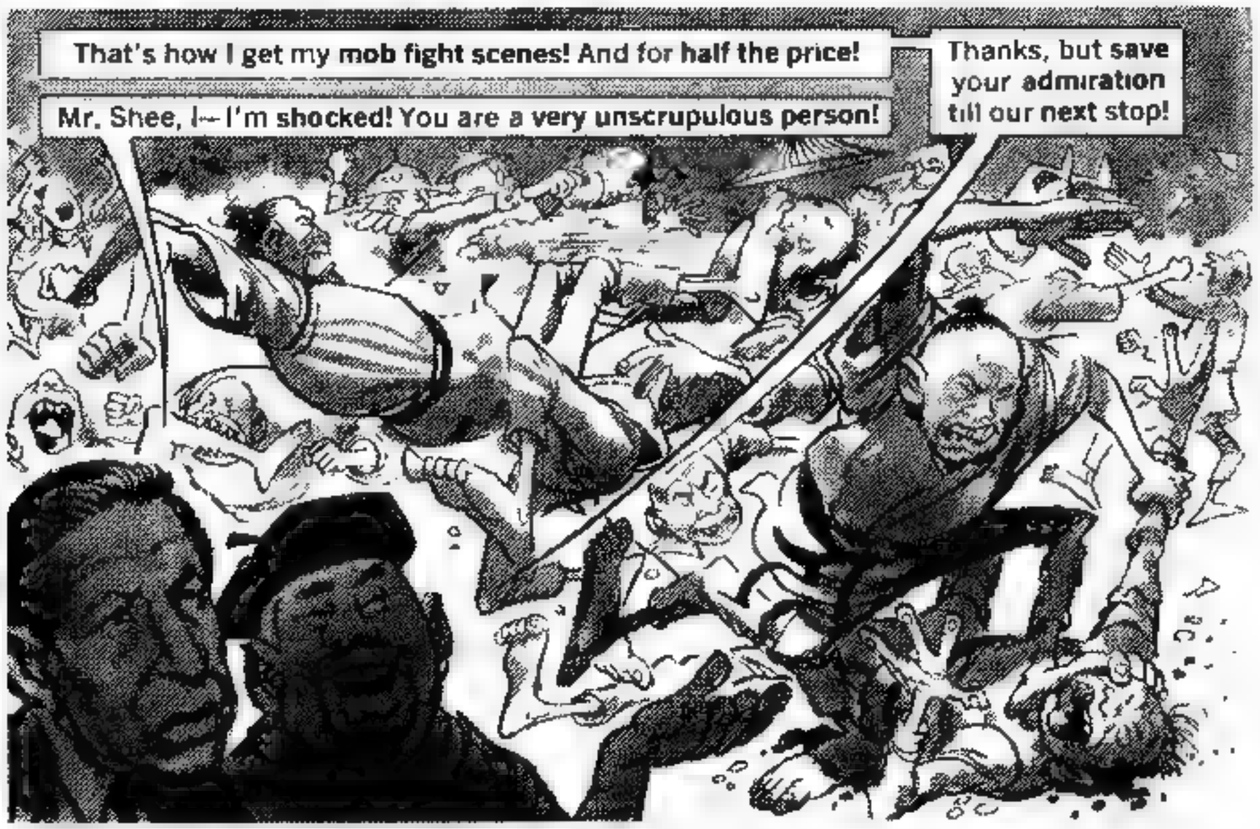

In every Karate movie, you need two things! One skinny Hero, and ten fat Villains! Here . . . the Villains are attacking the Hero, one at a time! They always attack the Hero, one at a time!
Is that an old Chinese custom?
No, silly!
Then why don't they ALL attack him at the same time?
If they DID, they'd beat his brains out!

Is this a movie being filmed now?
Ur—I don't quite understand!
TWO movies! I shoot them both at the same time!
It's simple! The first guy is saying, "There he GOES, through the window!" And the second guy is saying, "Here he COMES . . . through the window!" Cuts costs in half!
子快圖而
耶將他走
時他
未子從
圖而

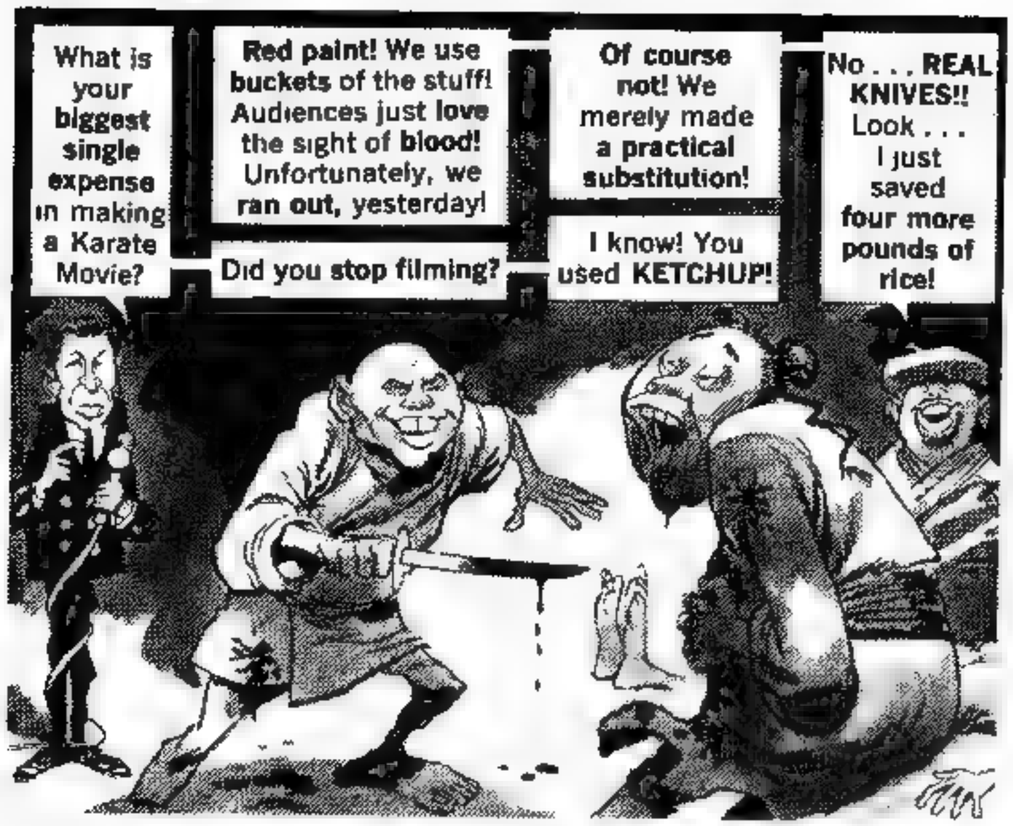
Another feature of our movie is the "Big Gang Battle"! Fights with two or three hundred people are not uncommon!
My God! All those actors! It must cost you a fortune! How much do you pay each one?
Two pounds a day!
Two pounds? In English currency, that's . . .
What English currency! I'm talking about RICE!

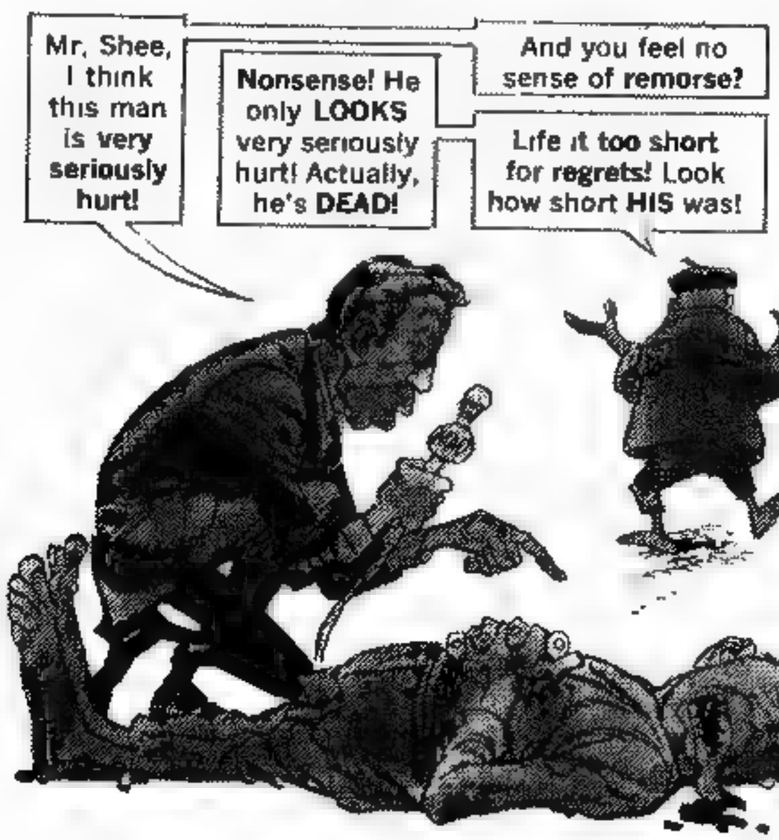

Actors will work for only two pounds of rice?
Better still, they'll work for nothing! Watch this!
Attention, all Extras! I have only enough rice to pay half of you . . . so . . . first come, first served!

Now . . . here is where we DUB IN the English dialogue! See the movie they are showing on the screen?
What about it?
Well, when we're through dubbing in THIS one, we cut it up, scene by scene, re-splice it, dub in ALL NEW dialogue and presto! We have TWO movies for the price of ONE!
But that's . . . dishonest!
Not at all! Actually, I'm only doing what the Critics tell people!
Oh . . . ? And what's that?
If you see ONE Karate Movie, you've seen them ALL!

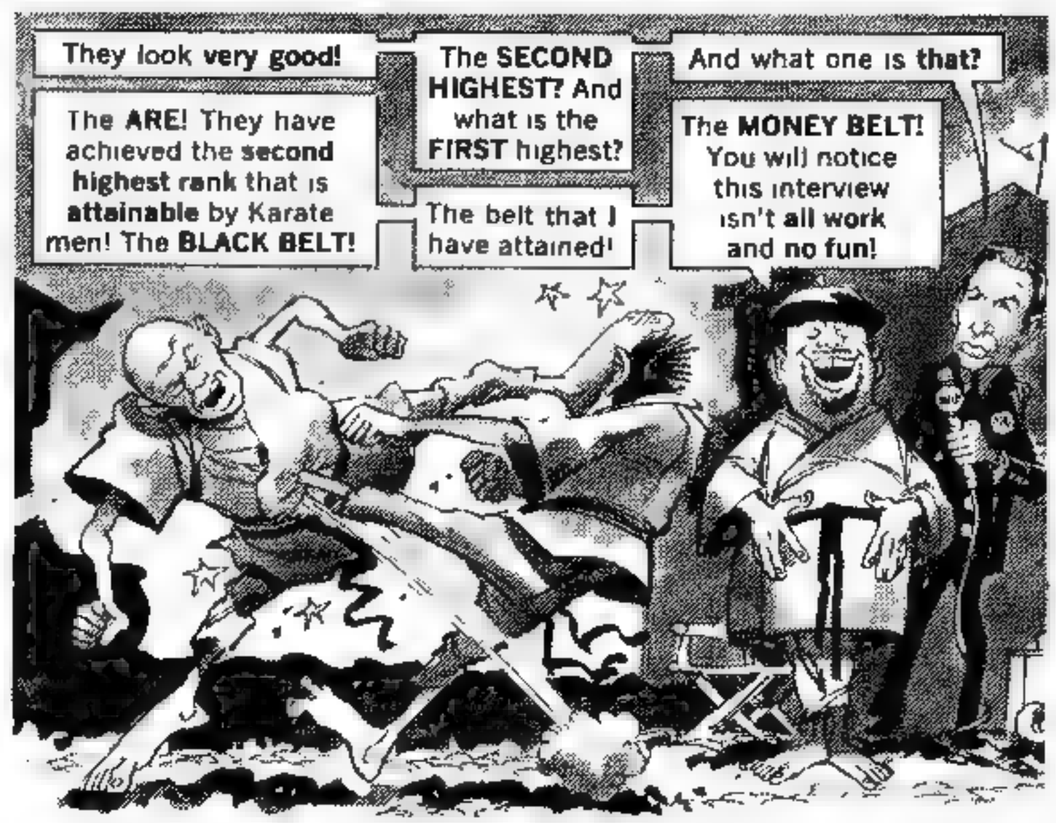

That's how I get my mob fight scenes! And for half the price!
Mr. Shee, I— I'm shocked! You are a very unscrupulous person!
Thanks, but save your admiration till our next stop!

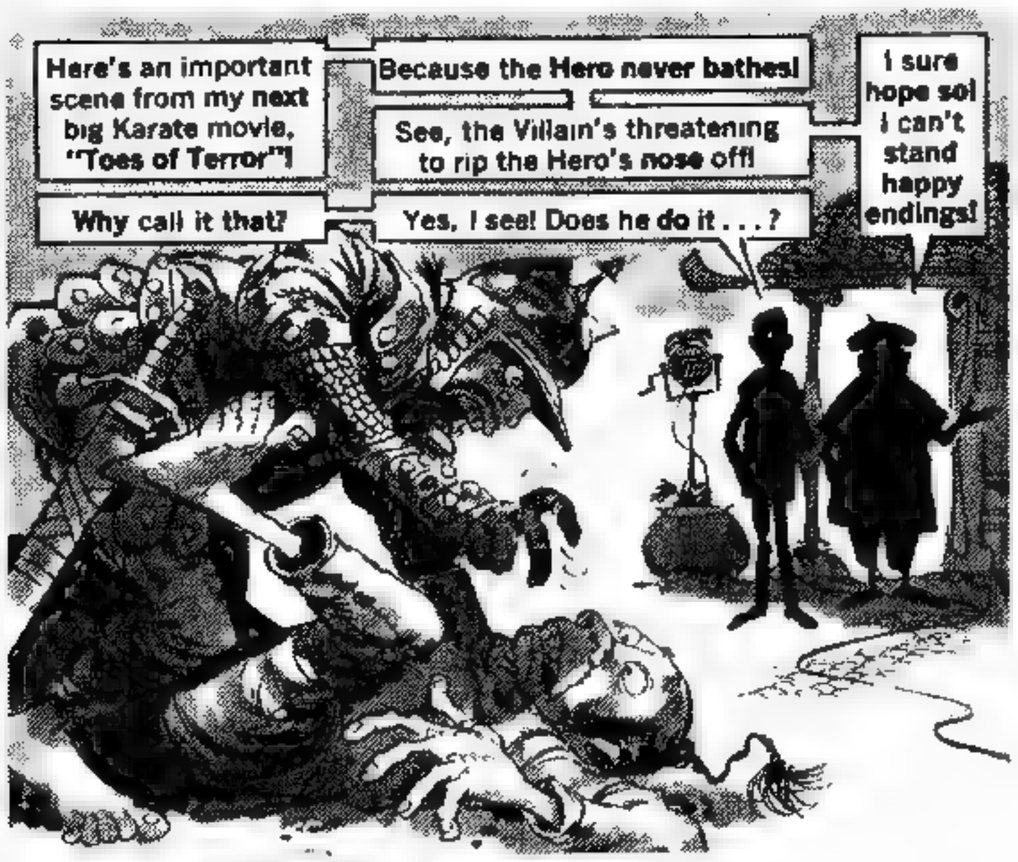
Mr. Shee, what are the most important elements in a Karate Movie?
Violence, gore, disfigurement and death! Mike, we show life like it really is!
But life isn't LIKE that!
It will be, after enough people start imitating what they see in my pictures!

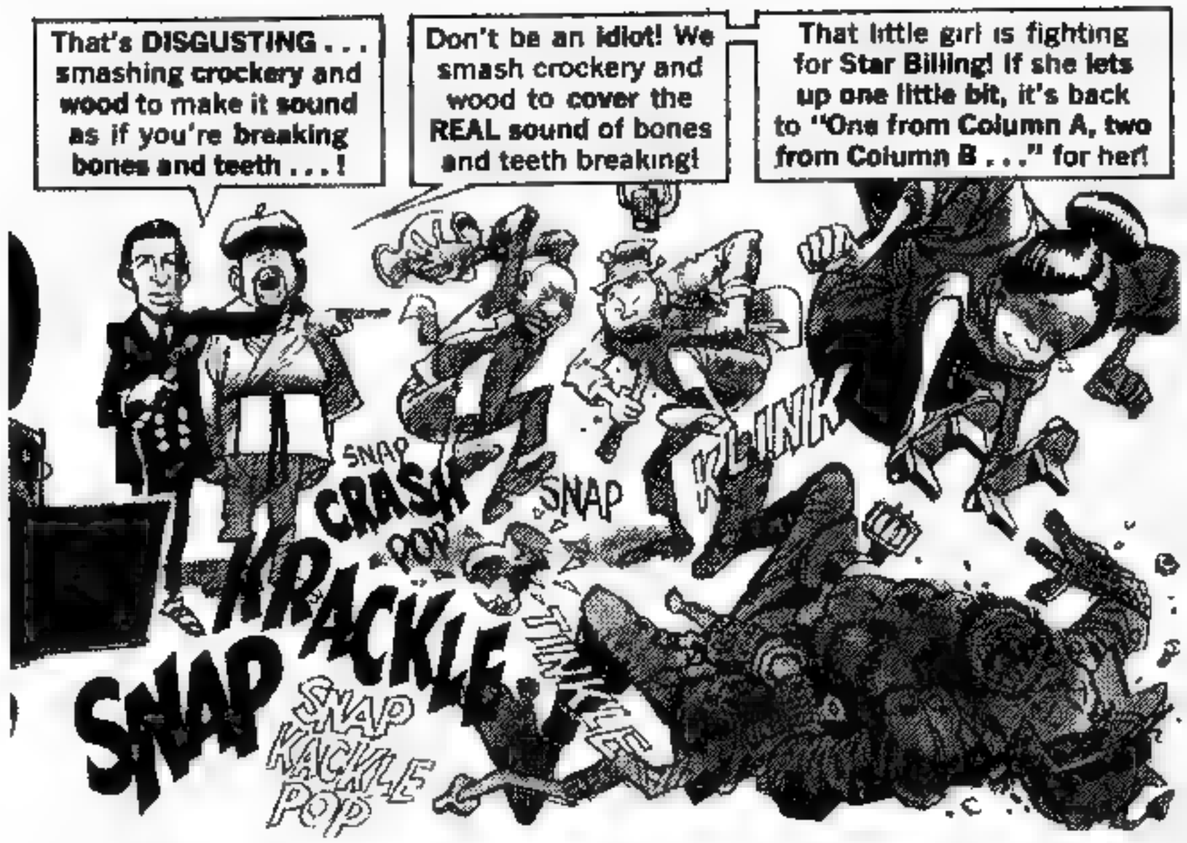

What is your biggest single expense in making a Karate Movie?
Red paint! We use buckets of the stuff! Audiences just love the sight of blood! Unfortunately, we ran out, yesterday!
Did you stop filming?
Of course not! We merely made a practical substitution!
I know! You used KETCHUP!
No . . . REAL KNIVES!! Look . . . I just saved four more pounds of rice!


Mr. Shee, I think this man is very seriously hurt!
Nonsense! He only LOOKS very seriously hurt! Actually, he's DEAD!
And you feel no sense of remorse?
Life it too short for regrets! Look how short HIS was!

Mr. Shee, why do you think your Karate Movies are so popular back in the United States?
Because they cleverly combine our ancient Oriental traditions with your modern American traditions!
Your ancient Oriental tradition of Karate?
Right! With your modern American tradition of brutal MURDER!


They look very good!
The ARE! They have achieved the second highest rank that is attainable by Karate men! The BLACK BELT!
The SECOND HIGHEST? And what is the FIRST highest?
The belt that I have attained!
And what one is that?
The MONEY BELT! You will notice this interview isn't all work and no fun!


Here's an important scene from my next big Karate movie, "Toes of Terror"!
Because the Hero never bathes!
I sure hope so! I can't stand happy endings!
See, the Villain's threatening to rip the Hero's nose off!
Why call it that?
Yes, I see! Does he do it . . . ?


That's DISGUSTING . . . smashing crockery and wood to make it sound as if you're breaking bones and teeth . . . !
Don't be an idiot! We smash crockery and wood to cover the REAL sound of bones and teeth breaking!
That little girl is fighting for Star Billing! If she lets up one little bit, it's back to "One from Column A, two from Column B . . ." for her!
SNAP
CRASH
POP
SNAP
KRACKLE
SNAP
SNAP
KRACKLE
POP

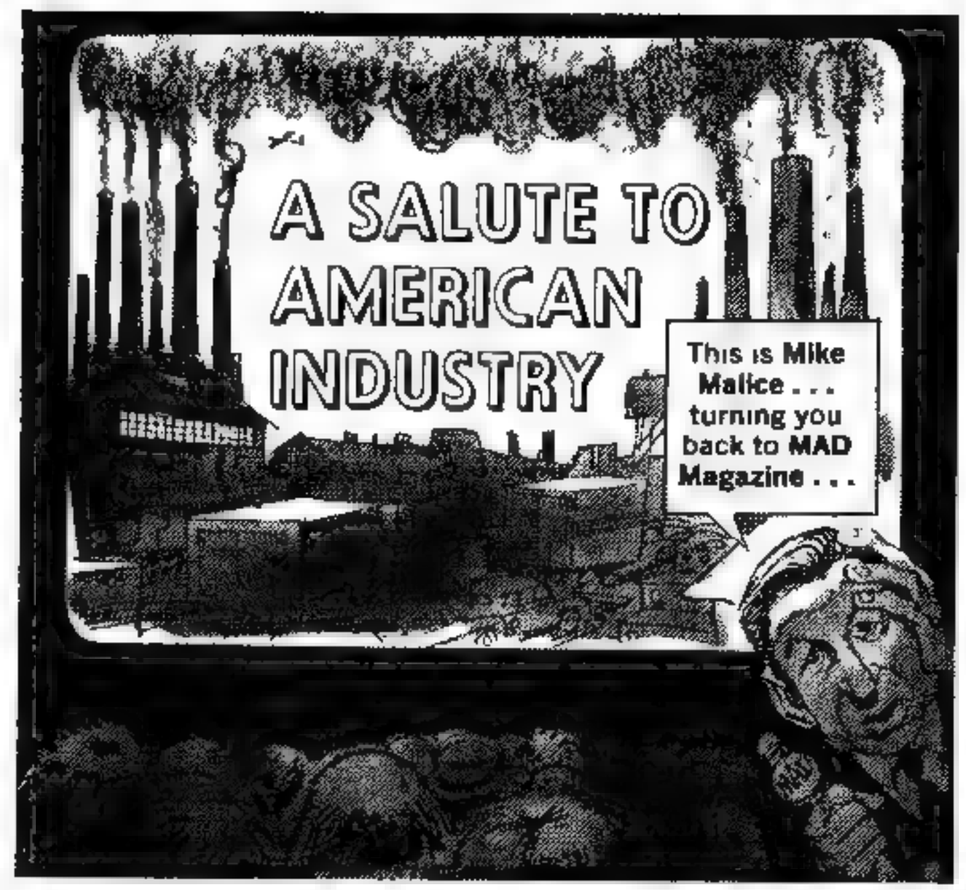
And who is SHE . . . ?
Why does she shout when she hits the board . . . ?
A new wrinkle! In this day of Women's Lib, I've introduced a WOMAN Hero who saves the MAN Hero!
It's an old Chinese custom! We scream like that when we're in terrible pain!
YAHH

Well, Mr. Shee . . . making a Karate Movie is certainly a terrifying experience!
Listen, I've got an even MORE terrifying experience for you . . .
NOW SHOWING

Sitting in the audience . . . watching a Karate Movie!
Man, I love blood and gore as much as the next guy, but a Karate Movie Audience is SOMETHING ELSE!
COMING SOON
KILL
KILL
KILL

KILL!
MAIM!
DISFIGURE!
HURT A LOT!
Well, they obviously enjoy encouraging the Hero of the movie!
What movie? They're encouraging a little kid in the third row who's arguing with his Mother!

This is the most revolting thing I've ever seen! How can you live with yourself . . . knowing that you promote immorality without a pang of conscience, while you brazenly cheat the American Public?!?
I feel a lot cleaner than the guy who produced the Documentary they're showing next!
What's that . . . ?
MAD

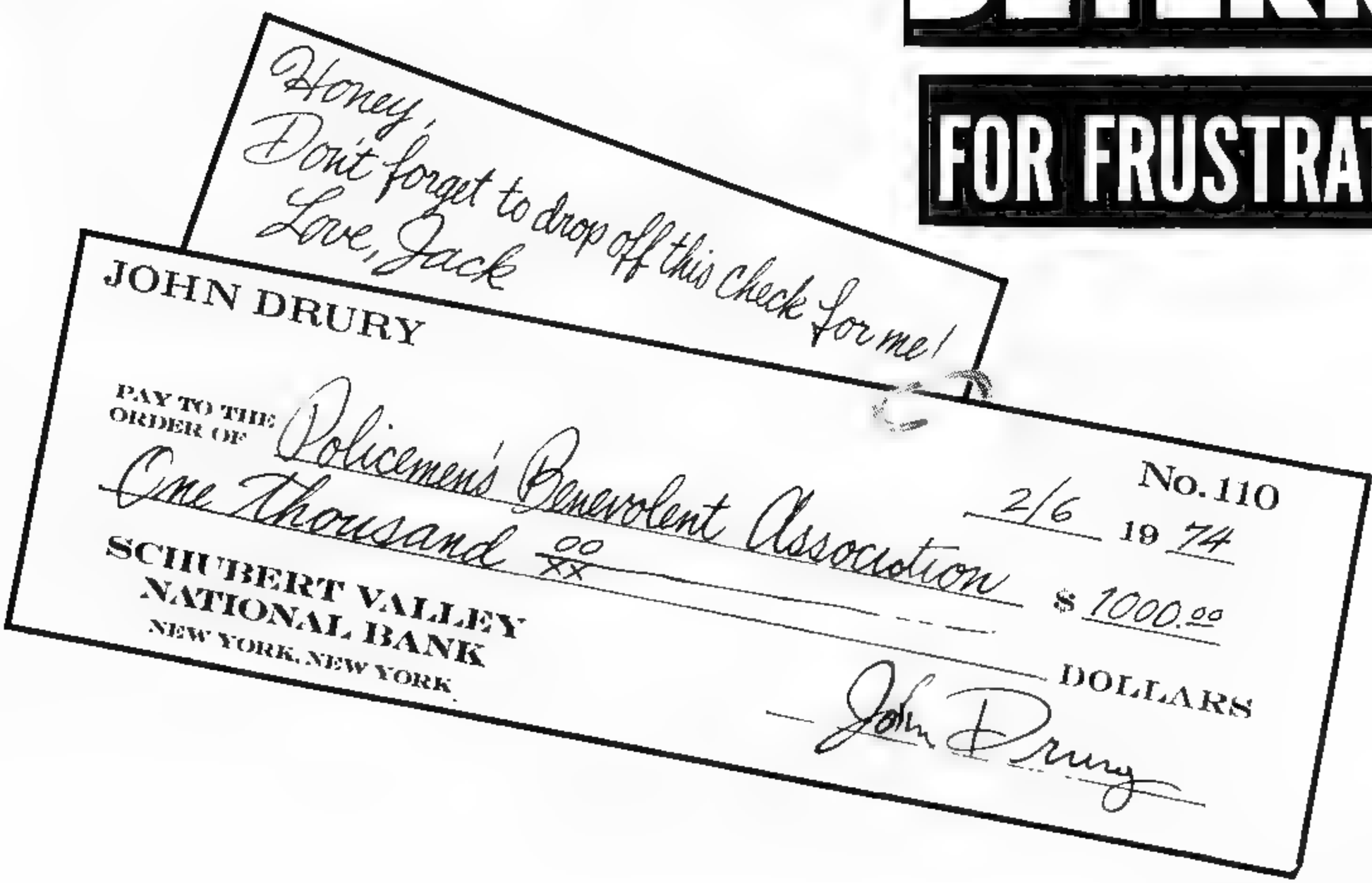

A SALUTE TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY
This is Mike Malice . . . turning you back to MAD Magazine . . .

WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards. Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions . . . to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers . . .

SURE-FIRE TICKET DETERRENTS

FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Mildred:

If you found my suicide note and traced me to the car, don't panic - I haven't done it yet.

I left the car here to go for a little walk to think about whether life is worth living. With all the setbacks I've had lately, all I need is one more bad experience to push me over the brink...

This car is owned by a revered mother who just ran into the store to buy an American flag and an apple pie...

Dear Officer,

They just announced over the radio that this month's quota of parking tickets has already been reached.

Thanks!

Bless, O Lord, the keeper of the Peace—the Officer of the Law— who in his own unselfishness, overlooks this minor trespass of another made in Your Image. But let he who rules with an iron hand—who puts him self before and above others—let him feel the pain of eternal damnation.

Amen!

MILTON ELNICK

CHIEF AUDITOR

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

(Division of Tax Returns
Of City and State Employees)

Madame Olga

THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT
THE CURSE ON ANYONE
...ANY TIME...ANYWHERE!
I NEVER FAIL!

CALL QZ-9-9977

*Officer —
Just went to pick
up my judicial robe.*

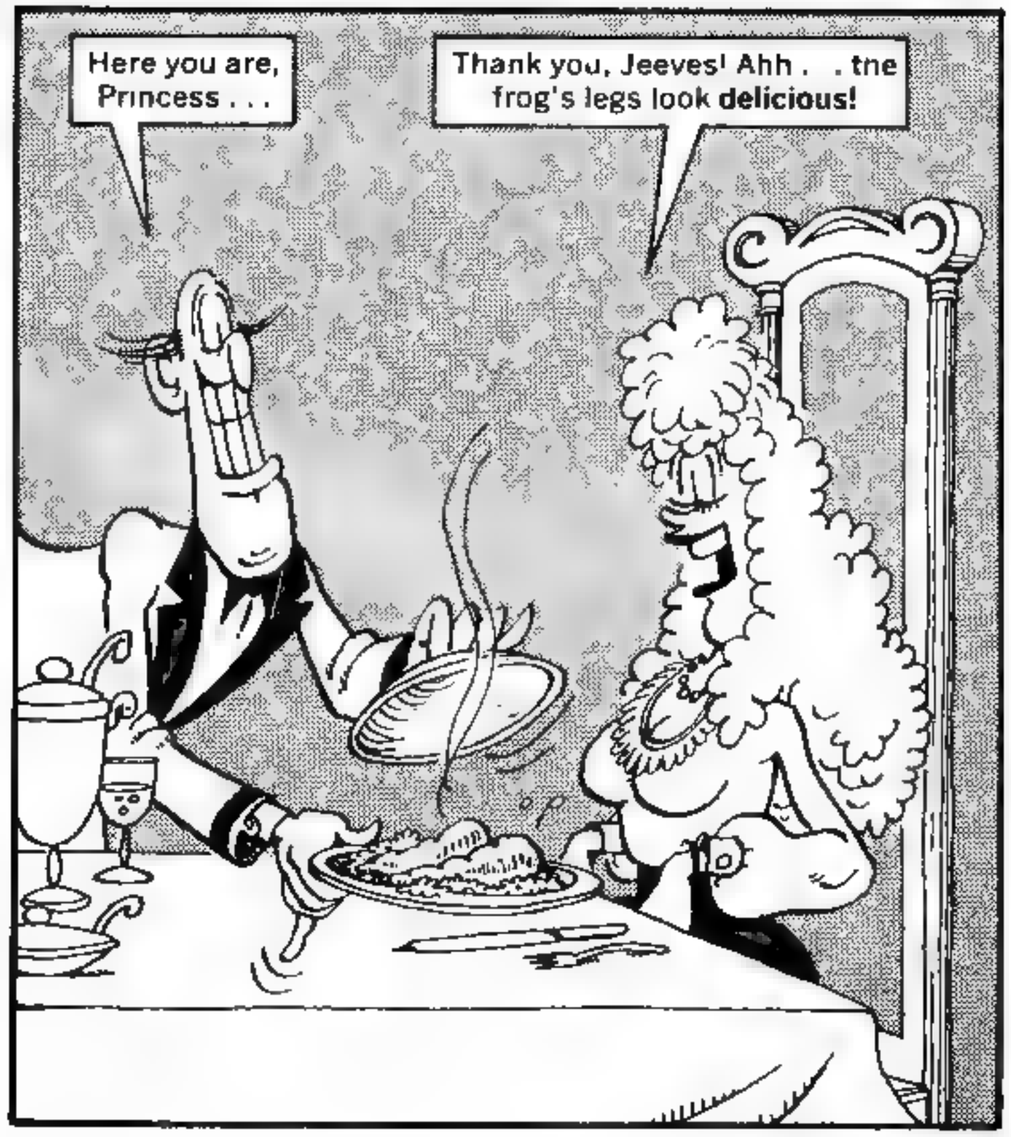
I JUST RETURNED FROM
VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS
SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE
SO I COULD SAY HOW
GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME
IN A FREE COUNTRY
WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE
YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU
WANT, *PARK* WHERE YOU
WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME
COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU!
LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY!

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE:
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,
AND THE
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
CAR POOL

DON MARTIN DEPT.

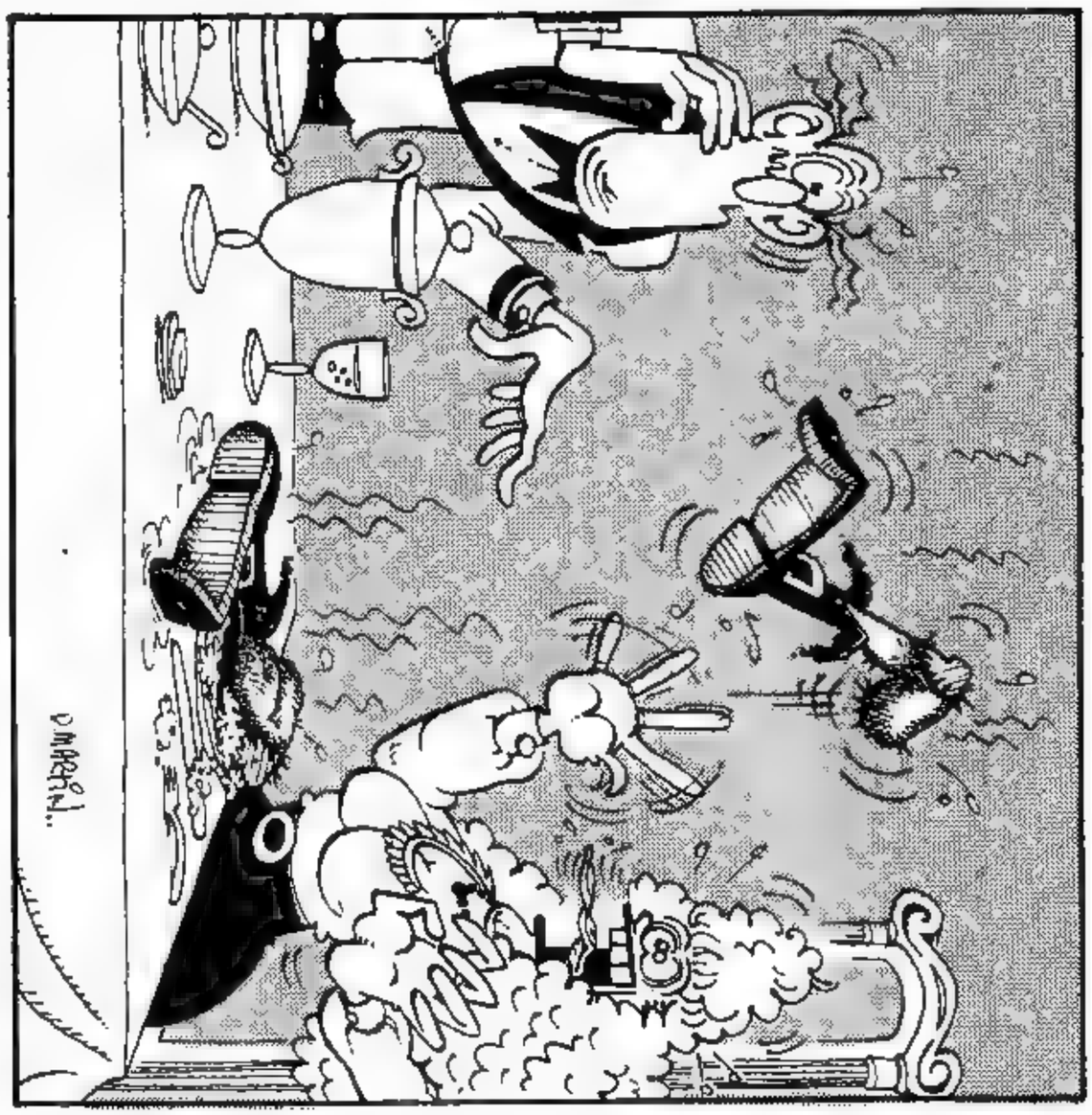
ONE FINE EVENING IN THE CASTLE

Officer -
I heard on the radio that this make car has been recalled by the factory because a defective part may cause the steering wheel to fly off at any moment So I immediately pulled over to the curb and left my car here not to take any chances.



MMMMM...
SMACK

PAF



A while back, Hollywood bestowed its coveted Academy Awards on various actors and actresses for outstanding performances in motion pictures. But all of us, in our daily lives, turn in many outstanding performances. And so . . . it seems only fair that we now present THE FIRST ANNUAL . . .

MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR BEST PERFORMANCES IN EVERYDAY SITUATIONS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the **"The First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Everyday Situations"!** Here, in the garishly-decorated Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Garish, we have gathered to honor the people who have turned in the year's **"Best Performances"** when trapped in **"Everyday Situations"!** Er, we'll get on with the gala festivities in a moment! But first, will one of you **Stagehands** please adjust my **MIKE?**

Like to, Mac . . . but **Microphones** ain't in a **Scenery Mover's jurisdiction!** Er . . . maybe my **friend** over here could help you out . . .

I could adjust it for you as a **Prop Mover—normally!** But since it's **PLUGGED IN,** you have to get an **ENGINEER!!**

Sorry, fellas . . . but there's **no Award** this year for **"Passing The Buck"!** Maybe we'll add it to **NEXT** year's categories! Meanwhile, **on with the show . . .**

The **first** category is: **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY SOMEONE WHO'S GETTING A SPEEDING TICKET."** The **nominees** are: **Jack Hendle,** for the fabulous role he created in **"You're Right, But—"**. . .

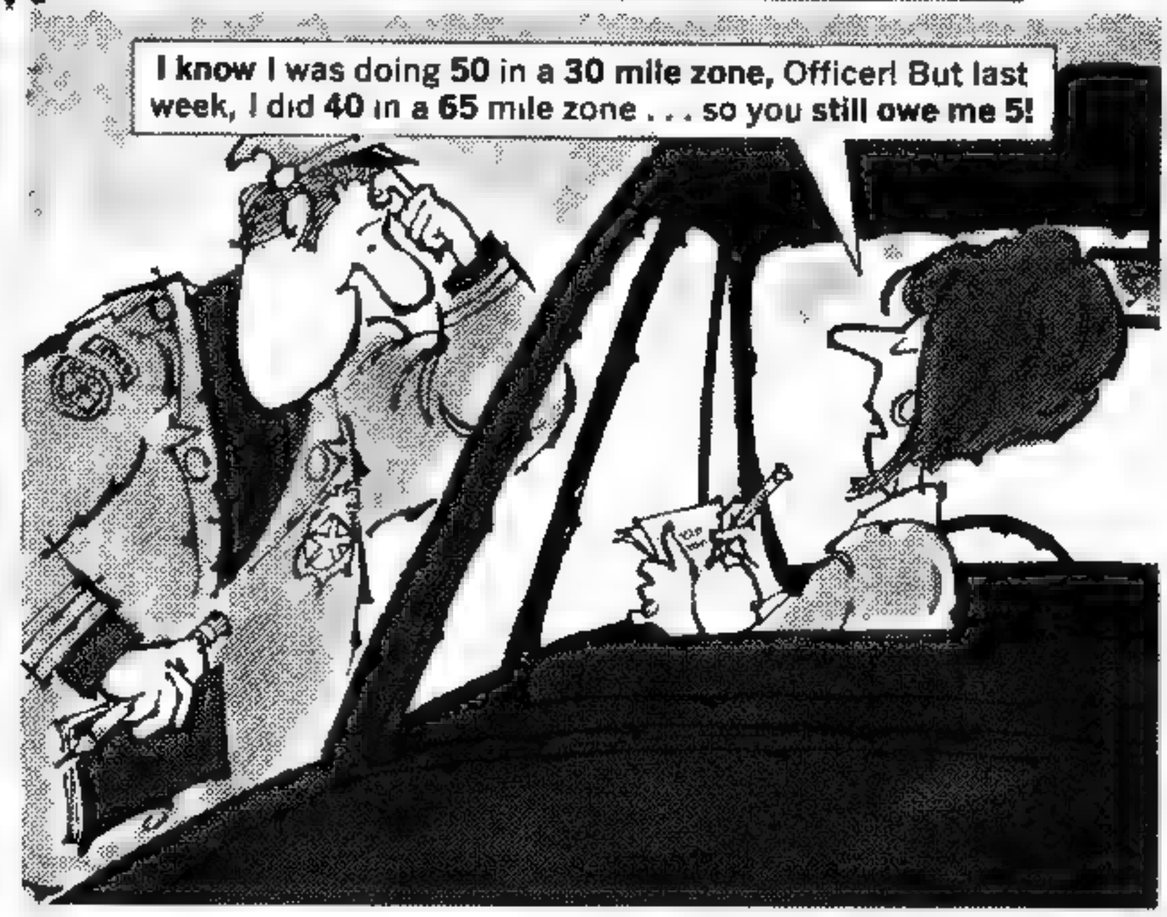
The **second** nominee is: **Jeannie Riptoff,** for the great delivery of her inspired dialogue in **"Everything's Relative"**. . .

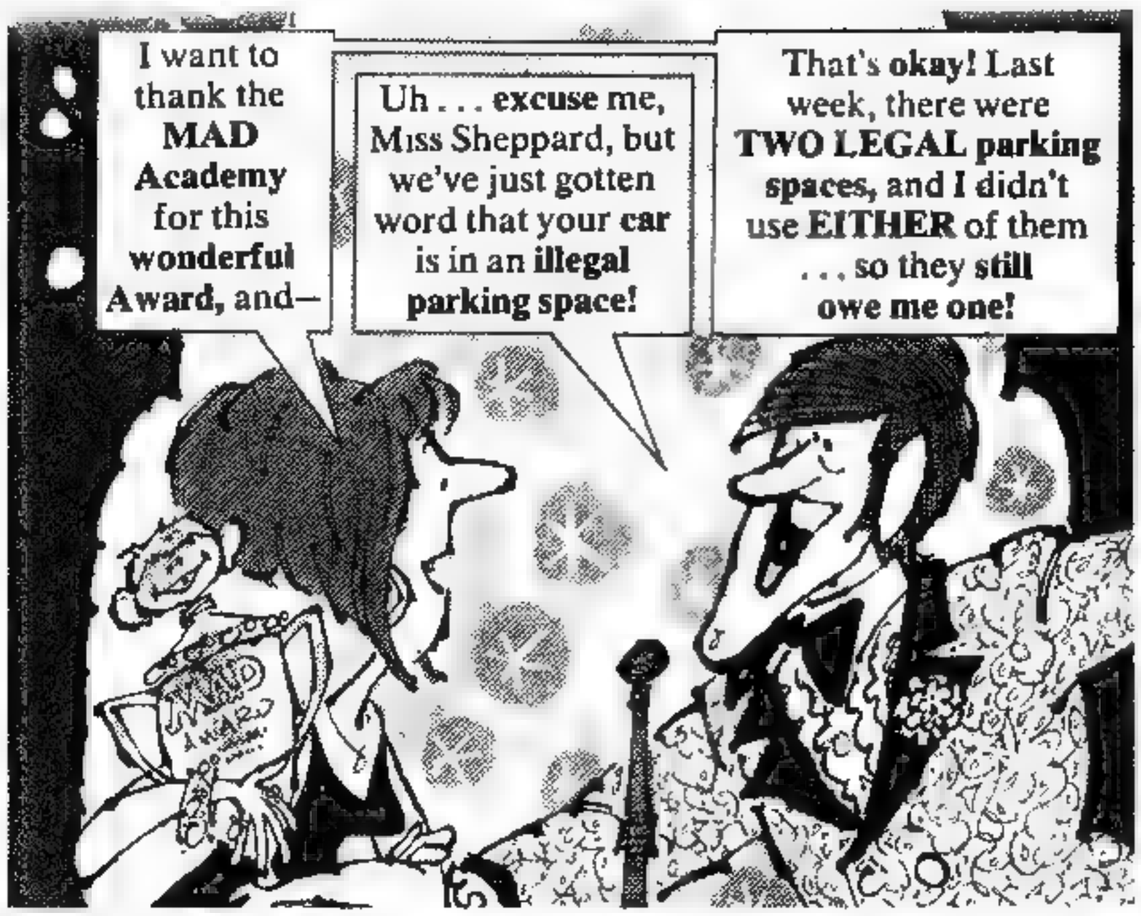
I . . . I **know** I may have been going a **trifle fast,** Officer . . . but I was only trying to make it **home** before my **gas** ran out!

After you write out my **ticket,** please give me your **name,** Officer! I want to tell my **Uncle Jake,** the **Chief of Police,** about the **swell job** you're doing!

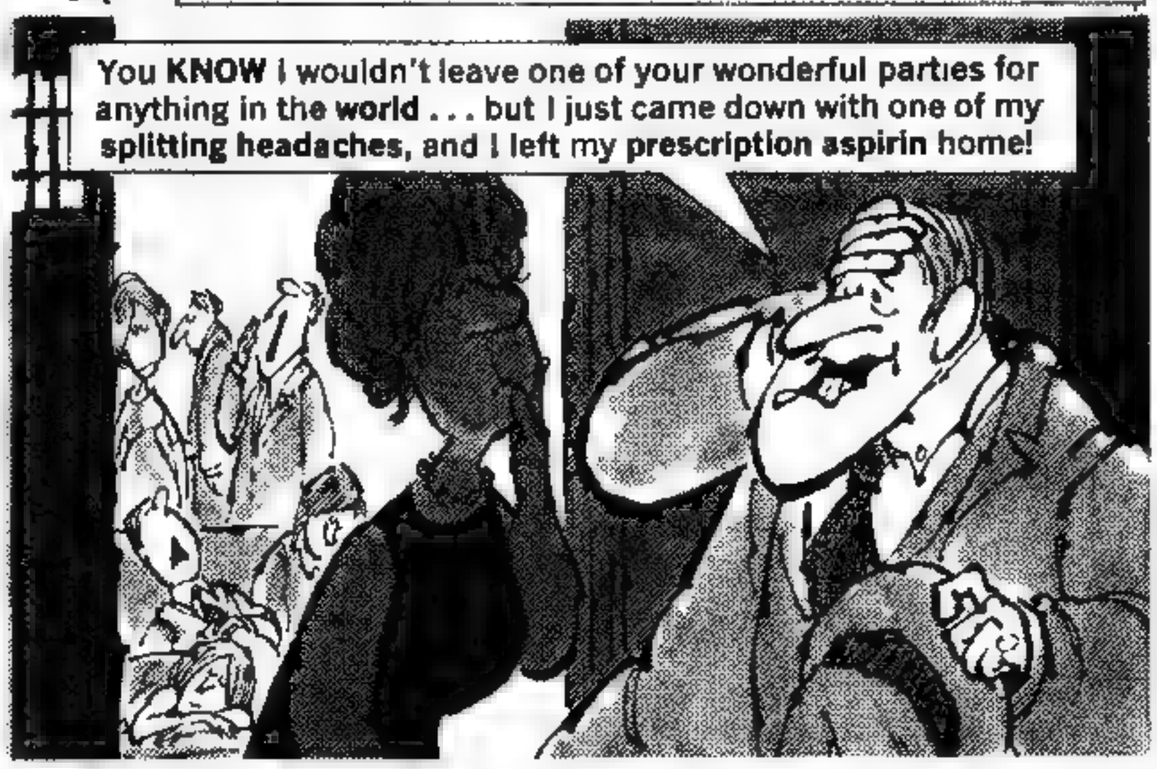
The **third** nominee is **Malvina Mishigoss,** for her unforgettable version of **"December Bribe"** . . .

And the **Winner** is: **Roz Sheppard,** for her confusing but convincing performance in **"The New Math"** . . .





The **second** category is for **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY SOMEONE LEAVING A BORING PARTY."** The **first** nominee is **Al Muck** for **"Yawn With The Wind"** . . .



The **second** nominees are: **Kenneth** and **Sarah Badler,** who made such a great team in **"The Party's Overlong"** . . .

Sorry we have to **run,** folks . . . but we have to be home by **10 PM** because of our **pets!**

Oh? You have to walk your **dogs?**

No . . . our **goldfish** gets **lonely!**

The **third** nominees are: **Judy** and **Sid Plyth,** for their fine acting in **"Leave Story"** . . .

We hate to **run off** like this, gang, but tonight, of **all** nights, our **very favorite movie of all time** is on television. The **last** time we saw it, we were so **moved,** and it did so much to **enrich our lives** and gave us such a glimpse of **faraway places,** that we **swore** we'd **catch** the **re-run!**

You mean **"Dr. Zhivago"?**

No, **"Gidget Surfs To Rome"!**

And the **winner** is: **Stanley Sachs,** for his stellar job in **"What makes Stanny Run?"** . . .

Sorry I've got to leave the party so **early,** Bernice . . . but I must **rush right home** and start **packing** for my **trip!**

Oh? Where are you **going?**

To the **1976 Olympic Games!**

I do **love** these fun-filled **Award Ceremonies** with their witty acceptance speeches and their exciting surprise announcements . . . uh . . . but, unfortunately, I really must **rush right home** and start **packing** for my **trip!**

But you **already packed** for the **1976 Olympic Games!**

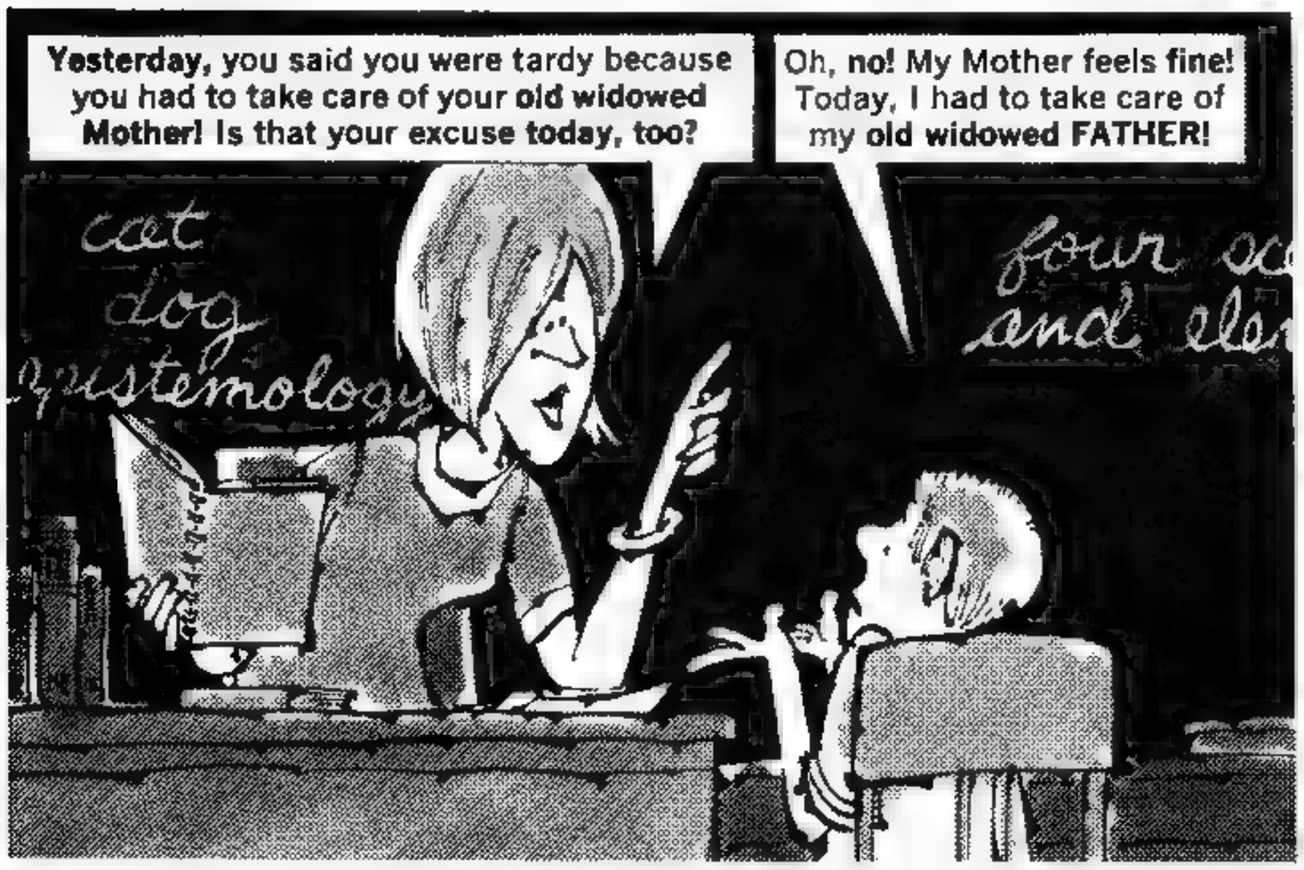
For the **1976** Olympic Games **yes!** But I don't want to wait until the **last minute** to pack for the **1980** Olympic Games!

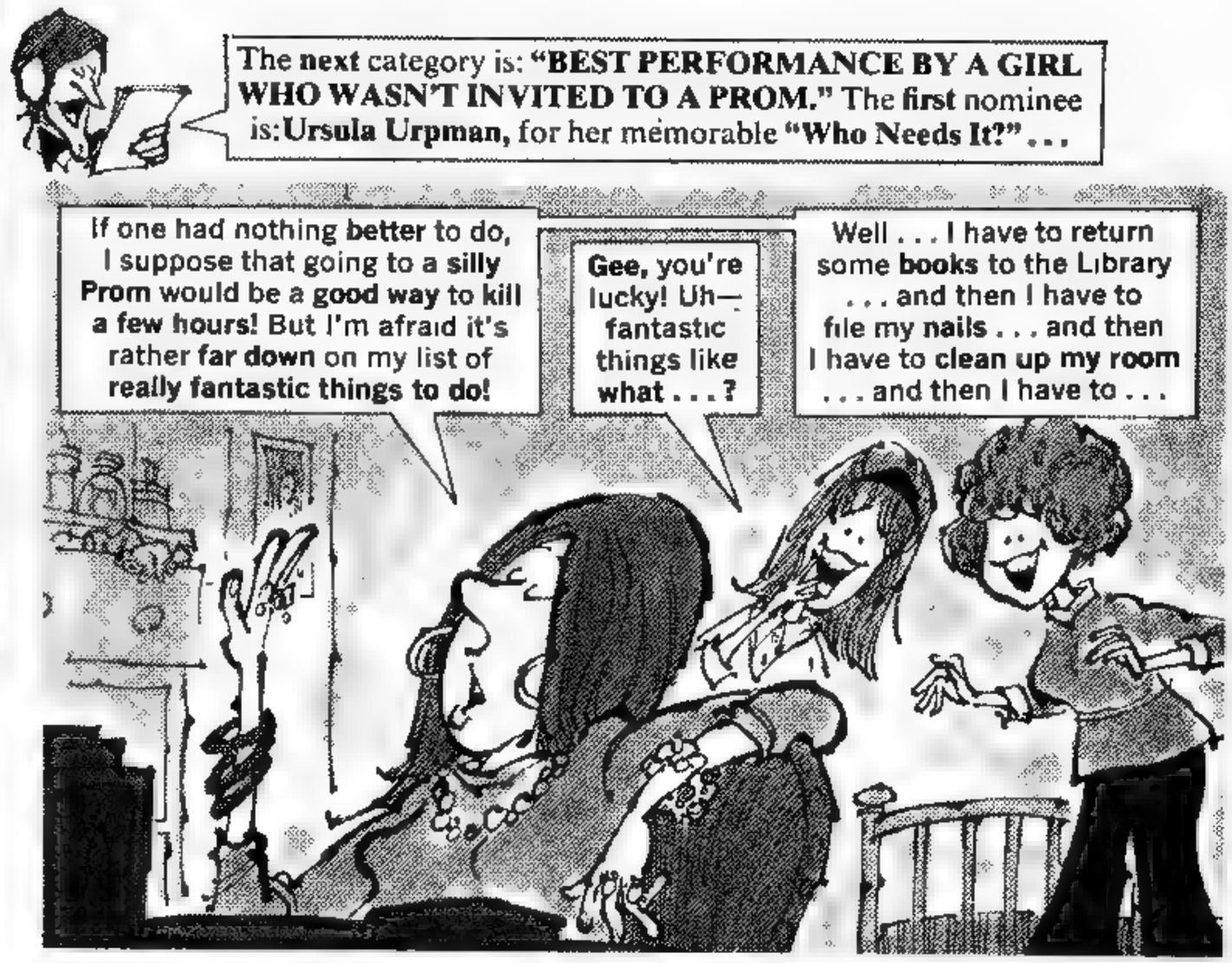
The **next** category is **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A KID WHO'S ALWAYS LATE FOR SCHOOL."** The **first** nominee is: **Scott Flink,** for his brilliant job in **"Don't Stop Me If You've Heard This"** . . .

The **second** nominee is: **Phil Mintzer,** for his unanimously-acclaimed acting in **"After The Bull Is Over"** . . .

The **third** nominee is: **Tony Flinch,** for his excellent work in **"If You'll Buy This, You'll Buy Anything"** . . .

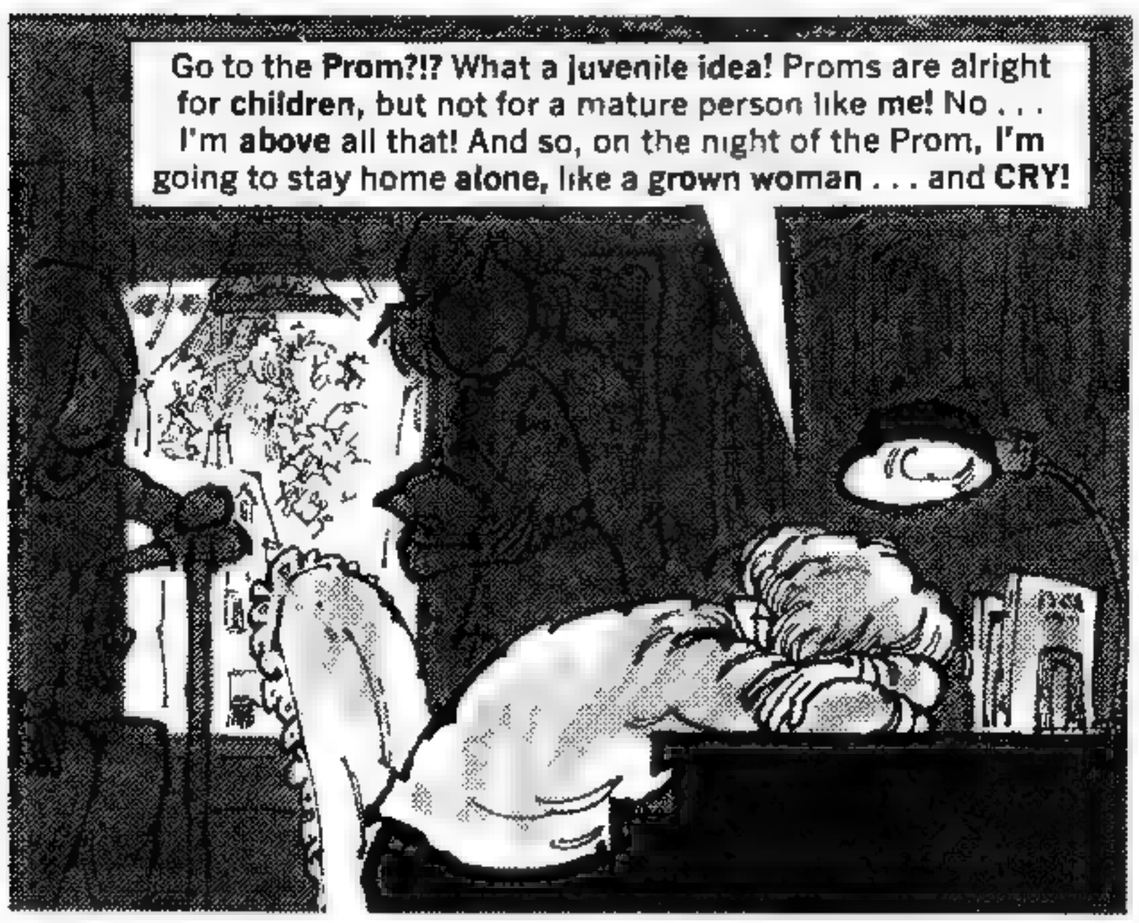
And the **winner** is: **Richard Shellis,** for his superb rendition of **"Dig That Dandy Lyin' "** . . .





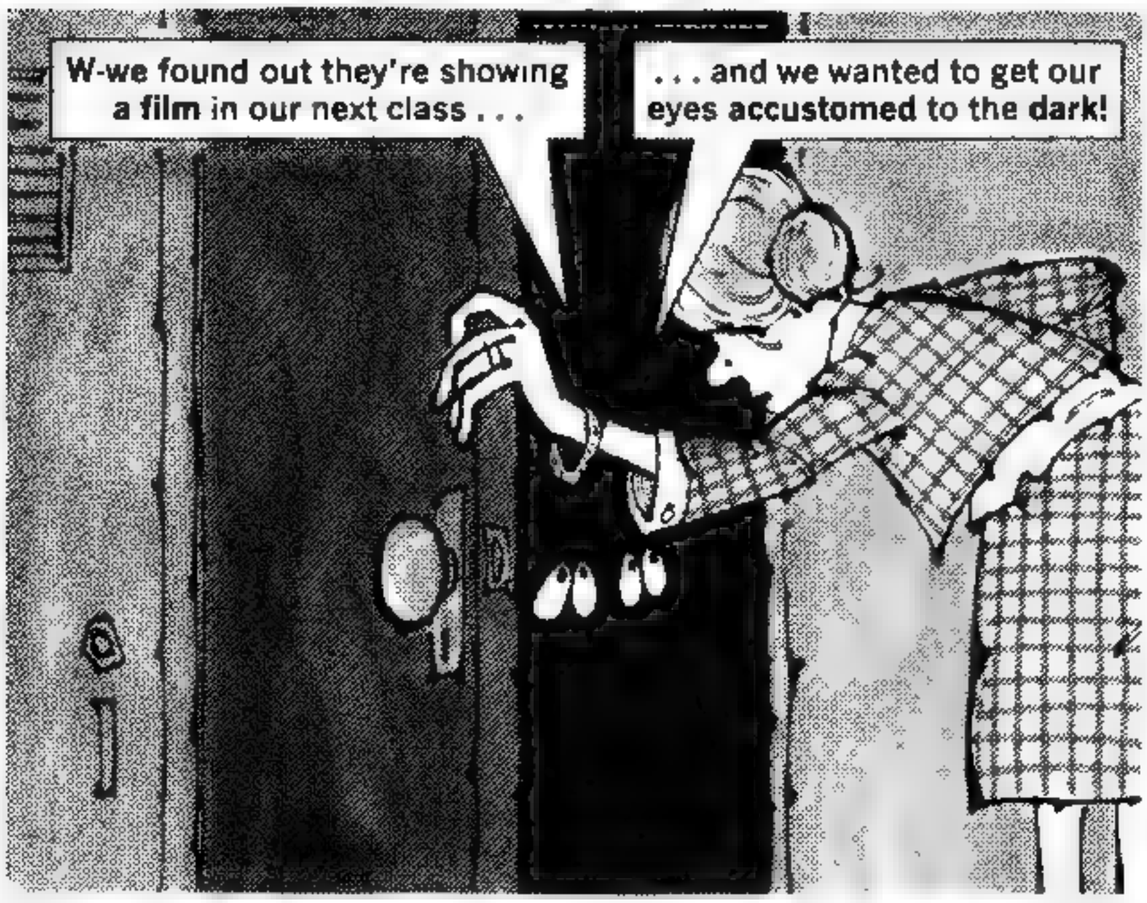
The **second** nominee is: **Tanya Blish,** who tugged at our heartstrings in **"Alone Again, Naturally"** . . .

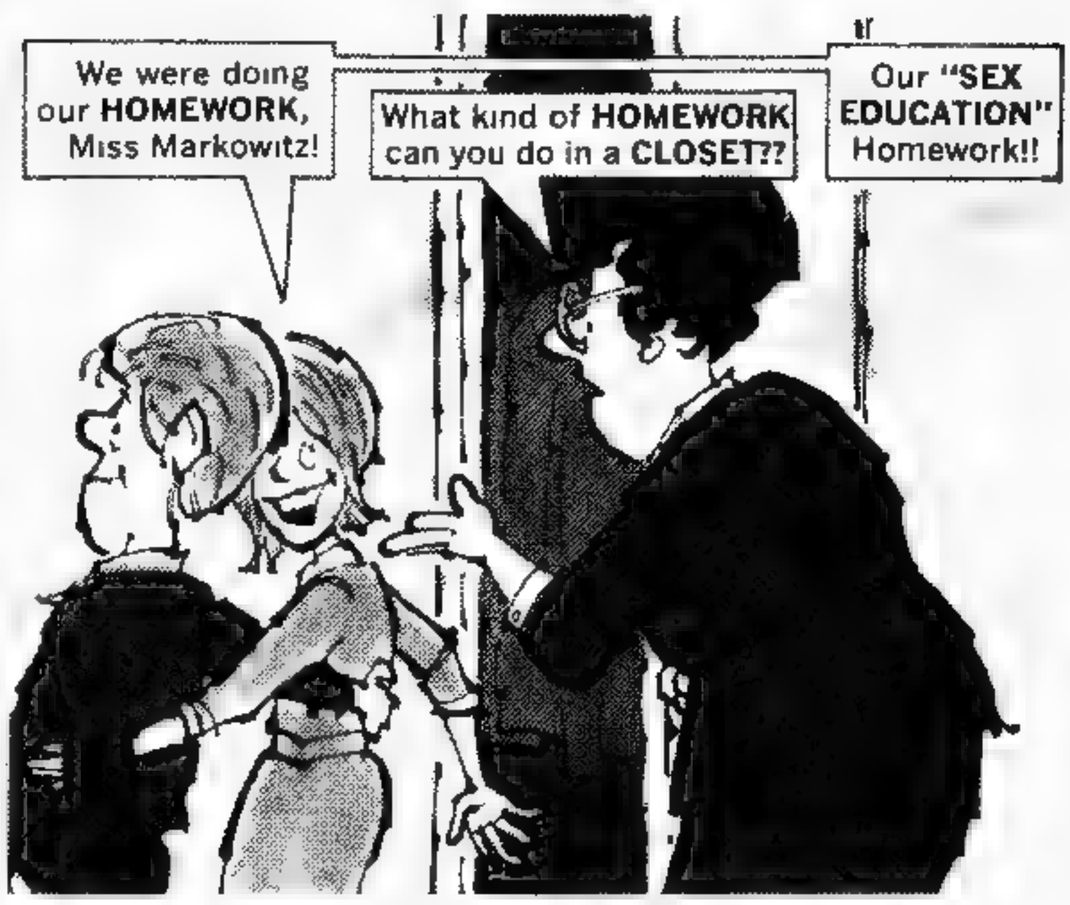
The **third** nominee is: **Penelope McNee,** whose inspired performance was so magnificent in **"Fibber McNee"** . . .

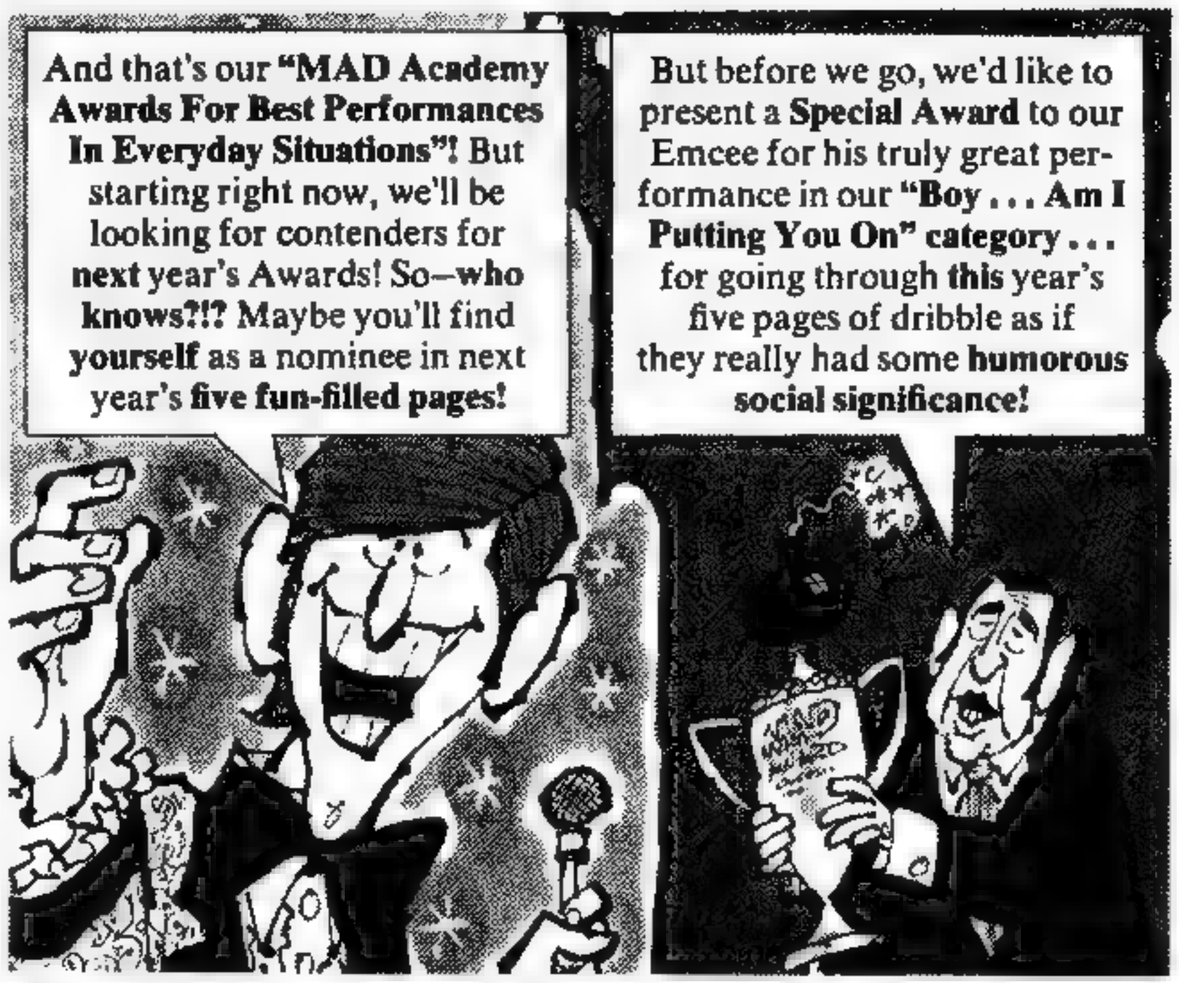


The **third** nominees are: **Martin Gale** and **Jodi Bogg,** for their marvelous job in **"Two For The Show"** . . .

And the **Winners** are: **Arnold Bunglewald** and **Cindy Meister** for their fantastic **"Learn By Doing"** . . .



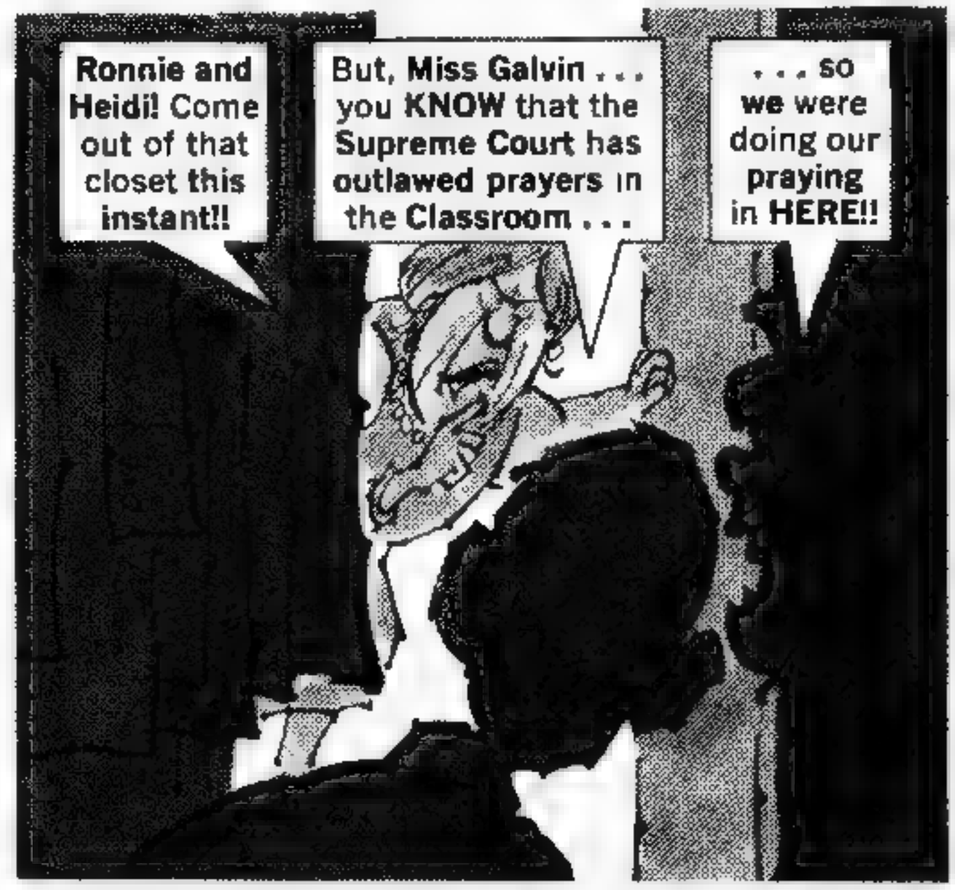




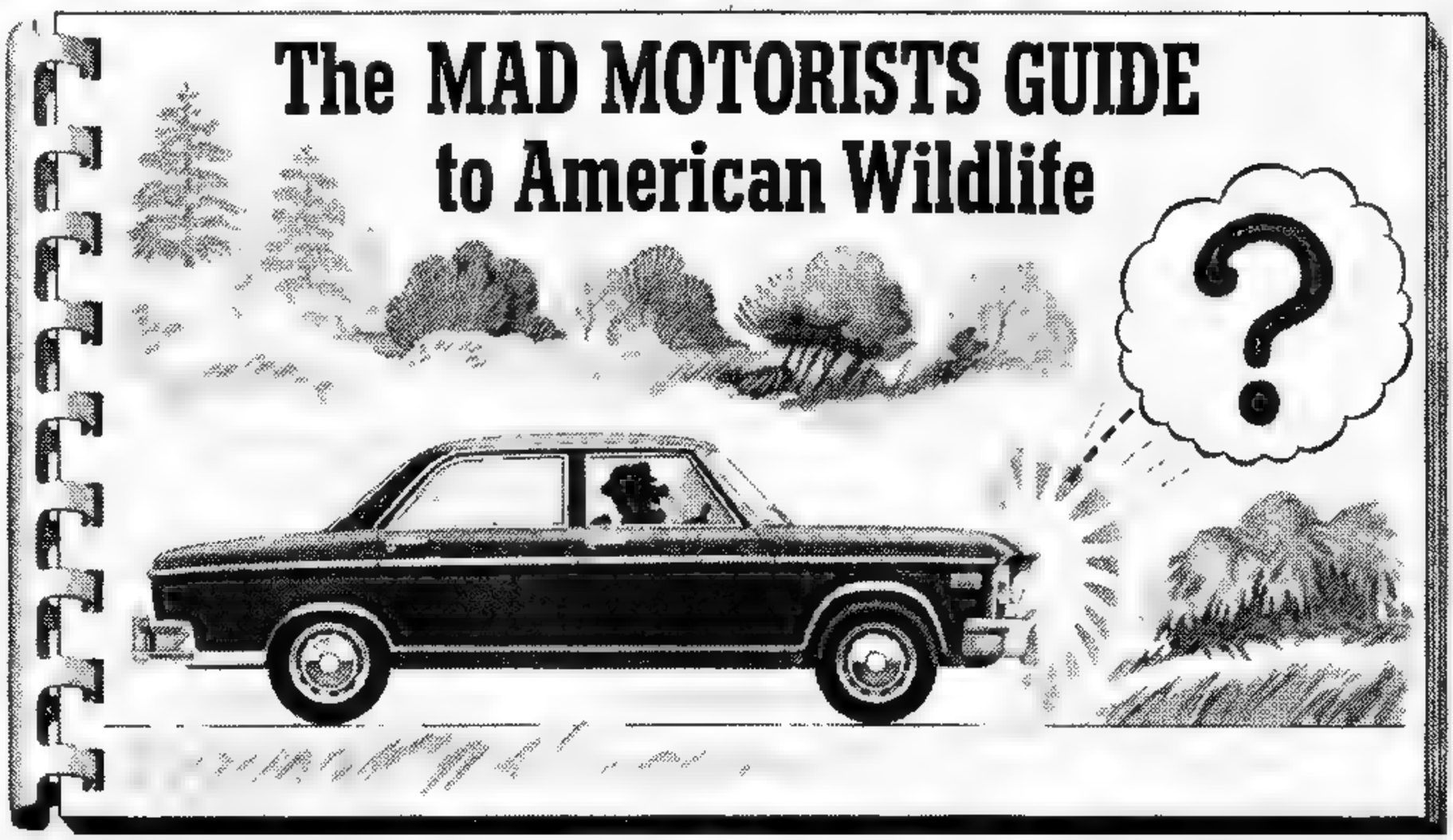
And the **Winner** is: **Susan Calabash,** for putting her heart and soul into **"Who's Kidding Who?"** . . .

And the **last** category is **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A BOY AND GIRL CAUGHT MAKING OUT IN A SCHOOL CLOSET."** The **first** nominees are **Josh Kidder** and **Anne Ville** for their superb teamwork in **"Teachers Pet, But They Won't Let Students"** . . .

And the **second** nominees are: **Ronnie Furshlugginer** and **Heidi Swisschick,** for their outstanding rendition of **"Please Don't Tell Our Parents"** . . .



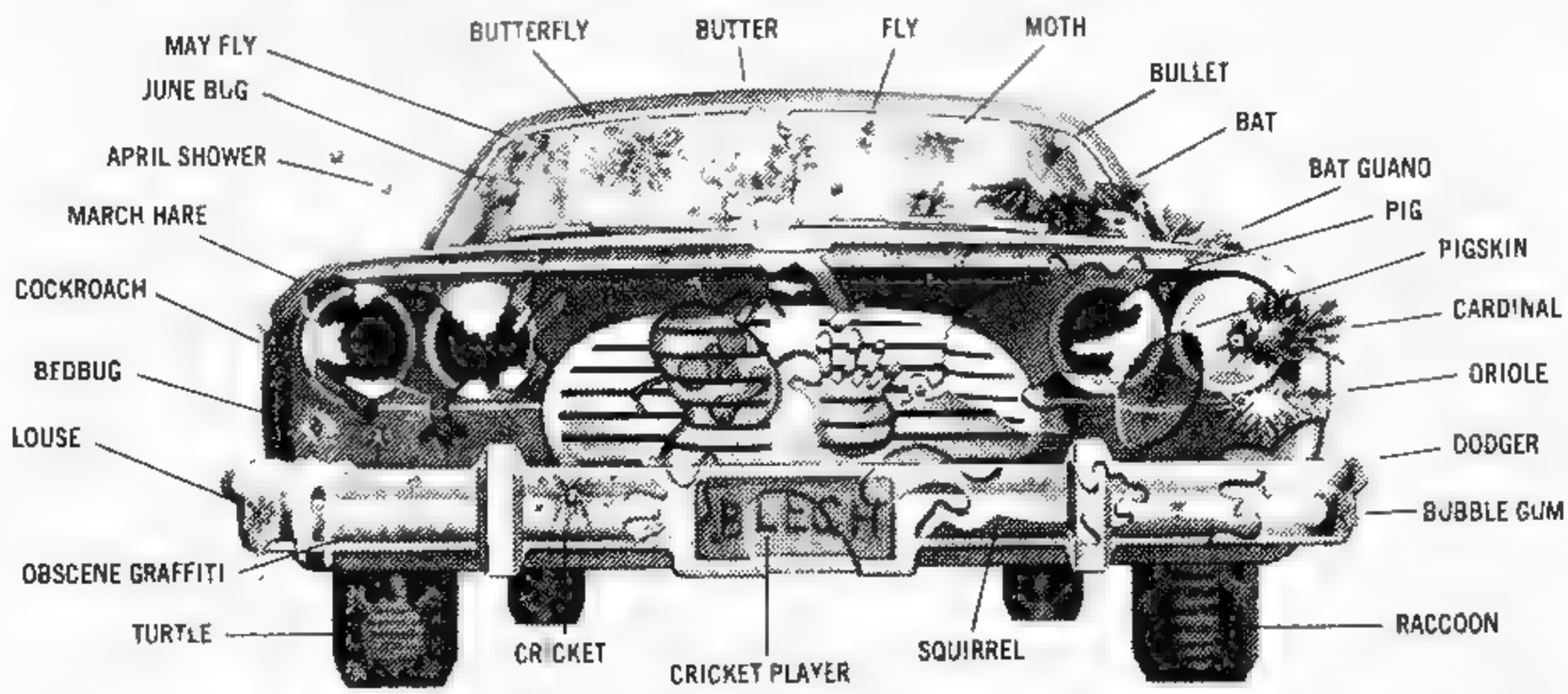
There are more conservation groups and ecology clubs in America than ever before. Unfortunately, there are also more cars on the road than ever before, and it isn't hard to guess who's winning the daily battle between automobile and animal. With this in mind, we now propose a more practical handbook for nature study—one geared to help the reader identify Mother Nature's creatures as we most often view them . . .



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE IDEA BY: ROBERT KAUFMAN

Chapter I IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE

One of the great pleasures of driving is identifying the specimens one comes across in one's travels, not to mention specimens that other motorists have run across in *their* travels. Perhaps the most convenient way is when you've returned home, you can leisurely study and identify the specimens indelibly etched on your car.



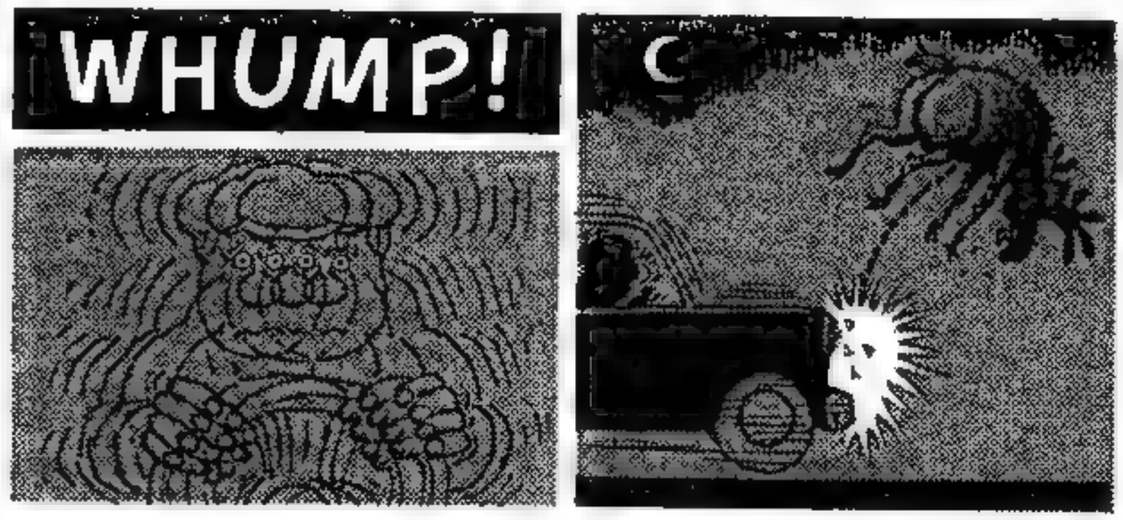
The key to specimen identification is to learn what nature's creatures look like in their *altered state*. It is important not to confuse wildlife with other things, such as the windblown refuse thrown out of the windows of other cars. Then too, the splotch from a praying mantis could easily be confused with the splotch from a preying pigeon with accurate aim. A few weeks of hard study is all anyone ever needs to become expert, so stick with it!

Chapter III

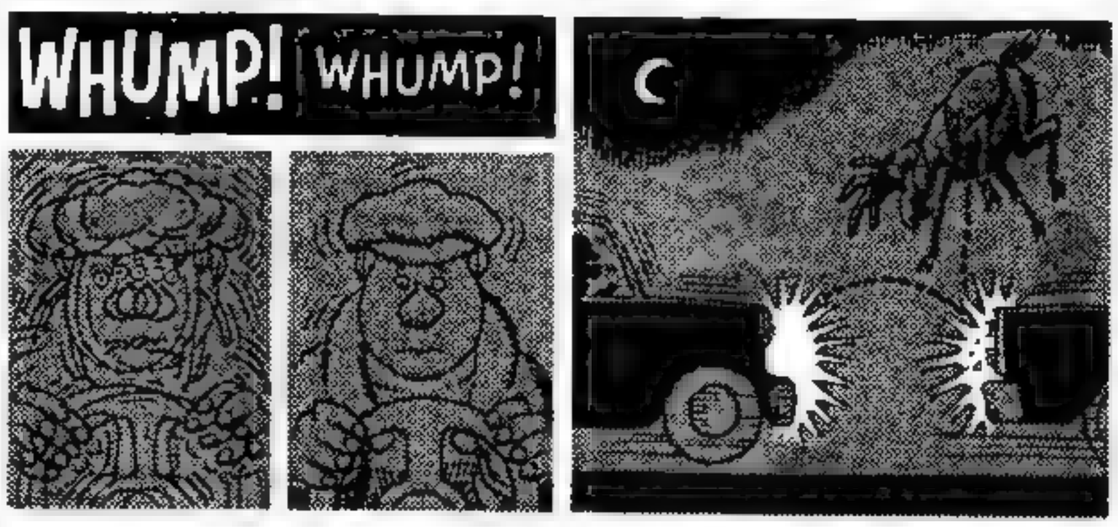
IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE BY SOUND

Most highway specimens are created at night. But, of course, in the dark viewing is sometimes impossible. The *serious* highway wildlife collector must learn the *sounds* of his prey. The following examples will start you off on the right road! Allow for minor differences in specimen sounds depending upon locale.

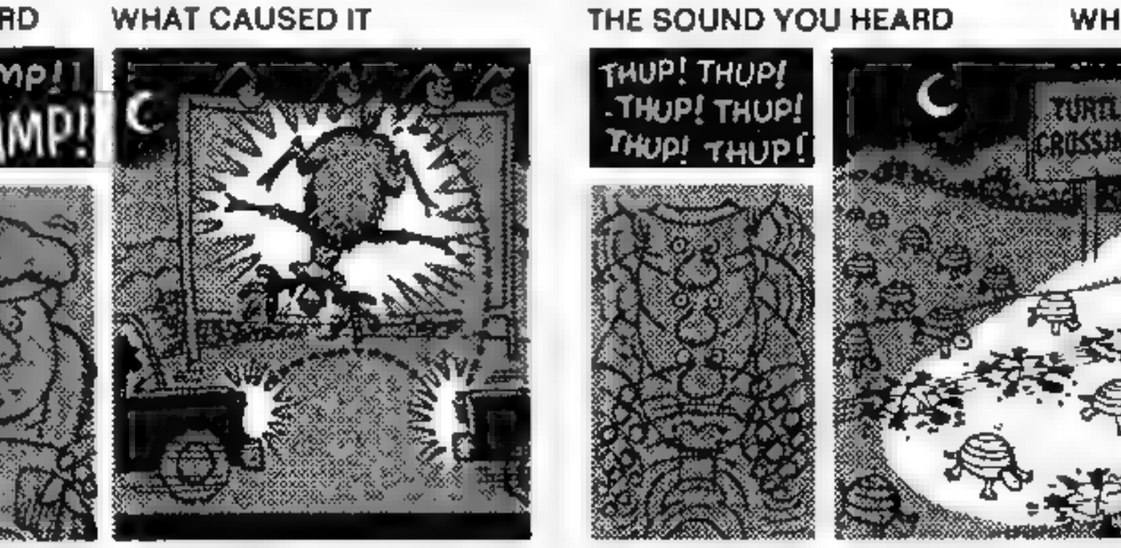
THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT



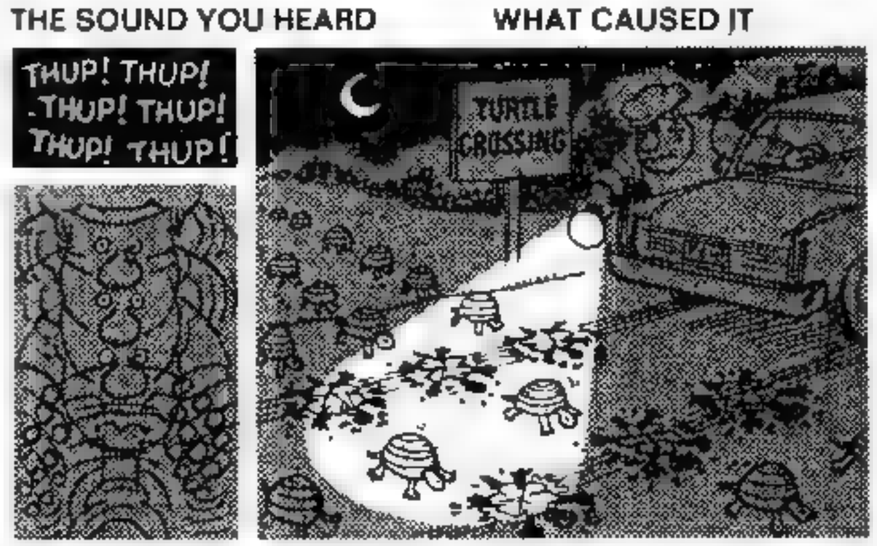
THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT



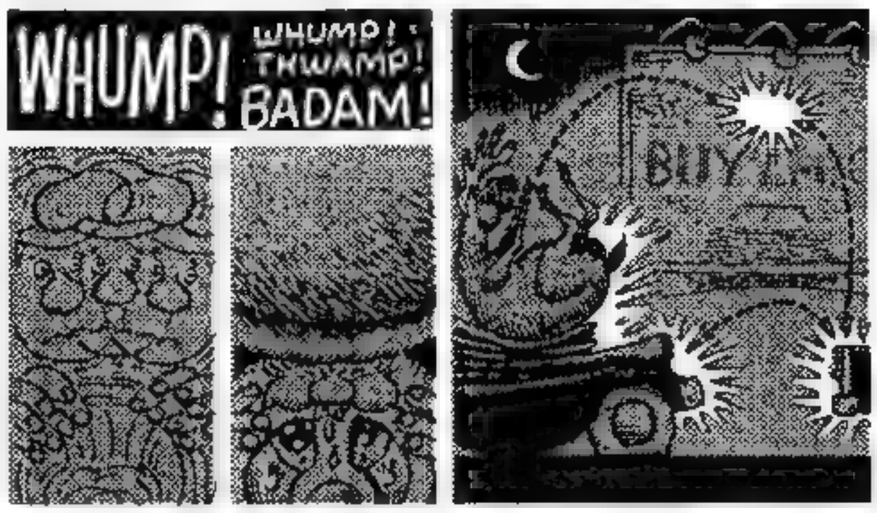
THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT



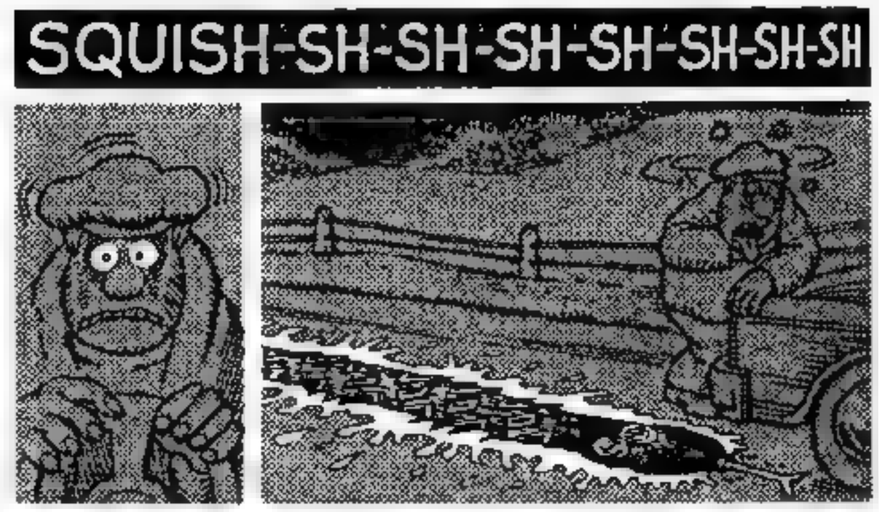
THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT



THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT

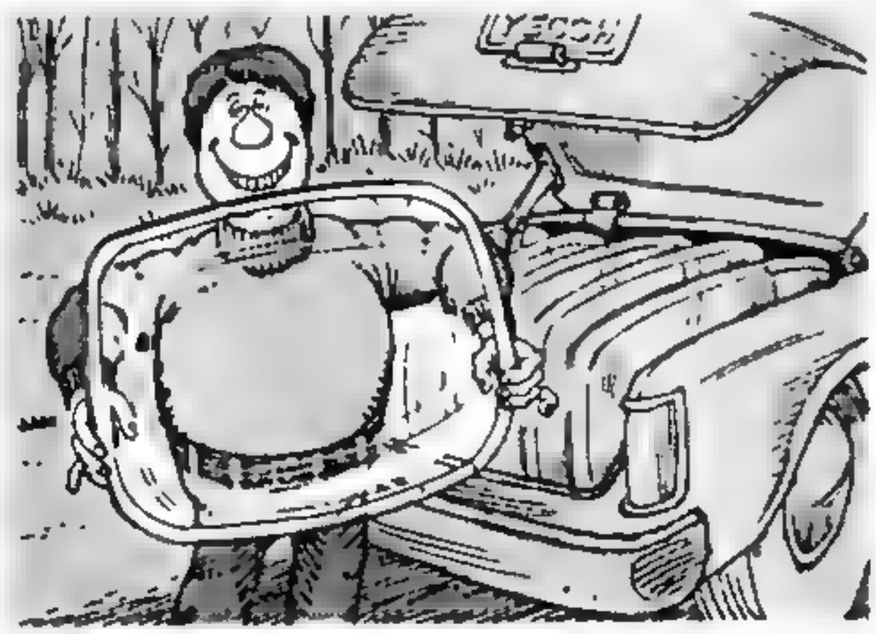


THE SOUND YOU HEARD — WHAT CAUSED IT



Chapter VI
CONSERVATION

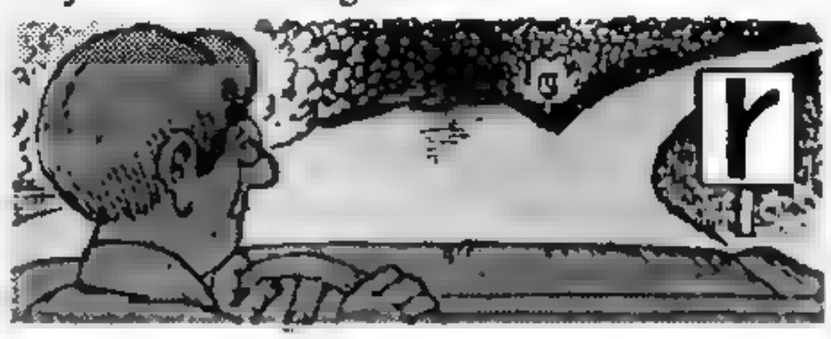
With conservation uppermost in our minds today, we must think of those that follow us on life's broad highway. We must not selfishly enjoy, but learn to share. With this in mind, *Motorist's Guide* recommends all wildlife enthusiasts utilize the shatter-proof, low silhouette plastic covers available in a variety of shapes and sizes and which are easily stored in your rear trunk.



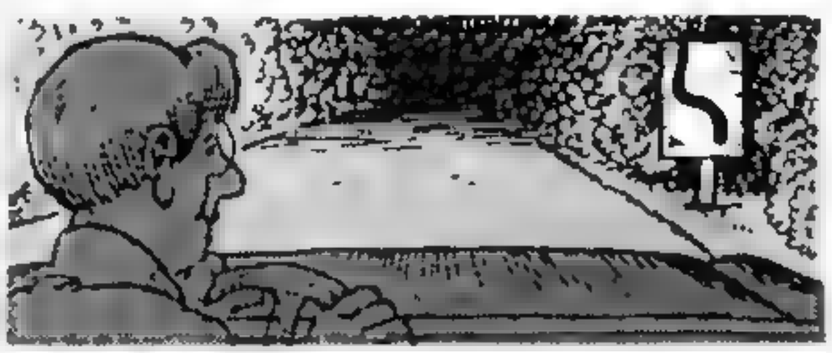
To conserve your specimen so others can delight in your findings also, merely place appropriate sized cover over it. Its self-sticking adhesive edge will keep everything in place for weeks.

Chapter IX
ROAD HAZARDS FOR ENTHUSIASTS

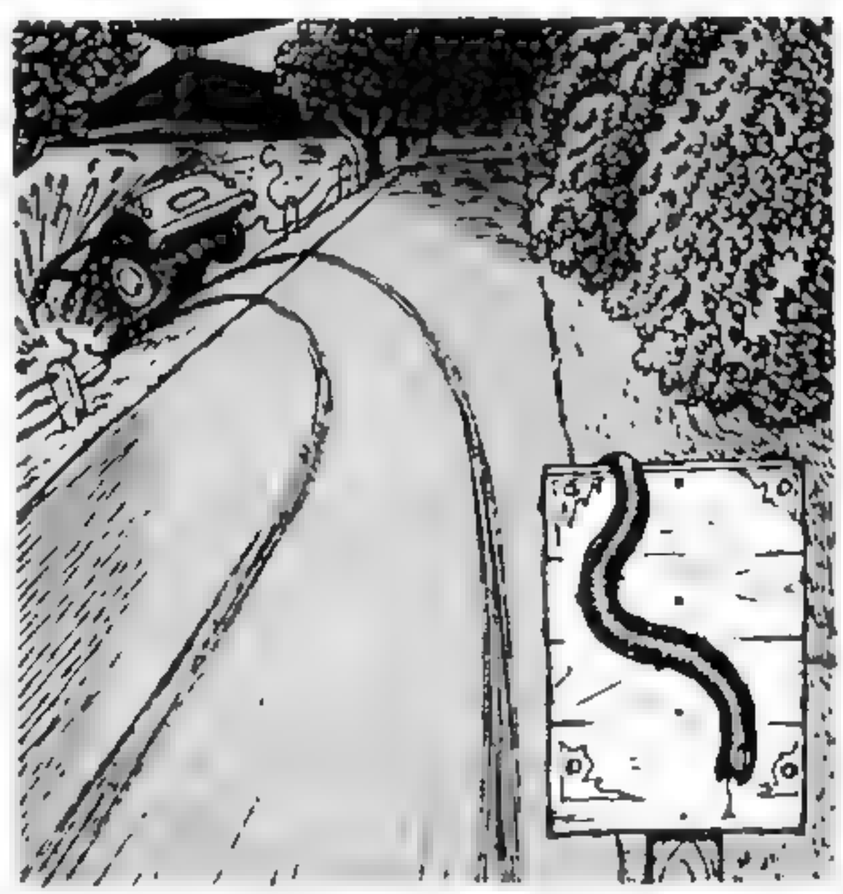
Due to the scanning nature of the wildlife enthusiast's driving style, he often devotes too little time to familiar road signs and responds reflexively to their warnings.



A case in point is when a driver observes the typical "curve in the road" caution and turns the wheel automatically . . .



. . . only to find the "warning" was nothing more than a snake flung across a blank billboard by a previous car!



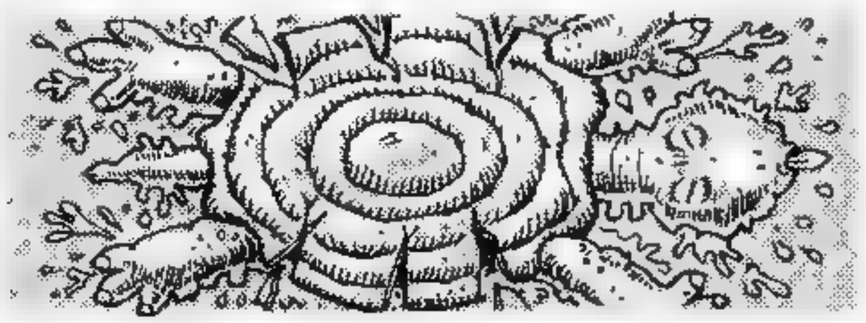
Chapter XII PHOTOGRAPHS AND TROPHIES

A hit is as good as a miss if you end up with nothing to show for it. Two popular ways of showing off specimens that you may personally encounter are photos and mounted trophies. Here are some helpful tips on both methods.

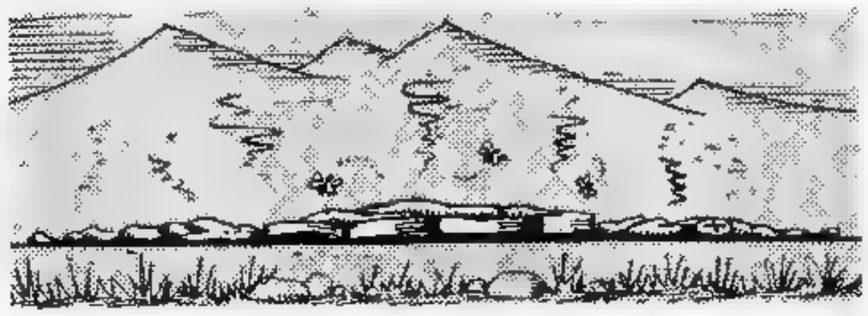
PHOTOGRAPHS

Always plan your shot around the features that will best identify your specimen, assuming, of course, some identifiable characteristics remain. Consider the examples of *good* and *bad* shots that follow.

GOOD SHOT Overhead view of turt e

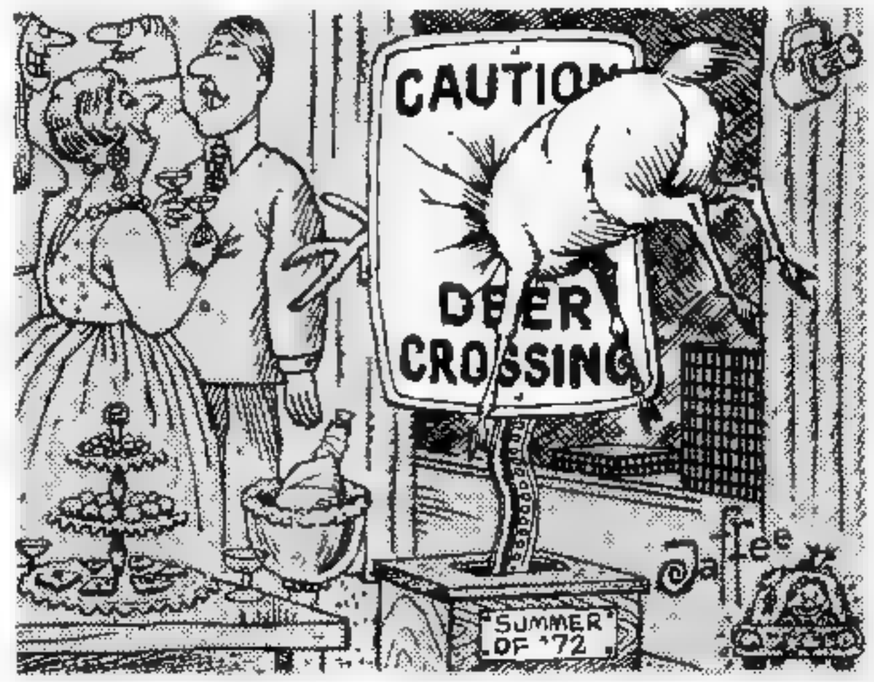


BAD SHOT S de view of turtle



TROPHIES

Mounting trophies is strictly a matter of personal taste, and thus little can be said about it. One hint, however, is that you carry a hacksaw in your trunk for cutting road signs "that tell a story." These will invariably prove to be the best souvenirs of your trip!



Chapter XV CHARTING SPECIMENS

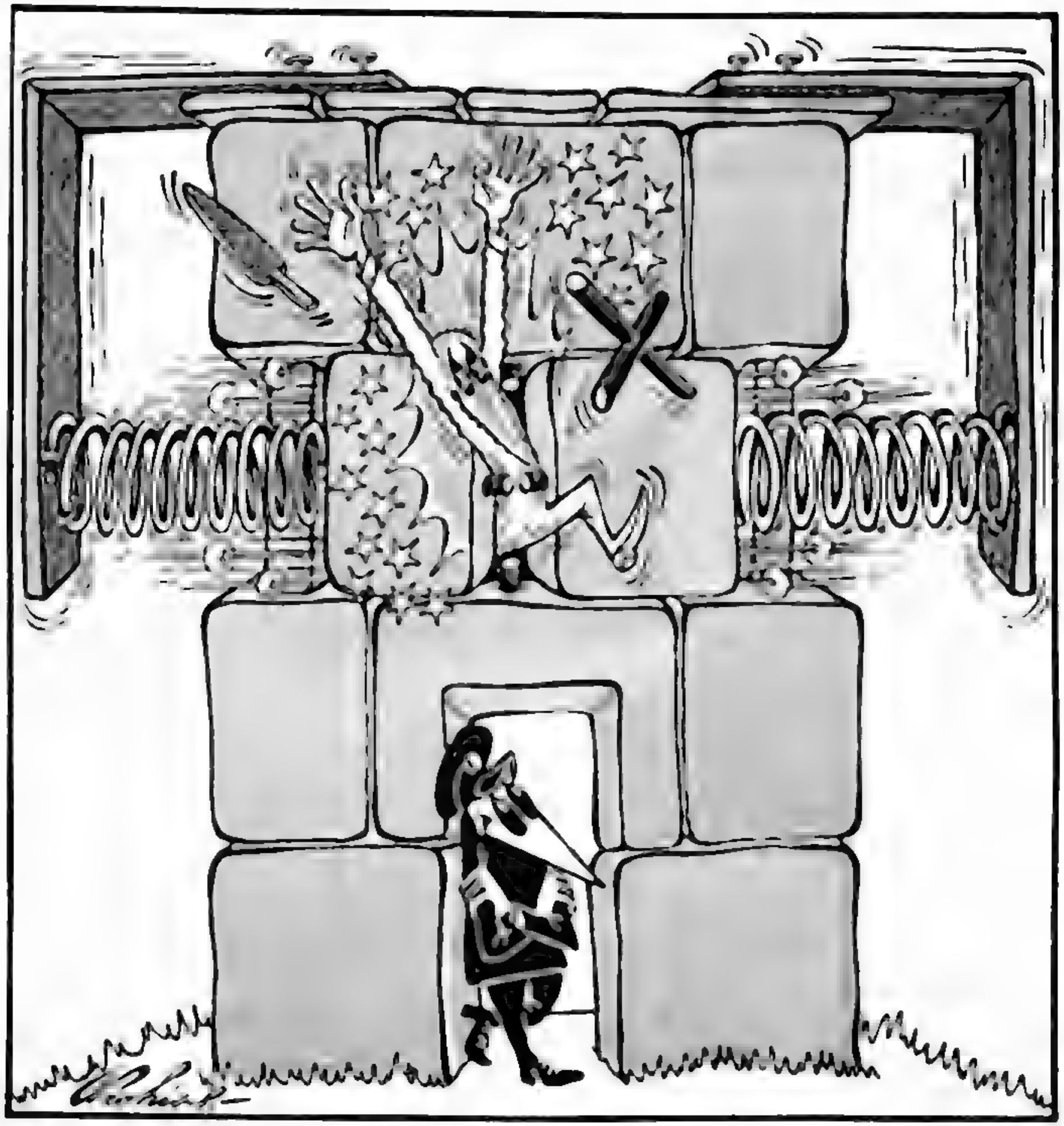
Like any great sport, a 'score card' is half the fun. A specimen chart for charting specimens that any wildlife enthusiast will find simple to make and pleasurable to use follows below:

My trip across Northwest U.S.A. from July 20, 1973 ending August 6, 1973

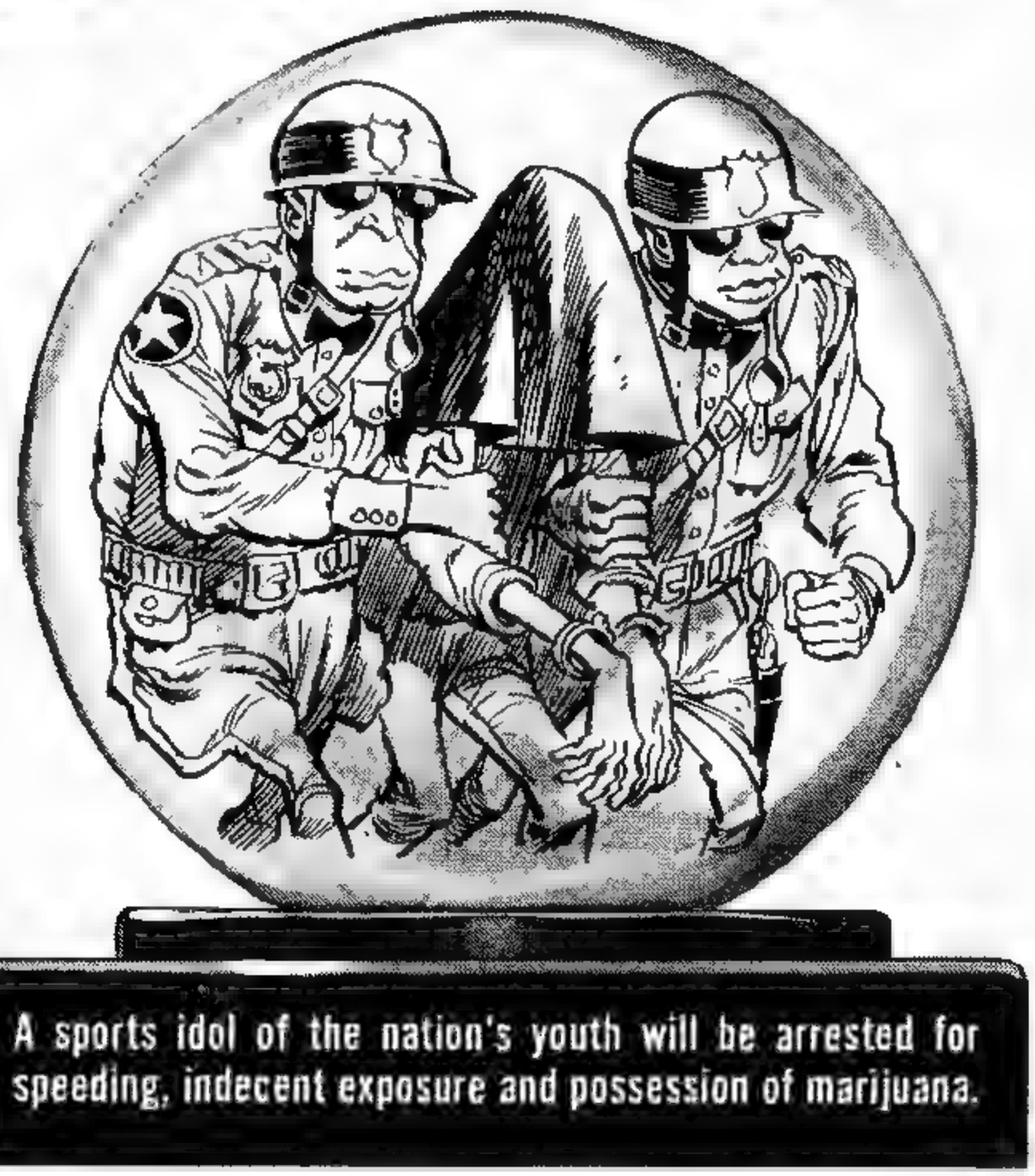
SPECIMENS SIGHTED BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY OTHERS	SPECIMENS OFF THE ROAD	SPECIMENS ON THE ROAD	SPECIMENS STILL BOUNCING AROUND	GENERAL CONDITION OF SPECIMENS
24 rabbits	8	16	5	9	10	Disgusting
8 Bears	3	5	5	2	1	Fair
14 Racoons	11	3	2	11	1	Good
9 Snakes	3	6	3	2	4	Yecch!
27 Squirrels	12	15	8	16	3	Pleasant
4 moose	1	3	2	1	1	Very Good
2 Elk	2	0	1	1	0	Aromatic
1 llama	1	0	0	0	1	So-So
10,031 insects	10,027	4	0	4	0	REVOLTING the rest were on the car

SPY VS SPY

FROM MOM



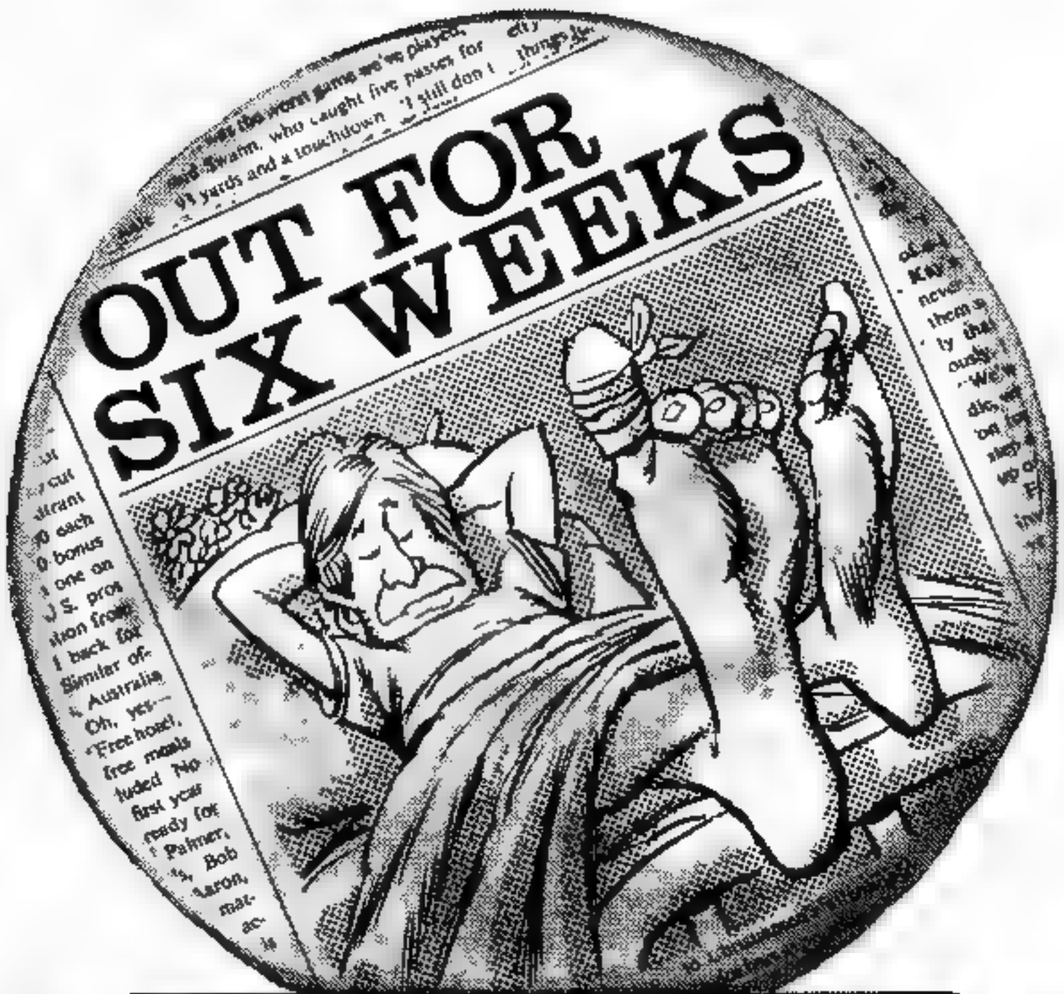
MAD'S Sure-Fire SPORTS PREDICTIONS For The Upcoming Season



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

A violent fight will break out as both benches rush onto the field, but the TV camermen will only pan waving fans.

Trailing by 1 point with 12 seconds left, the Home Team will steal the ball, drive downcourt and set up their top scorer...when the telecast will lose the video portion.



The Superstar of your favorite team...upon whom all hope for any chance at winning the title depends...will be injured and knocked out of play for the rest of the season.

A first round draft choice Consensus All-American, no-cut contract Bonus Rookie will not live up to expectations.

You will watch 25 minutes of rain pelting a wet tarpaulin before a big game will be called because of bad weather.

An All-Pro Star will disappear from training camp, and re-appear in a Southern California mystic health commune. He'll then put down Football on the Johnny Carson Show.

MINOR ADJUSTMENT DEPT.

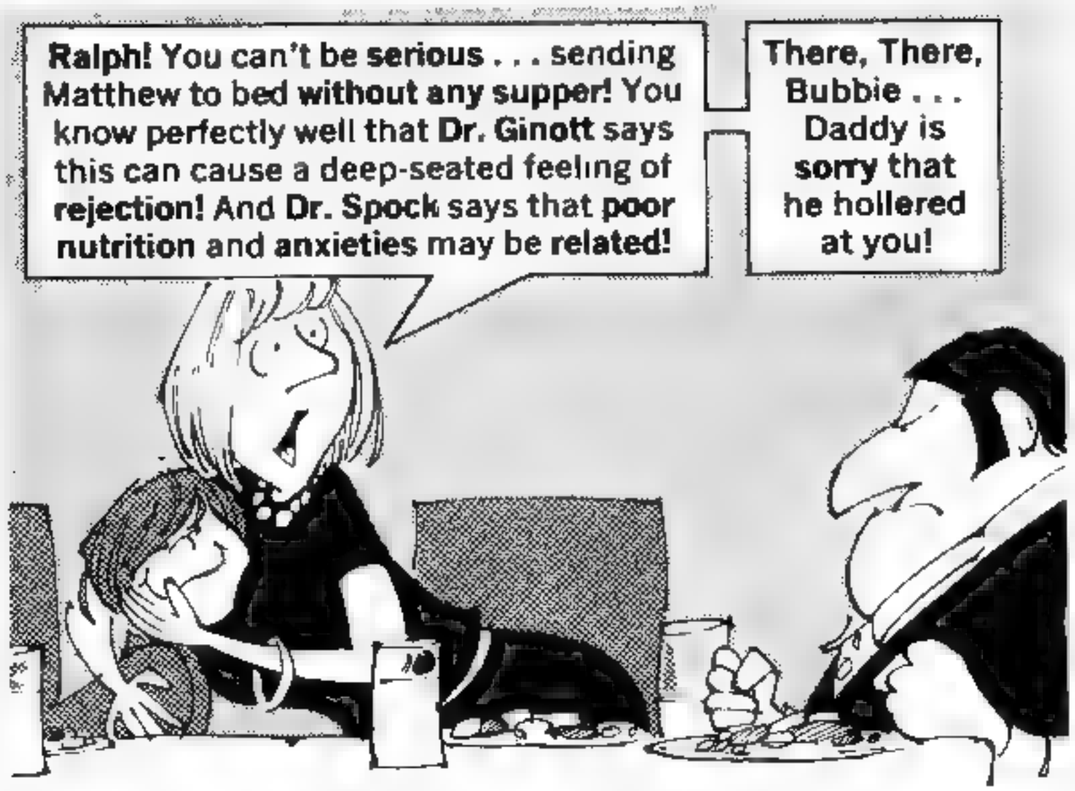
In past issues, we've taken "A MAD Look At Two College Generations" and "A MAD Look At Two High School Generations." With *this* article, we continue our pattern of regression . . . as we compare the *pre-adolescent* of the 40's with the younger set of today in this last (we hope) of a series entitled:

A MAD LOOK AT TWO GRAMMAR SCHOOL GENERATIONS

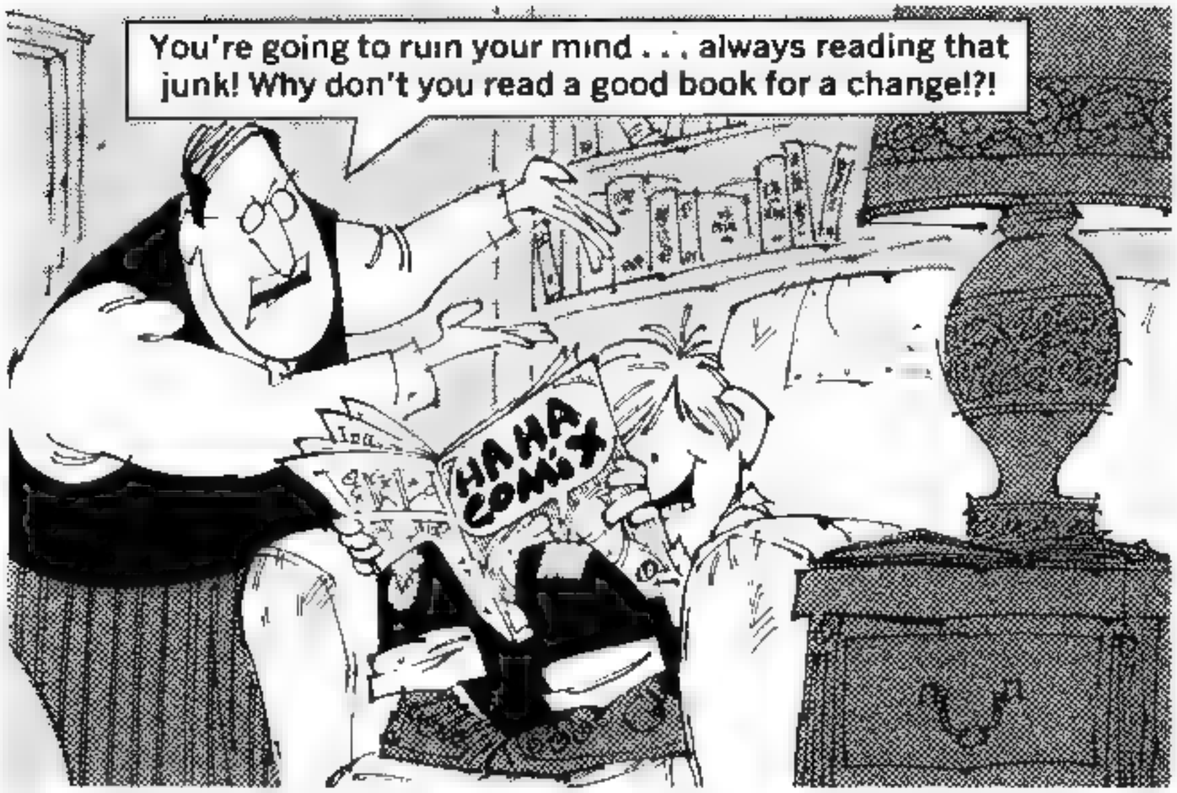
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

DISCIPLINE...THEN...

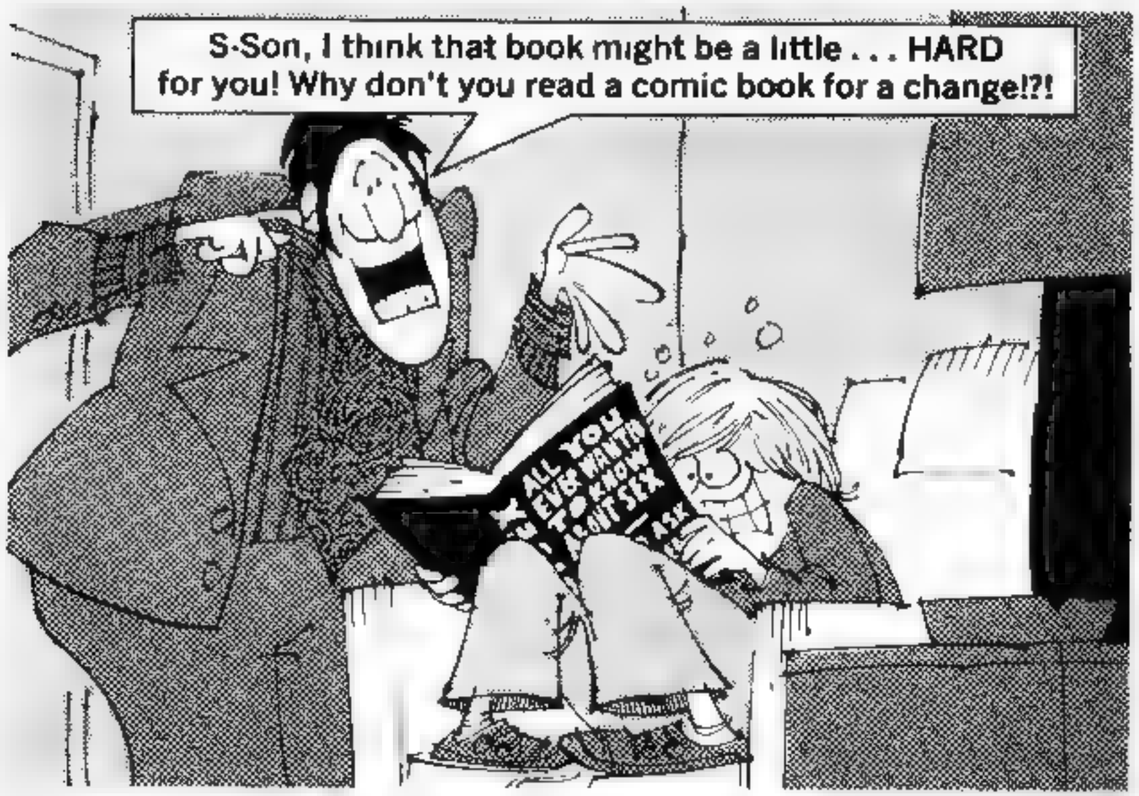
...AND NOW...



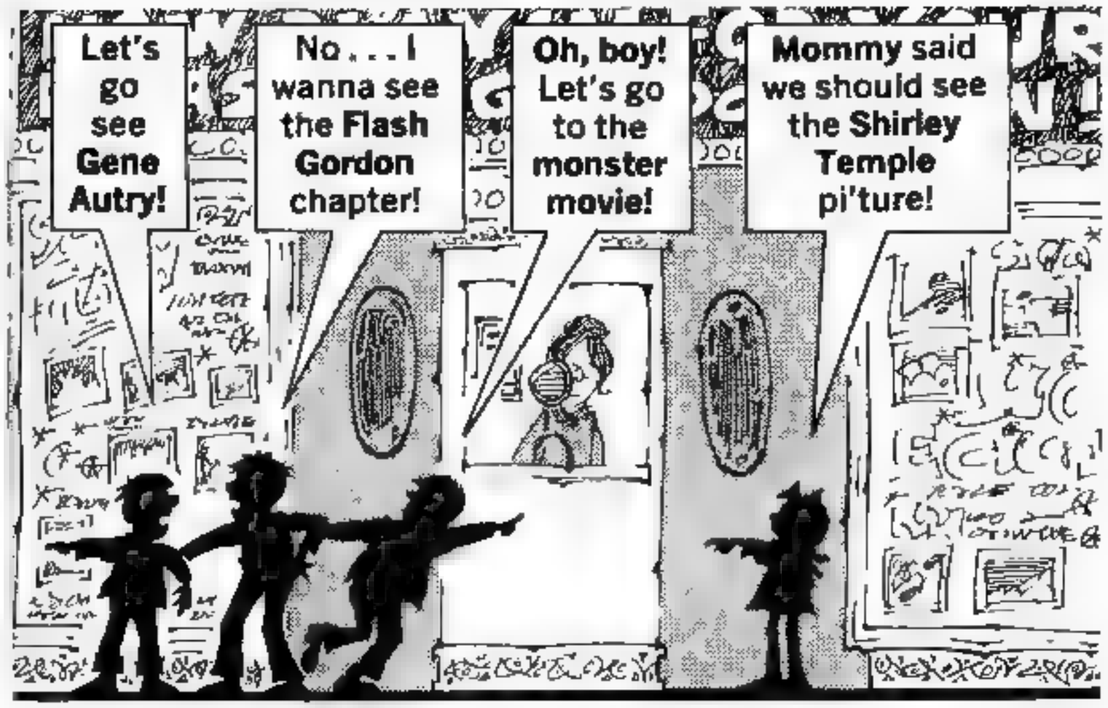
READING MATERIAL...THEN...



...AND NOW...

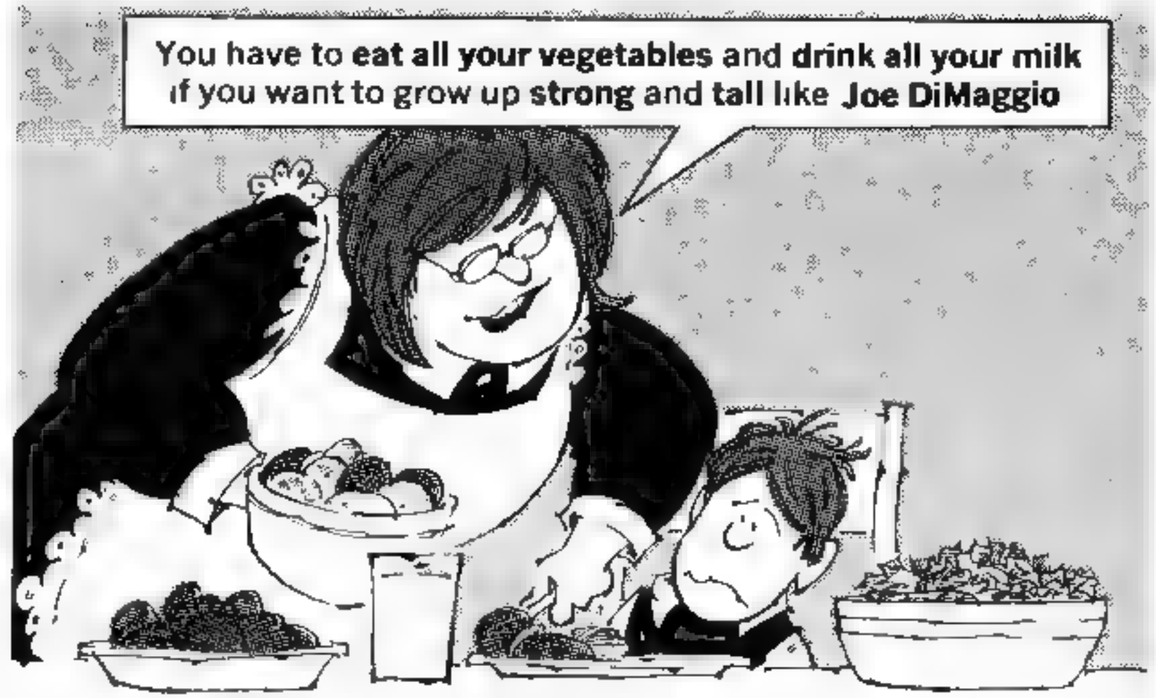


MOVIES...THEN...

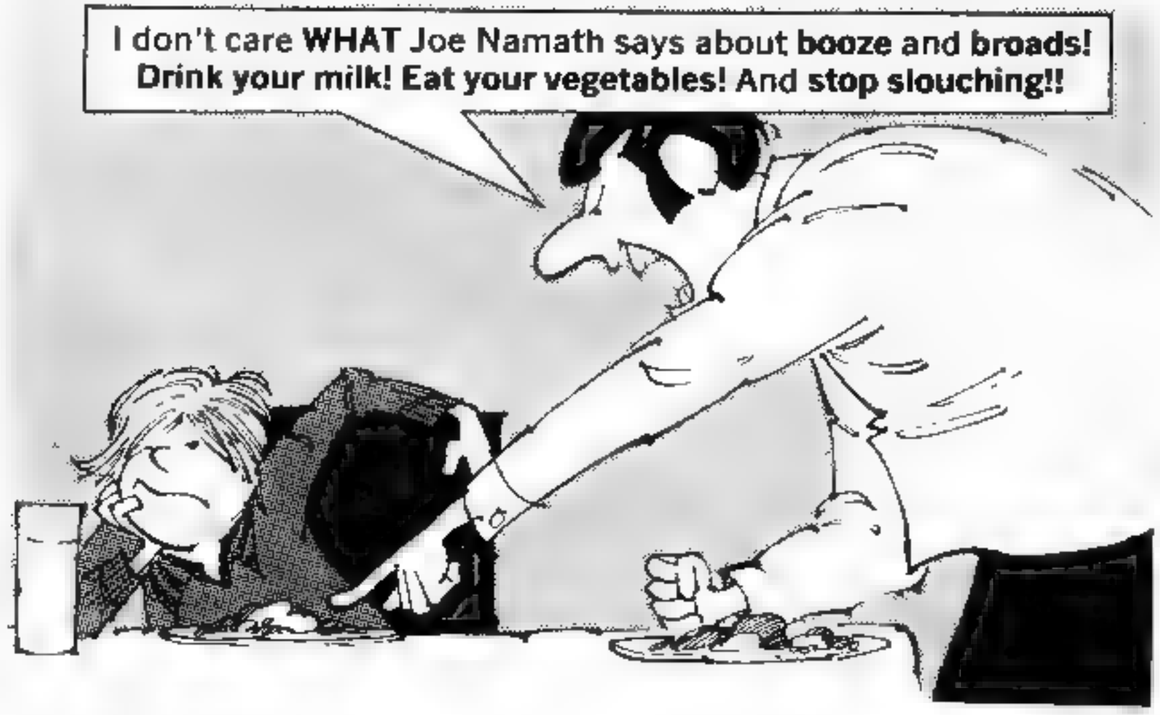


...AND NOW...

HEROES...THEN...

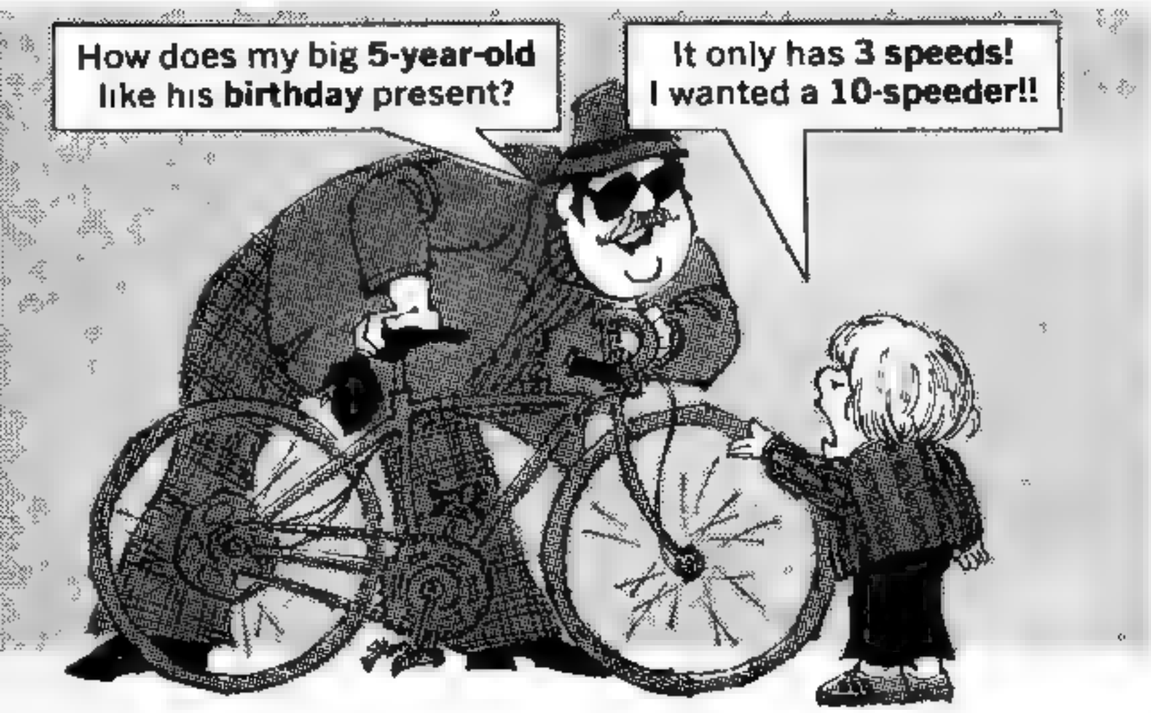


...AND NOW...



BICYCLES...THEN...

...AND NOW...

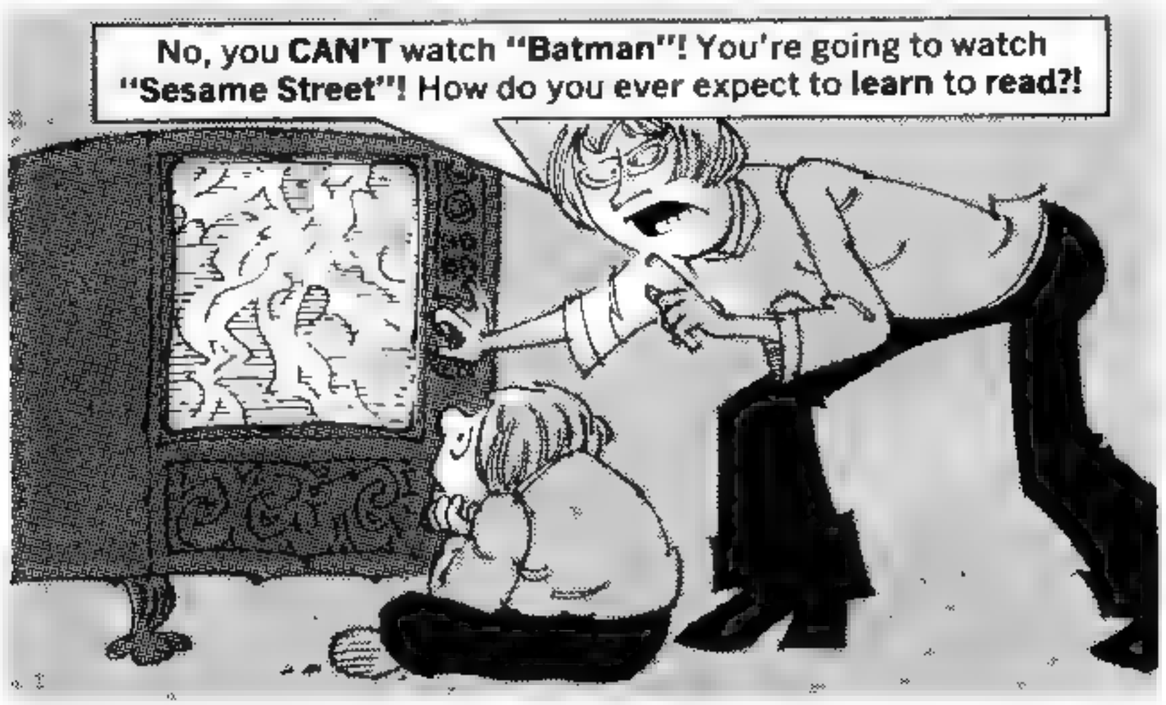


RACE RELATIONS...THEN...

...AND NOW...

EDUCATION IN THE HOME...THEN...

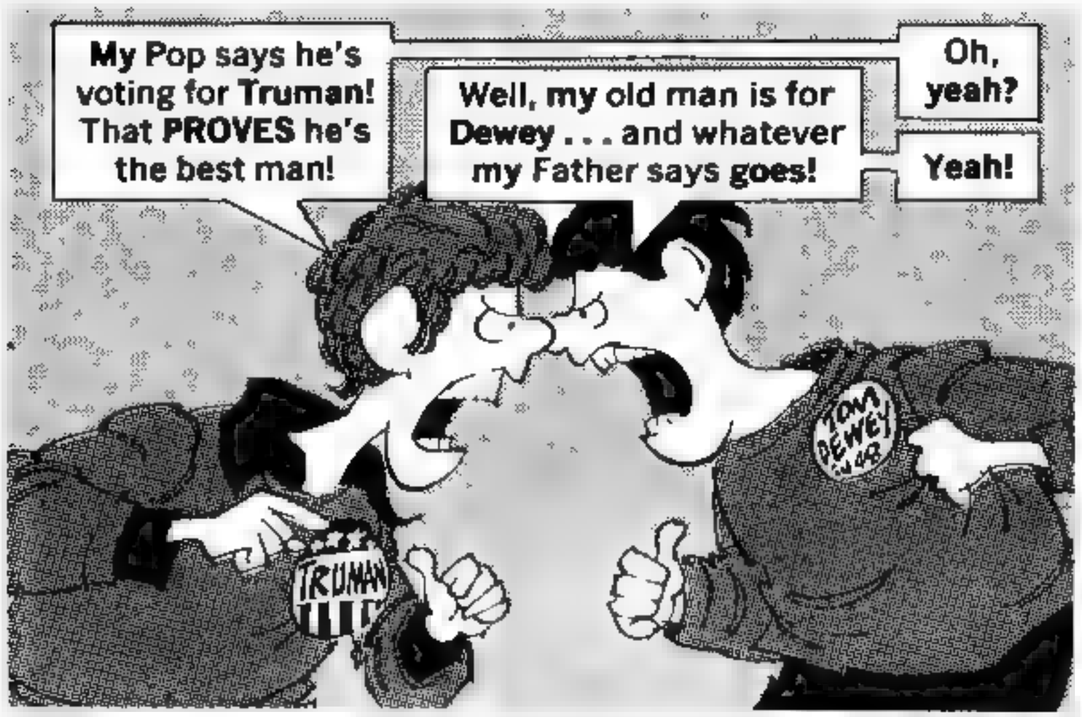
...AND NOW...



SCHOOL TEACHERS...THEN...

...AND NOW...

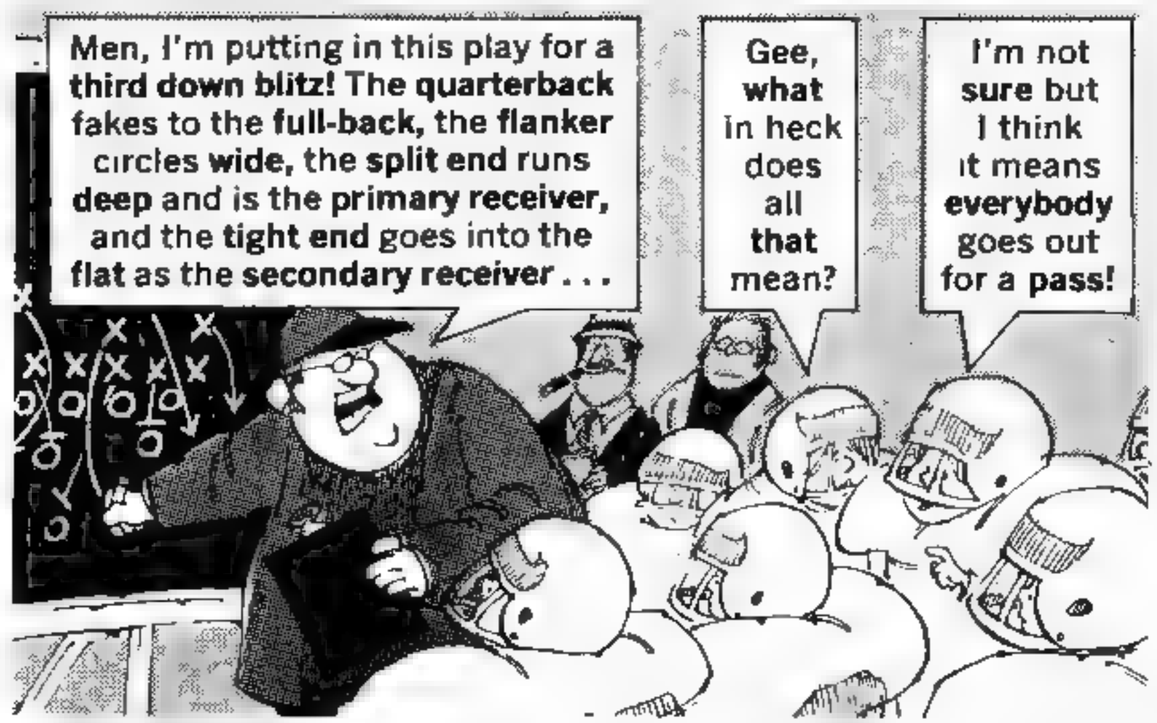
POLITICS . . . THEN . . .



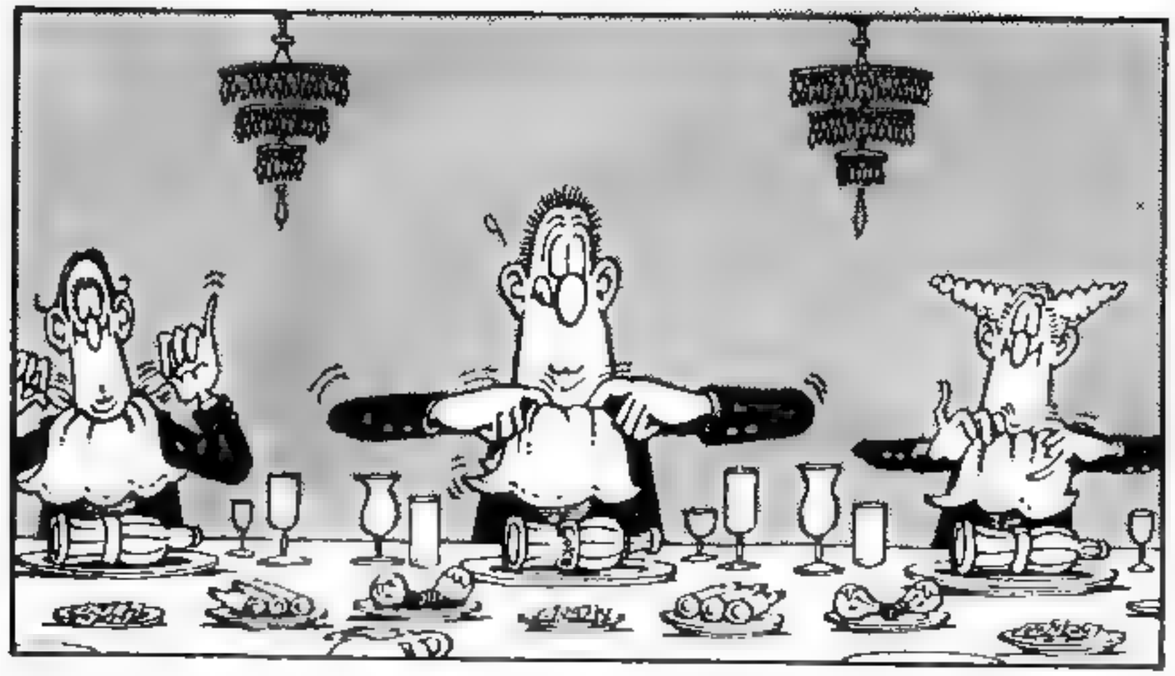
. . . AND NOW . . .

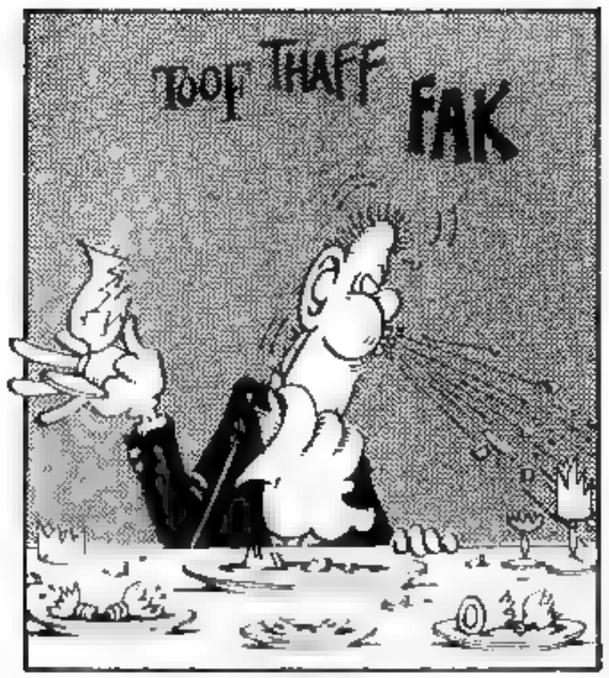
SPORTS . . . THEN . . .

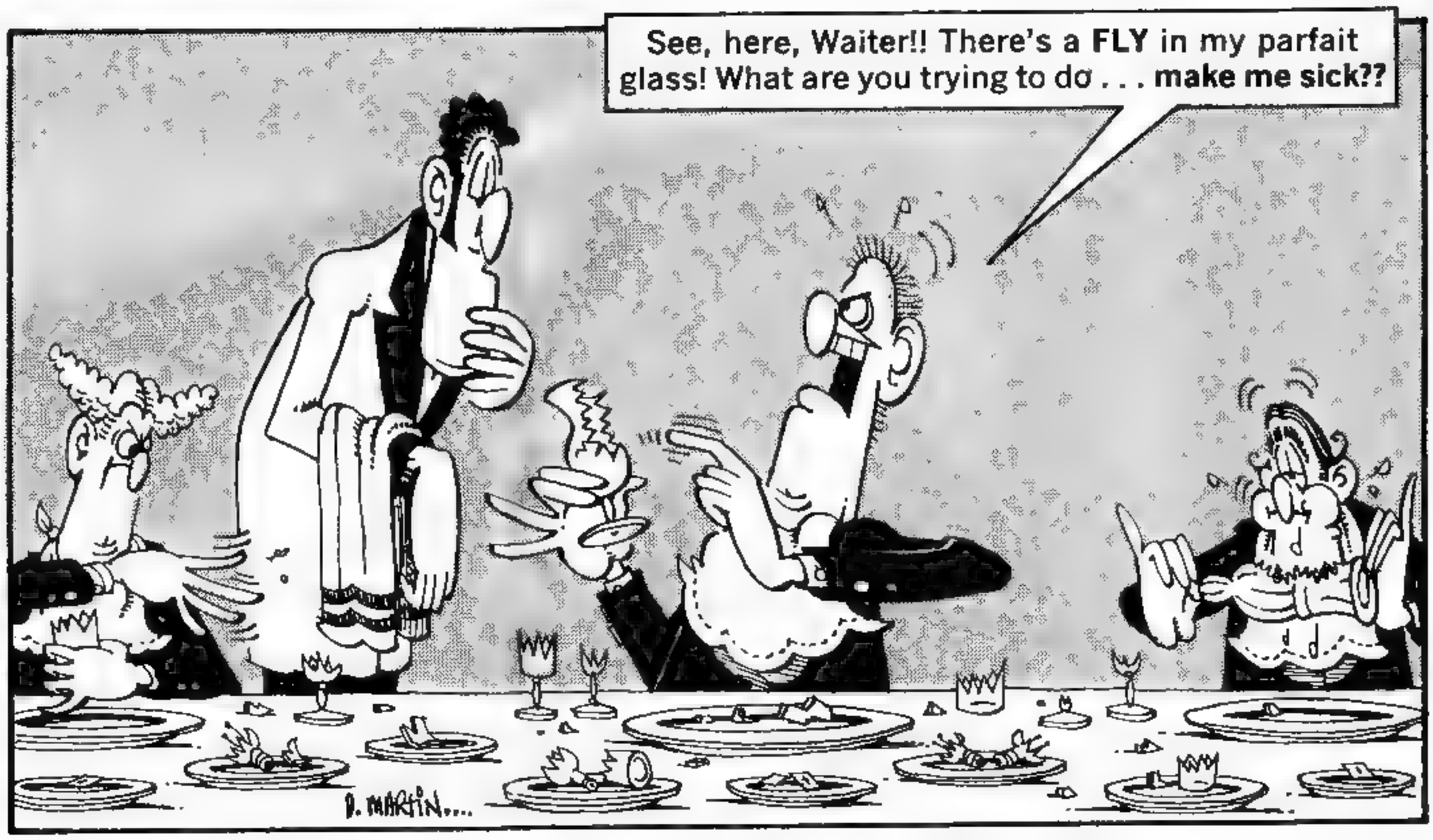
. . . AND NOW . . .



AT "THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL GLASS-EATERS" BANQUET



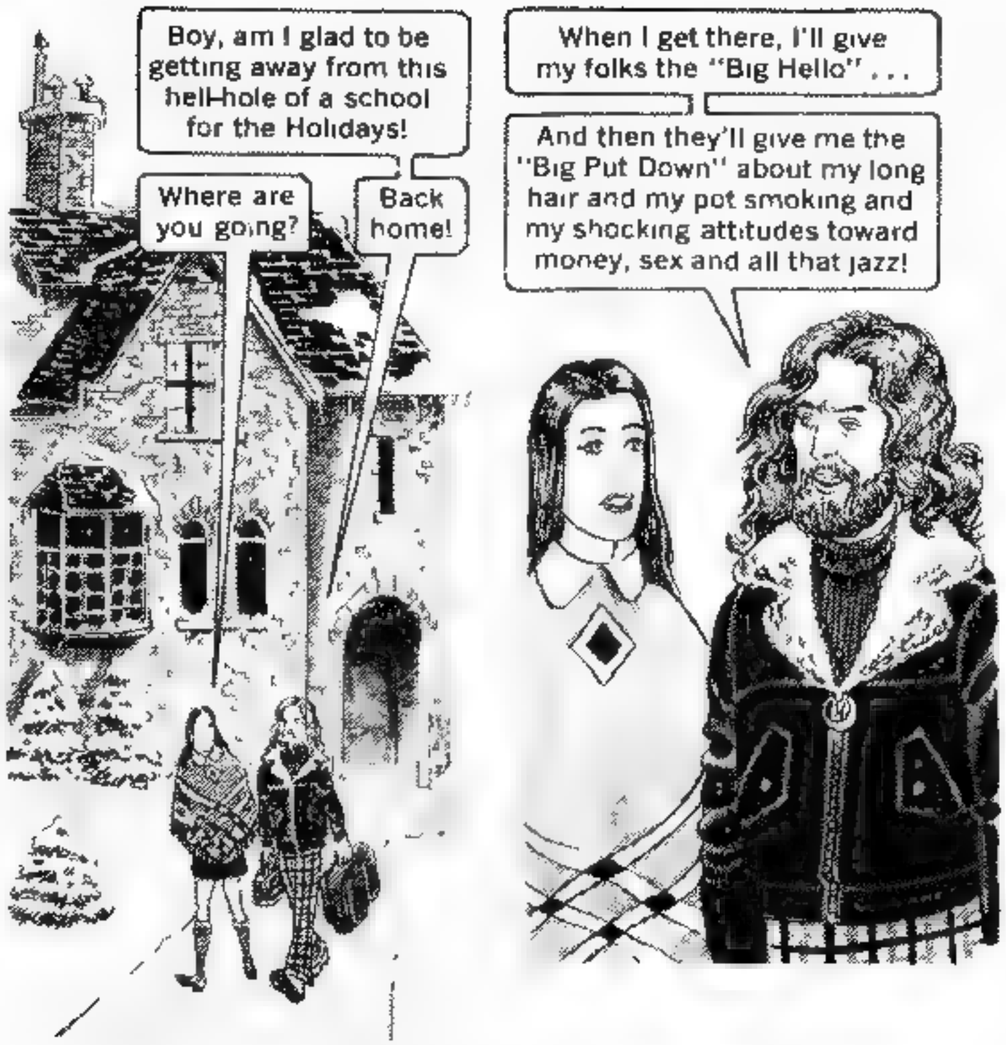

TOOF THAFF
FAK

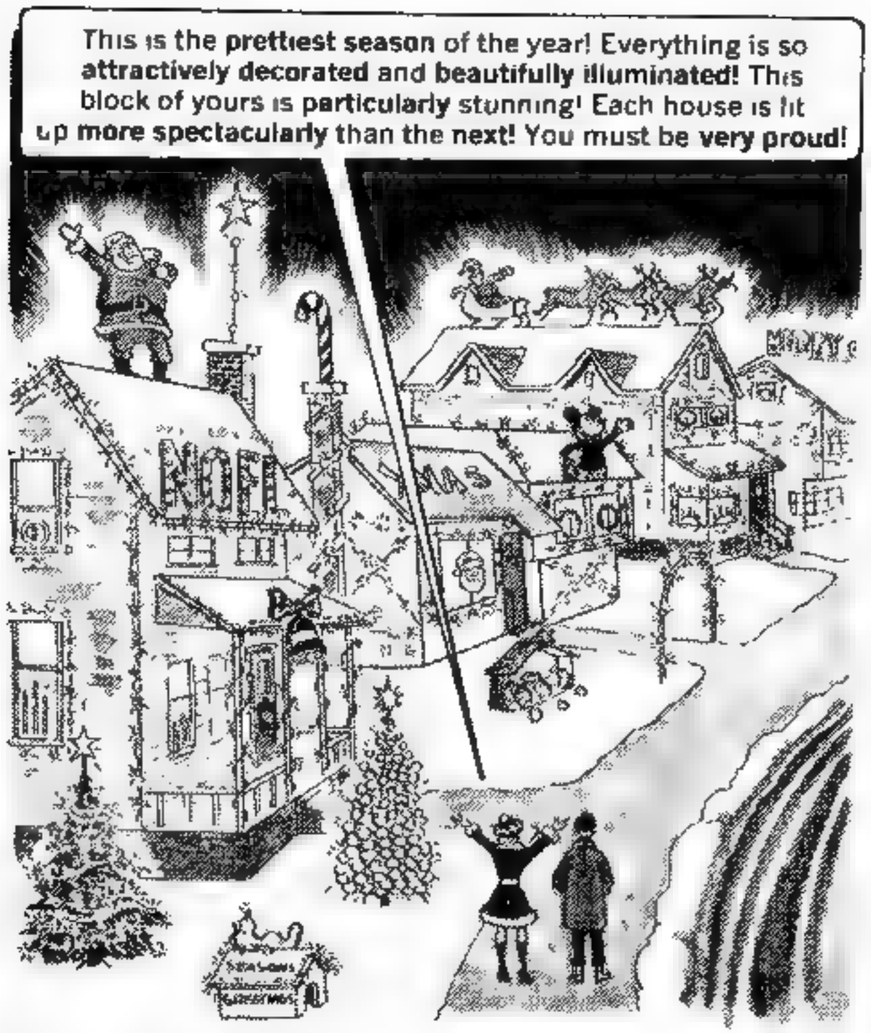

See, here, Waiter!! There's a **FLY** in my parfait glass! What are you trying to do . . . **make me sick??**
D. MARTIN....

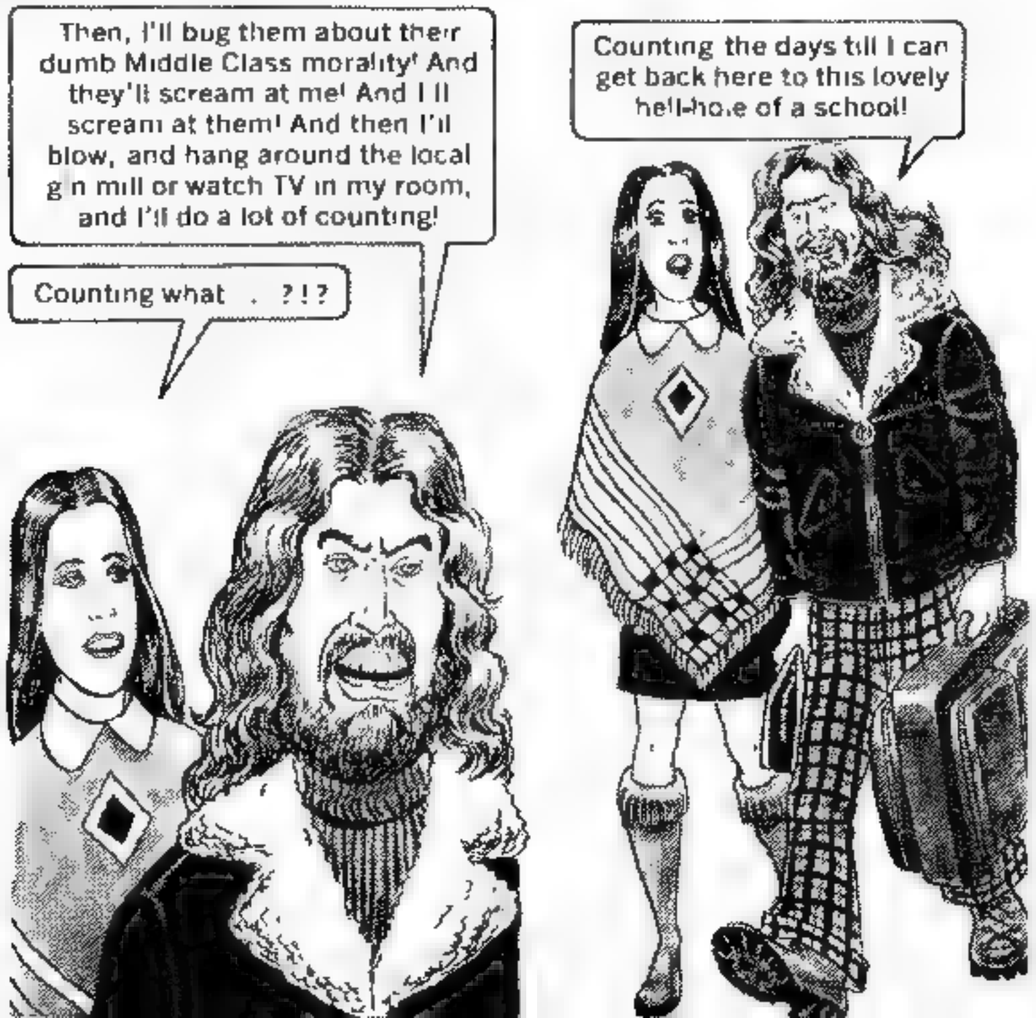
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

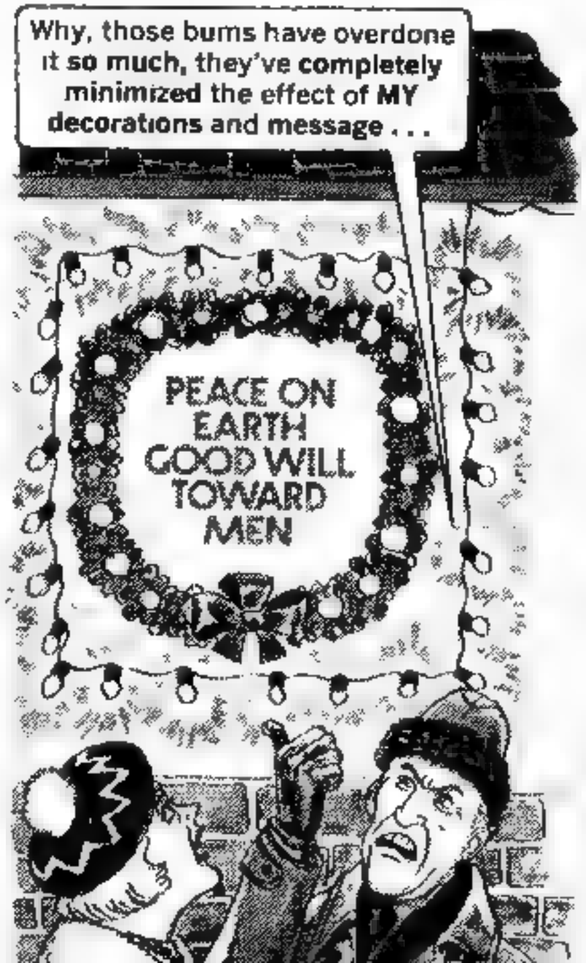
ARTIST & WRITER
DAVE BERG


Boy, am I glad to be getting away from this hell-hole of a school for the Holidays!
Where are you going?
Back home!
When I get there, I'll give my folks the "Big Hello" . . .
And then they'll give me the "Big Put Down" about my long hair and my pot smoking and my shocking attitudes toward money, sex and all that jazz!


This is the **prettiest season** of the year! Everything is so **attractively decorated** and **beautifully illuminated!** This block of yours is **particularly** stunning! Each house is lit up **more spectacularly** than the **next!** You must be **very proud!**
NOEL


Then, I'll bug them about their dumb Middle Class morality! And they'll scream at me! And I'll scream at them! And then I'll blow, and hang around the local gin mill or watch TV in my room, and I'll do a lot of counting!
Counting what . . ?!?
Counting the days till I can get back here to this lovely hell-hole of a school!

I **used to be** . . . when I was the **only** one on the block who **did** it! Then, those **dirty rat-fink neighbors** of mine all began to **copy** me! The **lousy so-and-so's** poured fortunes of **money** into their decorations, trying to **out-do** me . . . and **show me up!**


Why, those bums have overdone it **so much,** they've **completely minimized** the effect of **MY decorations** and **message** . . .
PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

And how was **YOUR** joyous Christmas morning, Sonny?

It wasn't so **joyous!**

The **whole family** was there . . . Gran'ma, Gran'pa, Mom an' Dad, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Sisters an' Brothers! And there was such **hollarin'** and **carryin' on!**

"It's **not fair!** You gave **her** a better present than you gave **me!**"

"**His** costs more than **mine** costs!"

. . . and awful stuff like **that!**

Well, that's to be **expected** when it comes to Children! It's called **Sibling Rivalry!**

Yeah, but it wasn't the **Children** doing the **hollaring!** It was the **GROWN-UPS!!**

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!!

What do you **mean,** "Merry Christmas, Everybody!!"? Do you realize that for people who **live alone,** Christmas can be the **saddest** time of the year?

I—I never **thought** of it **that** way! And **YOU** live alone, so you're **one** of those people, **aren't** you?

Sa-a-ay! You're spending the **Holidays** with **US!!** Gee, Christmas must've been **HELL** for you all these years, huh, Sid?

Not since I started using this **sob story,** it hasn't!

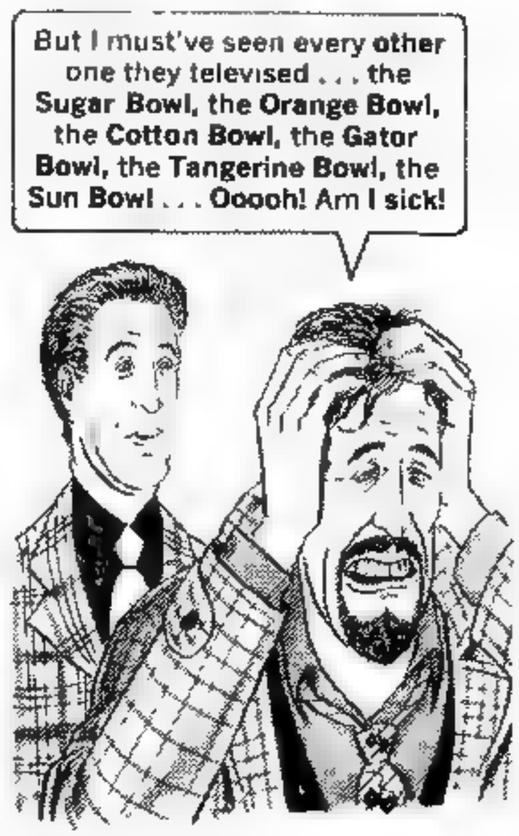
Ooohh! Am I sick! My head is exploding! I'm making a New Year's resolution!! I will never . . . NEVER do what I did THIS New Year's again . . . EVER!!!

Boy, you look terrible! You must've really tied one on!
Sorry, but I don't drink!

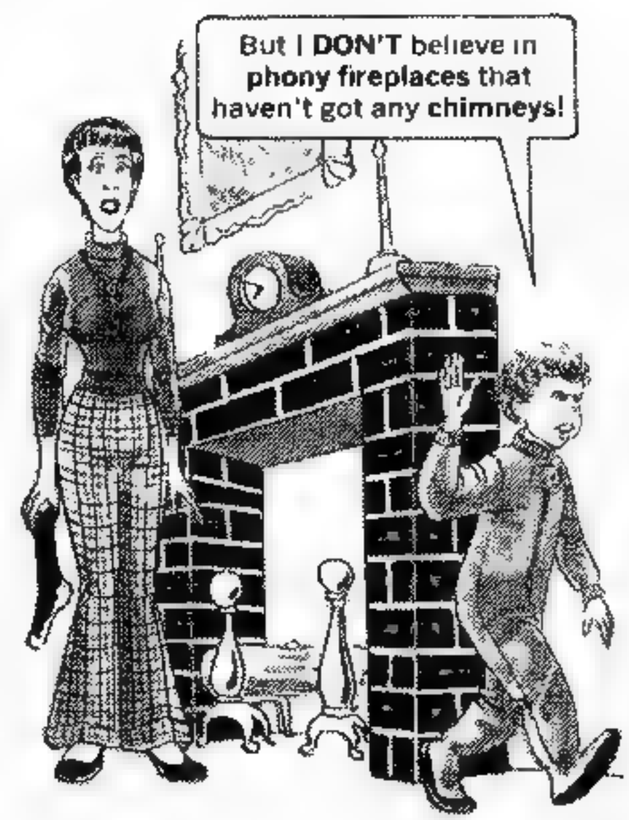
You hang your stocking up there on the fireplace . . . and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill it with toys and goodies!

BALONEY!
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN!

Aw, c'mon! Don't kid me! It's obvious that you're suffering from too many trips to the Punch Bowl!
The Punch Bowl? No, I missed that one!


But I must've seen every other one they televised . . . the Sugar Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Gator Bowl, the Tangerine Bowl, the Sun Bowl . . . Ooooh! Am I sick!

Don't you believe in Santa Claus?
Sure I do!


But I DON'T believe in phony fireplaces that haven't got any chimneys!

Do you realize that we didn't send out any Christmas Cards this year? And it's too late now! What will we ever tell our friends and relatives?
Tell 'em we broke our writing hands, skiing!
No . . . they'll never believe that story!
Tell 'em we both came down with the Flu, and couldn't bring ourselves to lick the stamps and spread the disease!
No . . . they'll never believe that!
Tell 'em we sent out the cards . . . but the lousy new Postal System LOST them!

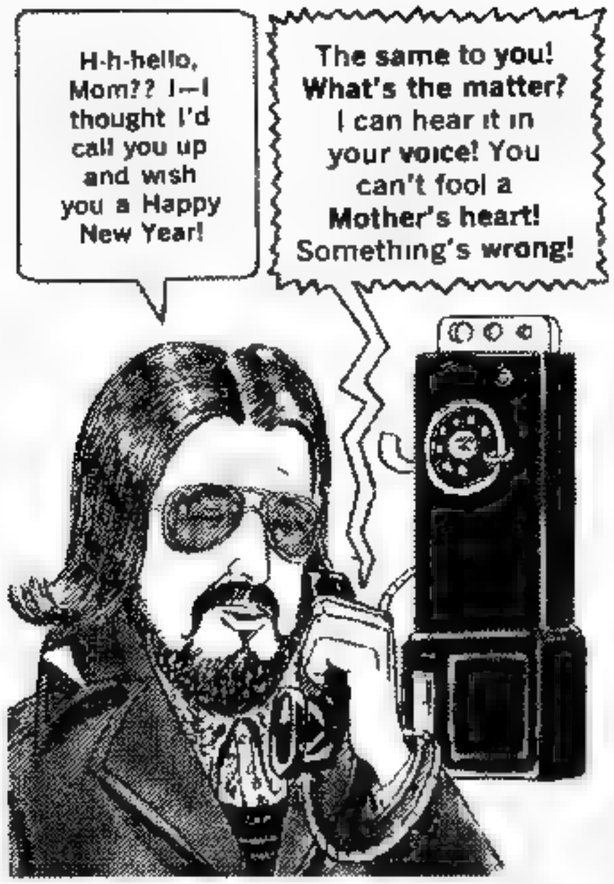
THAT THEY'LL BELIEVE!

Gee, this is a very expensive Christmas present you're buying for your Dad!
Why not? He's a great guy, and he deserves the best!

There's no Generation Gap in OUR family! My Dad is fantastic with the kids! He digs the whole scene! He works like a dog, and he's a great provider!

Er . . . how do you plan to pay for this?
With my Dad's Charge Plate!

He also has a great CREDIT RATING!!

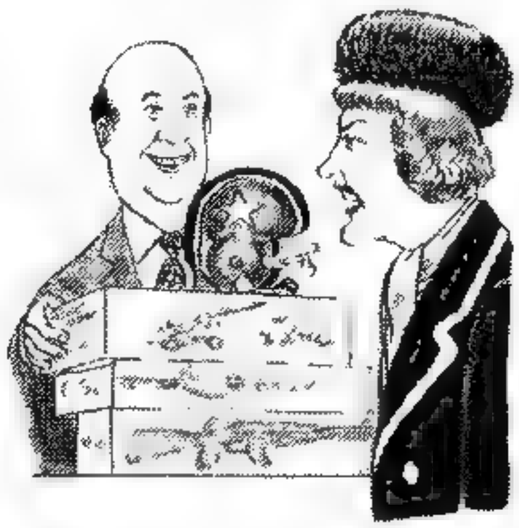

H-h-hello, Mom?? I—I thought I'd call you up and wish you a Happy New Year!
The same to you! What's the matter? I can hear it in your voice! You can't fool a Mother's heart! Something's wrong!

Nothing's wrong, Mom! It's just a bummer to be alone on New Year's Eve!
You poor thing! Where are you?

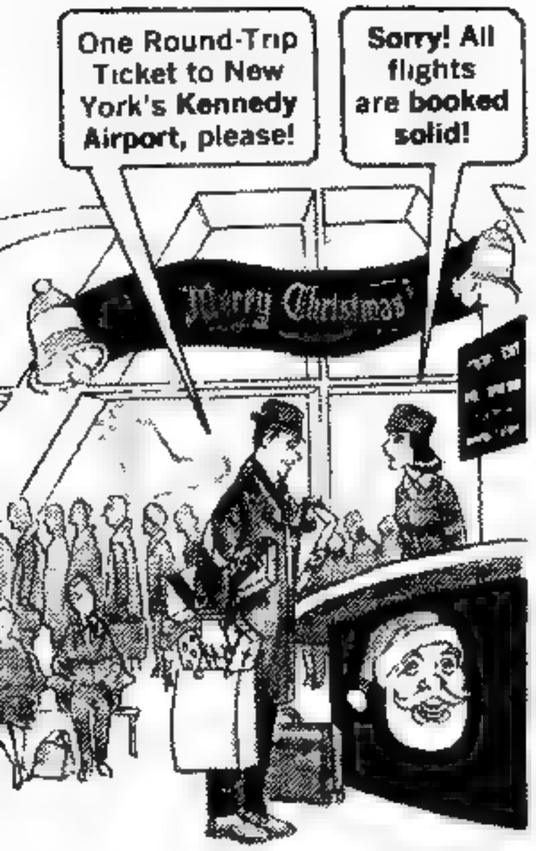
In a phone booth . . . on Times Square . . .
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

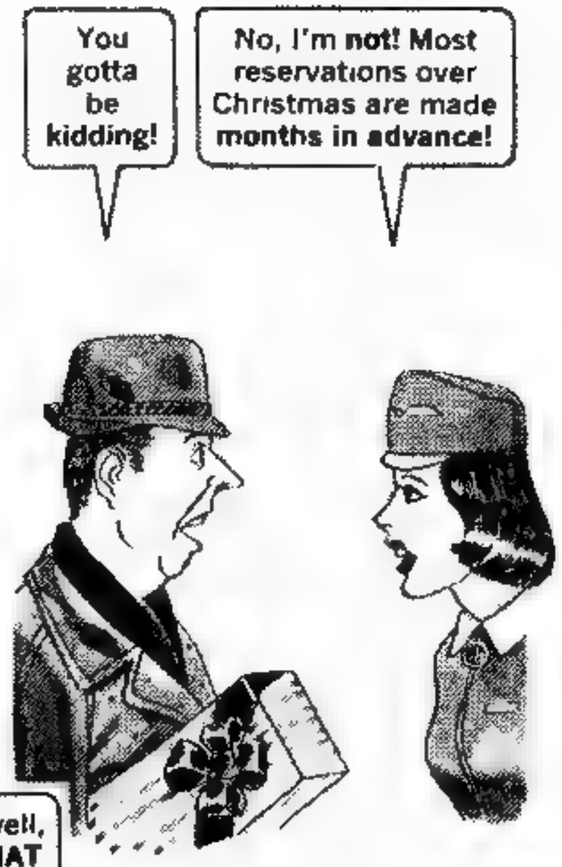
I want a plastic model toy of the M-16 Rifle, a model kit of an "Honest John" Rocket Launcher, and a model of a B-52 Bomber!

I also want a Size 10 complete Football Uniform with shoulder pads and helmet and shoes and the whole bit, plus a complete Baseball Uniform with glove!


I'm sure your son will enjoy all these Christmas presents!
SON?! I'll have you know these things are all for my ten-year-old DAUGHTER!!

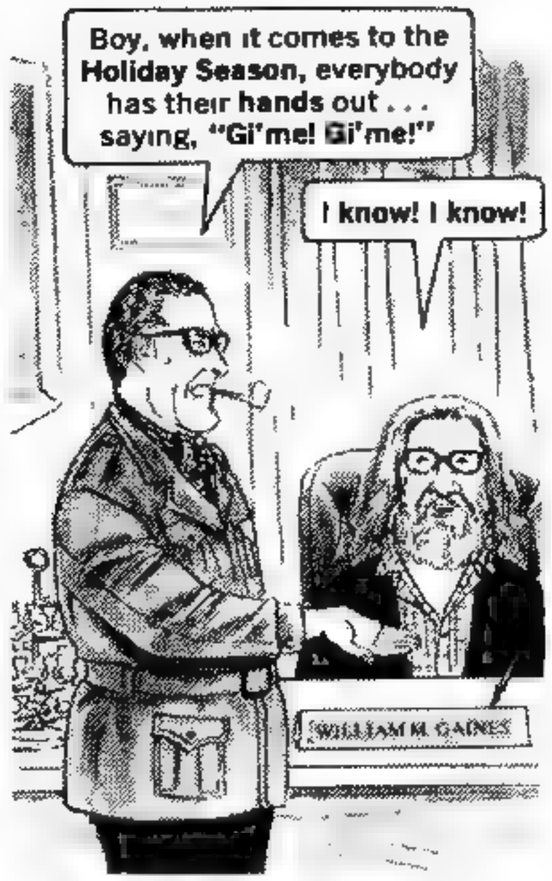
Haven't you ever heard of WOMEN'S LIB . . . ?!?


One Round-Trip Ticket to New York's Kennedy Airport, please!
Sorry! All flights are booked solid!
Merry Christmas


You gotta be kidding!
No, I'm not! Most reservations over Christmas are made months in advance!

But I'm—I'm desperate! I just GOTTA get home for the Holidays!
Oh, well, in THAT case, we can help you!

We still have some space available over EASTER!!

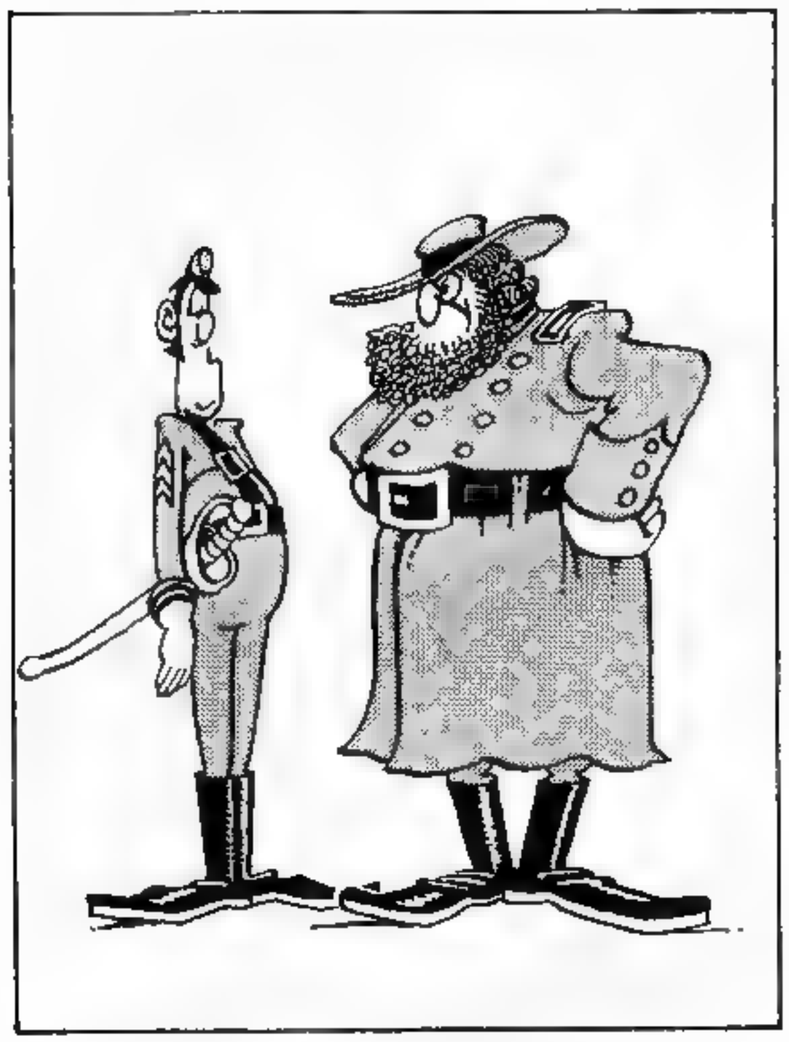

Boy, when it comes to the Holiday Season, everybody has their hands out . . . saying, "Gi'me! Gi'me!"
I know! I know!
WILLIAM M. GAINES

I had to tip the Janitor, the Doormen, the Postmen, the Garbagemen . . . and a lot of other moochers!
I know! I know!

It's nothing but a form of LEGALIZED RIP-OFF!
I know! I know! I've got the same troubles!
David Berg

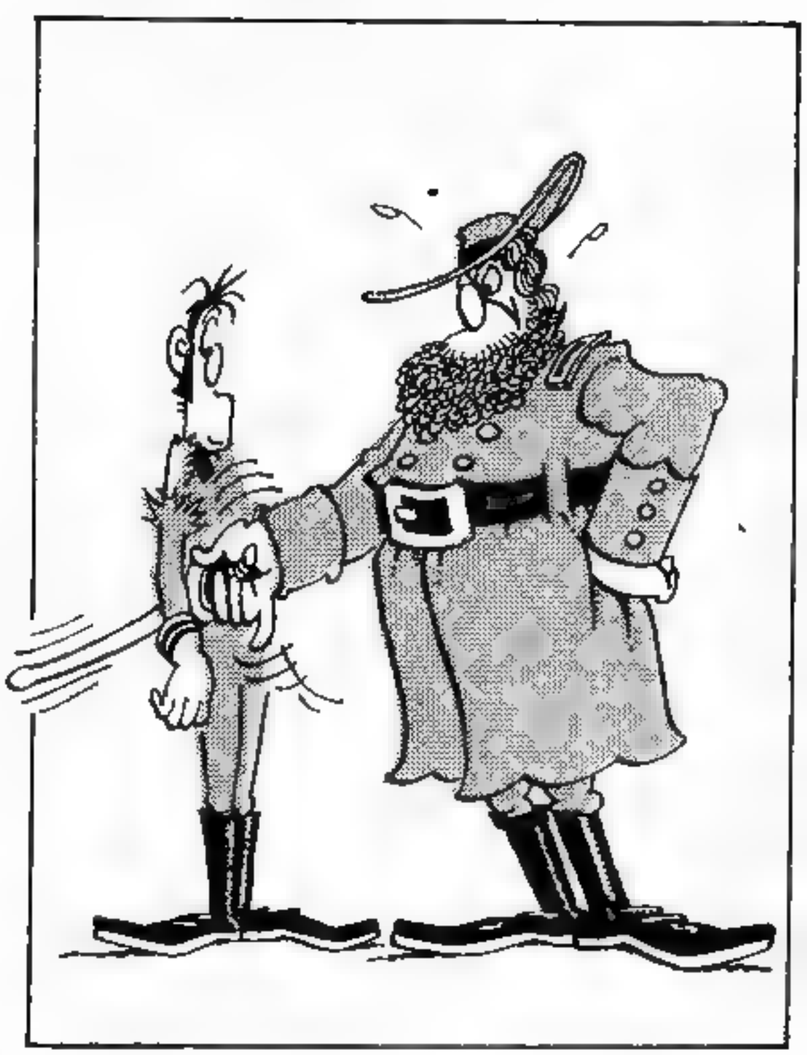
Here's your Christmas Bonus!

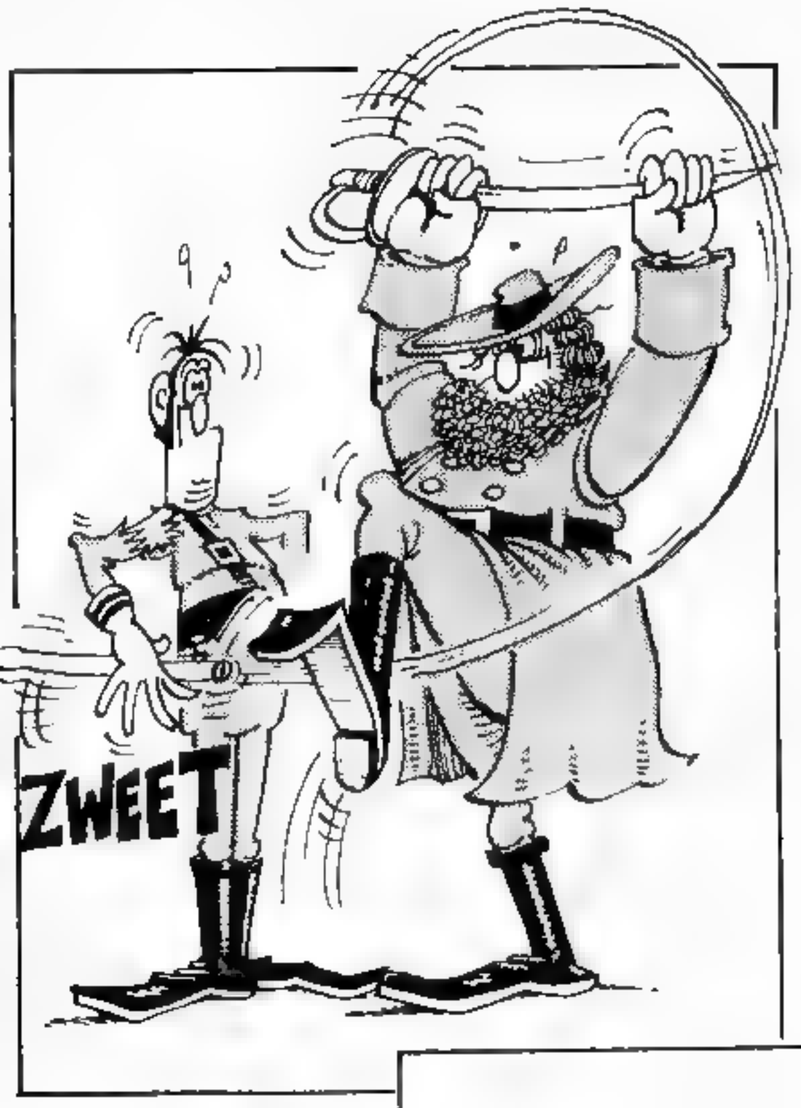
ONE FINE DAY DURING THE CIVIL WAR



THWOP

RIP

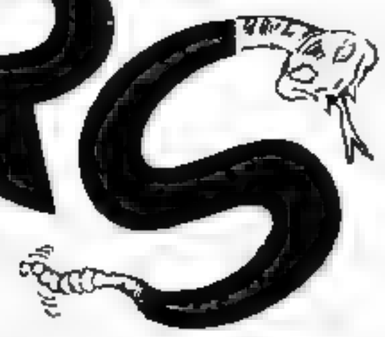




WISE GUIDE DEPT.

MAD has come up with a device to shake up those indifferent and incompetent people you too often find yourselves at the mercy of. It's called a "Rattler". A Rattler is not something you use on the Innocent, but rather as a Defensive Weapon on people who intimidate you: the surly cab driver, the wise-guy waiter, the nasty sales clerk . . . anyone who has developed an inverted snobbery about his work and views anyone less expert as an inferior. If you run into such a person, why not try out some of these . . .

MAD RATTLERS



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY GORE

...FOR SHAKING UP **WAITERS AND WAITRESSES**

No . . . I'd only like **HALF** a table! I'm not very **hungry!**

I'd like an **empty plate!** I'm on a **very strict diet!**

How about sitting down and **joining** me? Then we can **split the check,** and I won't have to leave a **tip!**

Can you bring me some **extra silverware!** I have the **same set** at home, and I'm **missing** a few pieces!

I'll have the **same** thing that I ordered yesterday! **I didn't TOUCH** it yesterday!

I'll have the **steak dinner** . . . with no potatoes . . . no vegetables . . . and no **meat!**

The **menu** looks **good!** I'll eat **THAT!**

I'm very **intimidated** by **Waiters!** So may I **start tipping** you **NOW?**

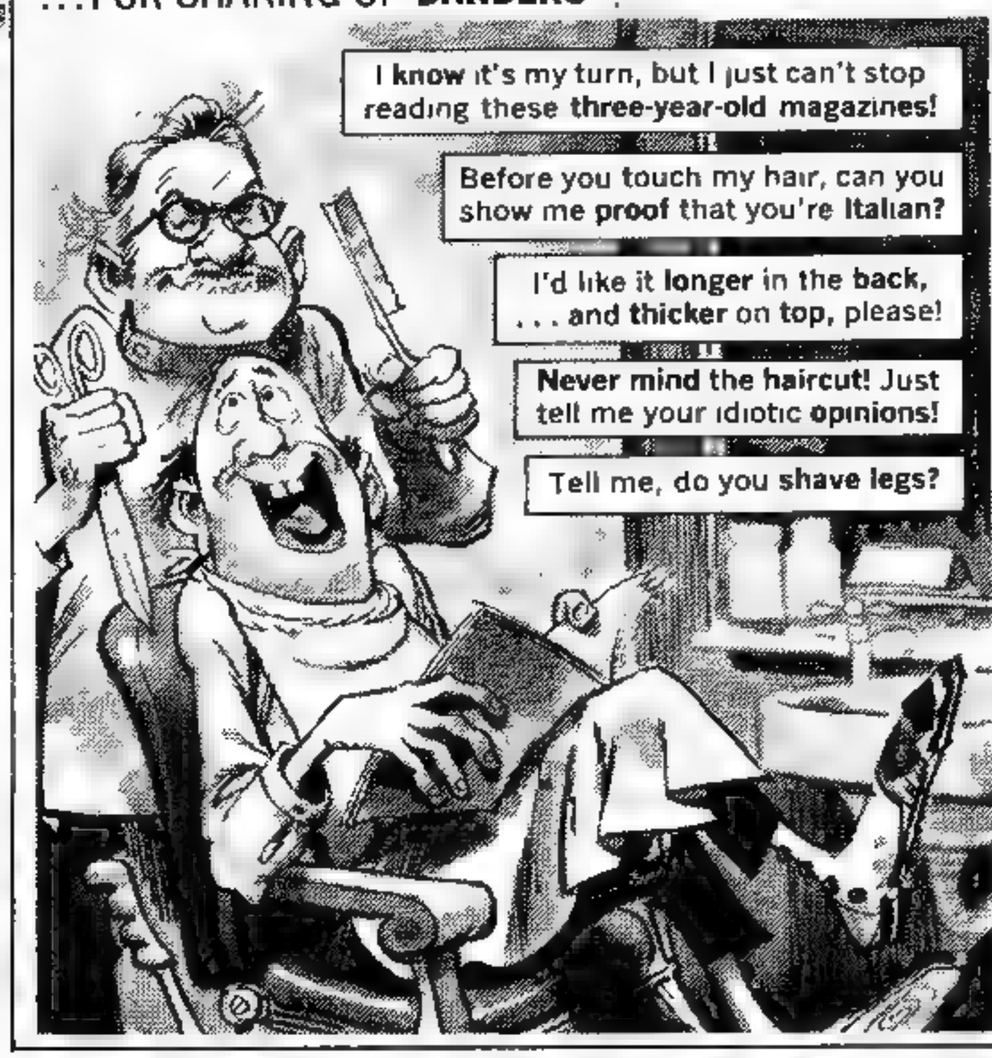
Miss, would you be **offended** if I **sent out** for some **food?**

My compliments to the **Chef** . . . for having the **nerve** to pass this stuff off as **food!**

Hey, this food isn't **half bad** . . . it's **ALL bad!**

Waiter, give me a **very small check!** I'm in a **hurry!**

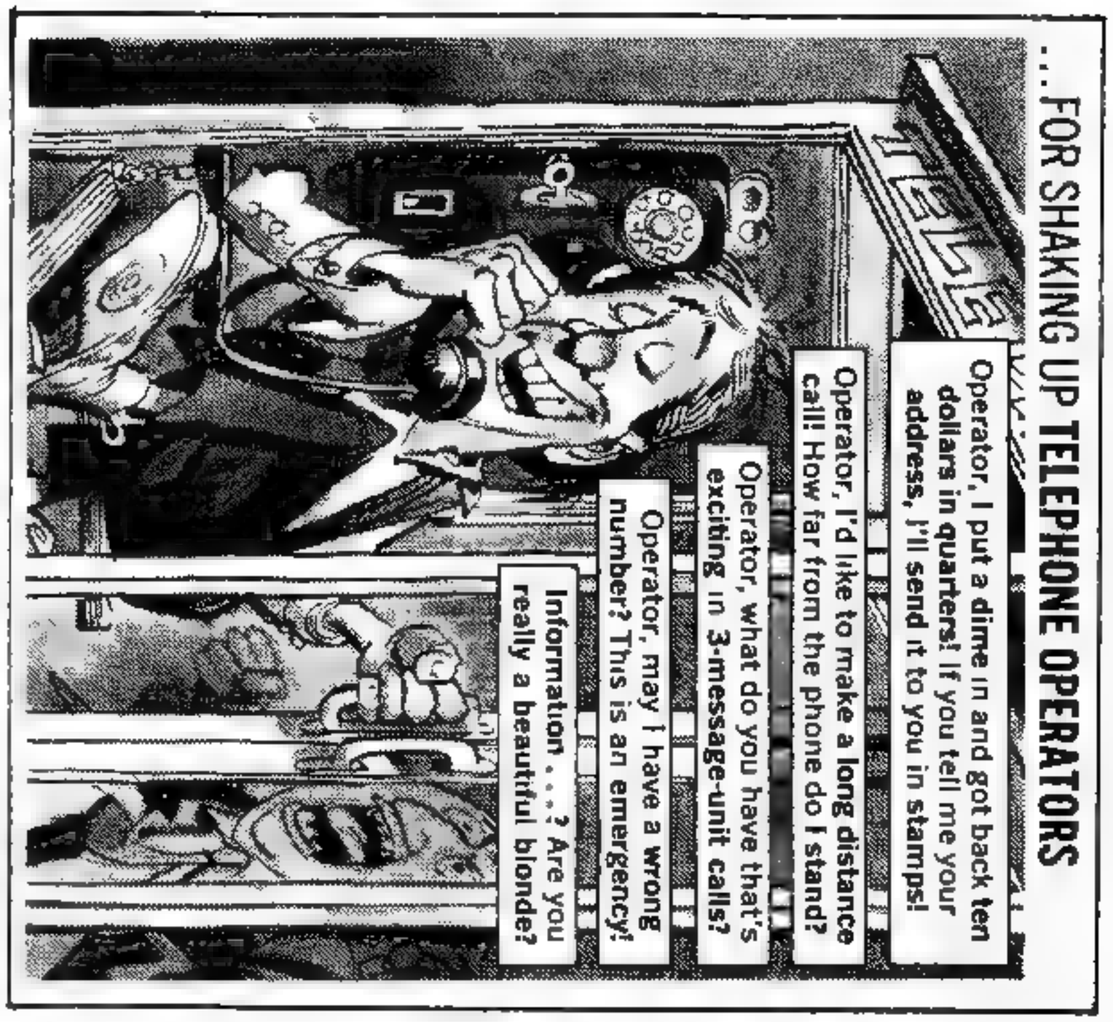
...FOR SHAKING UP **BARBERS**



...FOR SHAKING UP **CAB DRIVERS**

...FOR SHAKING UP **SALES HELP**

...FOR SHAKING UP **ELEVATOR OPERATORS**



PLAINSCLOTHESMAN DEPT.

Would a hard-riding, gun-toting, square-jawed, straight-shooting Marshal from New Mexico really help New York solve its crime problem? We think it's an idiotic idea . . . even for Television! But that's what they're actually trying to sell us with . . .

McCLOD

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Good **afternoon,** McClod! I'm glad you're just **visiting** us! I don't know about **New Mexico,** but here in **New York,** gangsters get up **bright** and **early,** and we expect our **Police Officers** to at least do the **same!**

Now, Chief! Don' get all heated up! It was so **nice,** Ah decided to walk through **Central Park!**

McClod, **nobody**— especially a **Cop**— walks through Central Park!

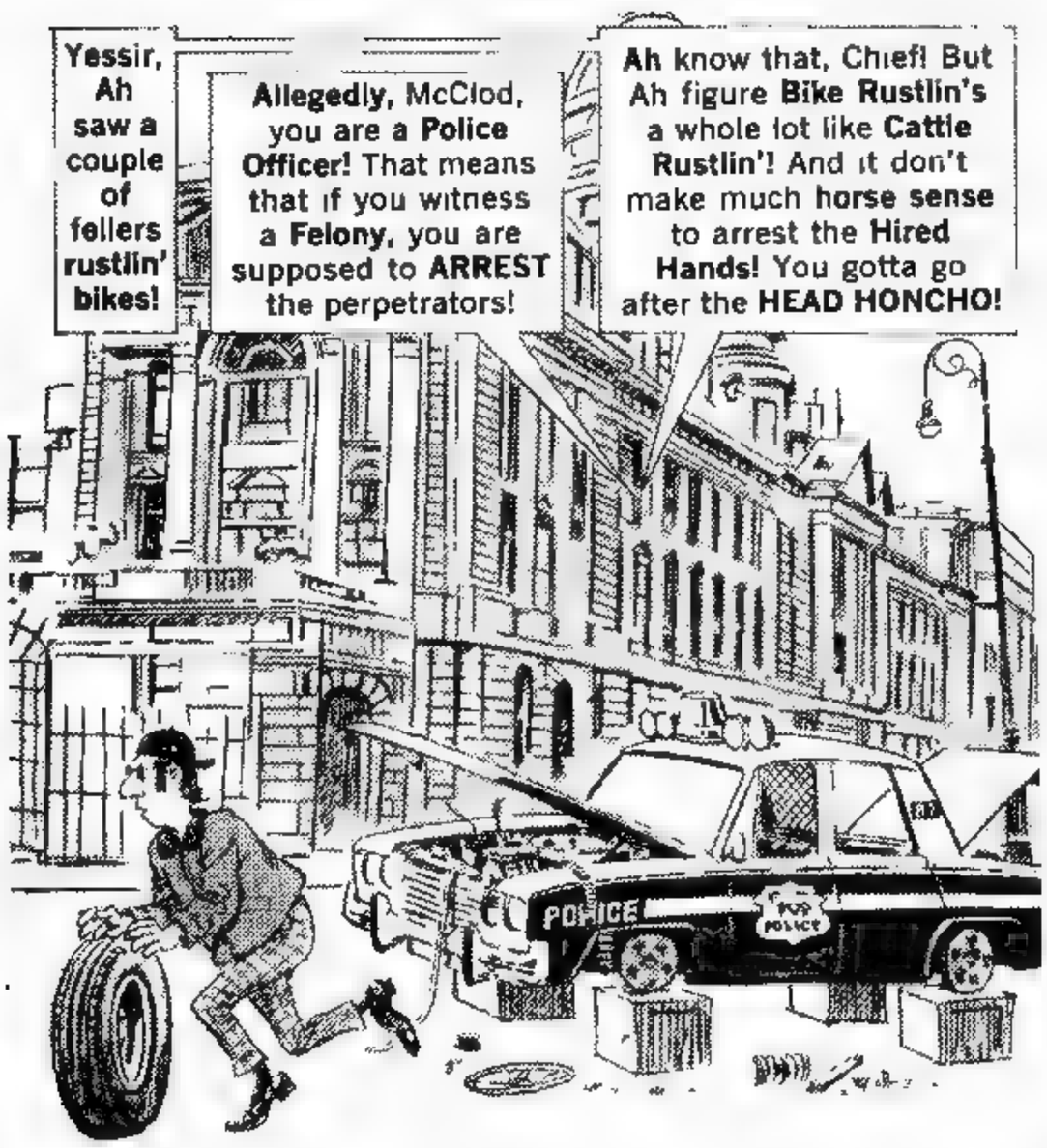
Ah know! But Ah like t' mosey along the **Bridle Path!** Reminds me of **home!** Anyway, Ah **stumbled on t' somethin'!**

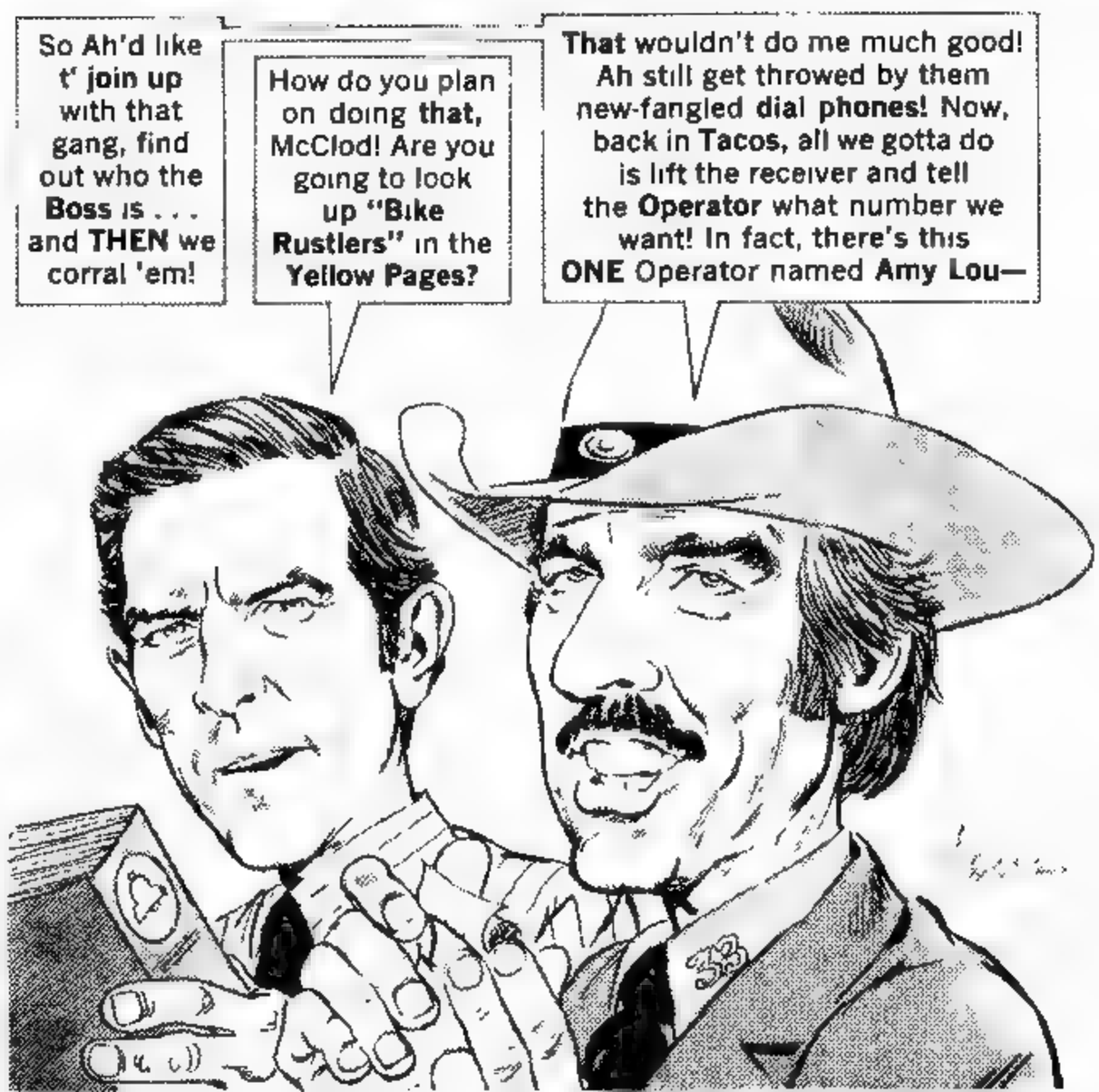
So I **noticed!** Next time you decide to walk along a Bridle Path, take off your **BOOTS** before you come in here!

A'm tryin' **t' tell** yuh! Ah discovered a gang of **RUSTLERS** in Central Park!

Listen, McClod! We've got **con men, muggers, rapists, murderers** . . . we've even got **Shakespeare in the Park!** The one thing we **DON'T** have is **Rustlers** . . . mainly because there's **nothing** to **rustle!!**

Shor there is! **BY-CYCLES!**





McClod, I don't CARE about Amy Lou! How do you plan on infiltrating the gang?

Simple! Ah'll jus' go into th' Bike Rustlin' business mahself, and then the gang will invite me to join 'em!

That sounds dangerous, Simp! You could get KILLED!

You mean "killed" like in DEAD?!?

Hmmm! That part is really tempting! But . . . I'm afraid I already have a special assignment for you, McClod!

There yuh go, Chief!

Dawgone! Ah don' mind bein' assigned to the Meter Maids

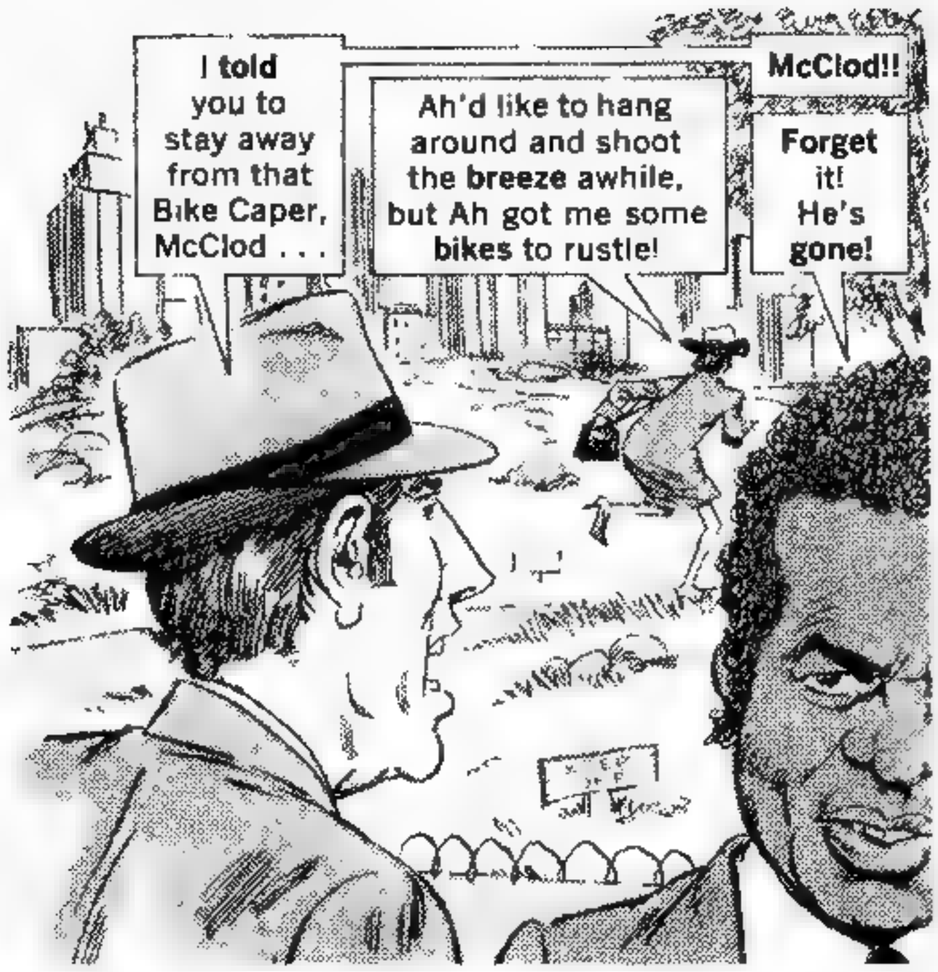
. . . but Ah shore wish Ah didn't have t' wear the Official UNIFORM!

Chief, they just found McClod unconscious!

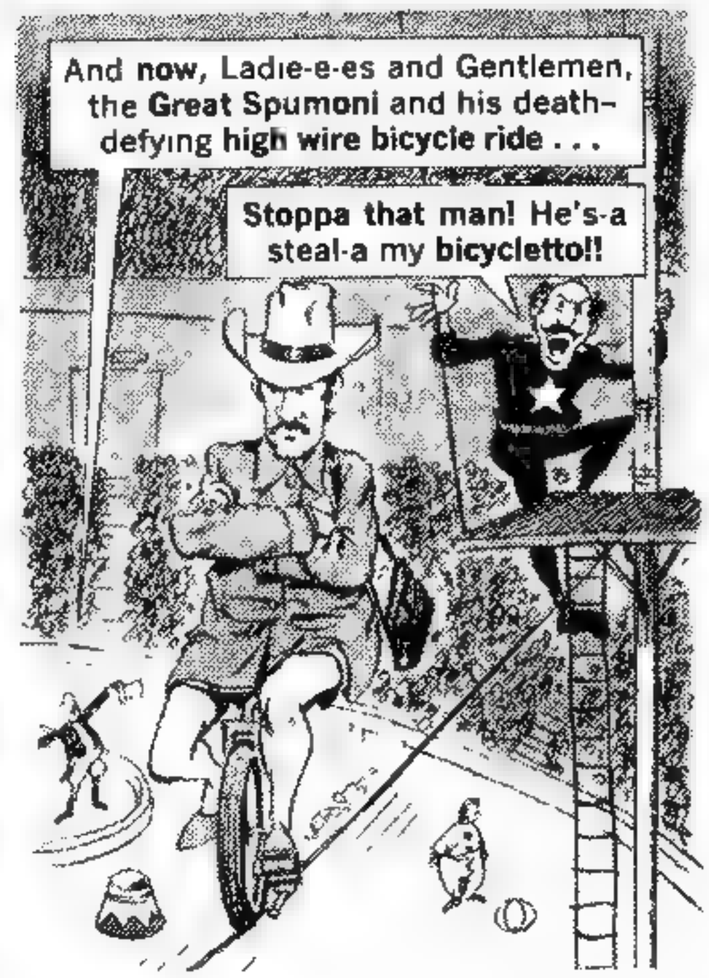
How could they TELL?

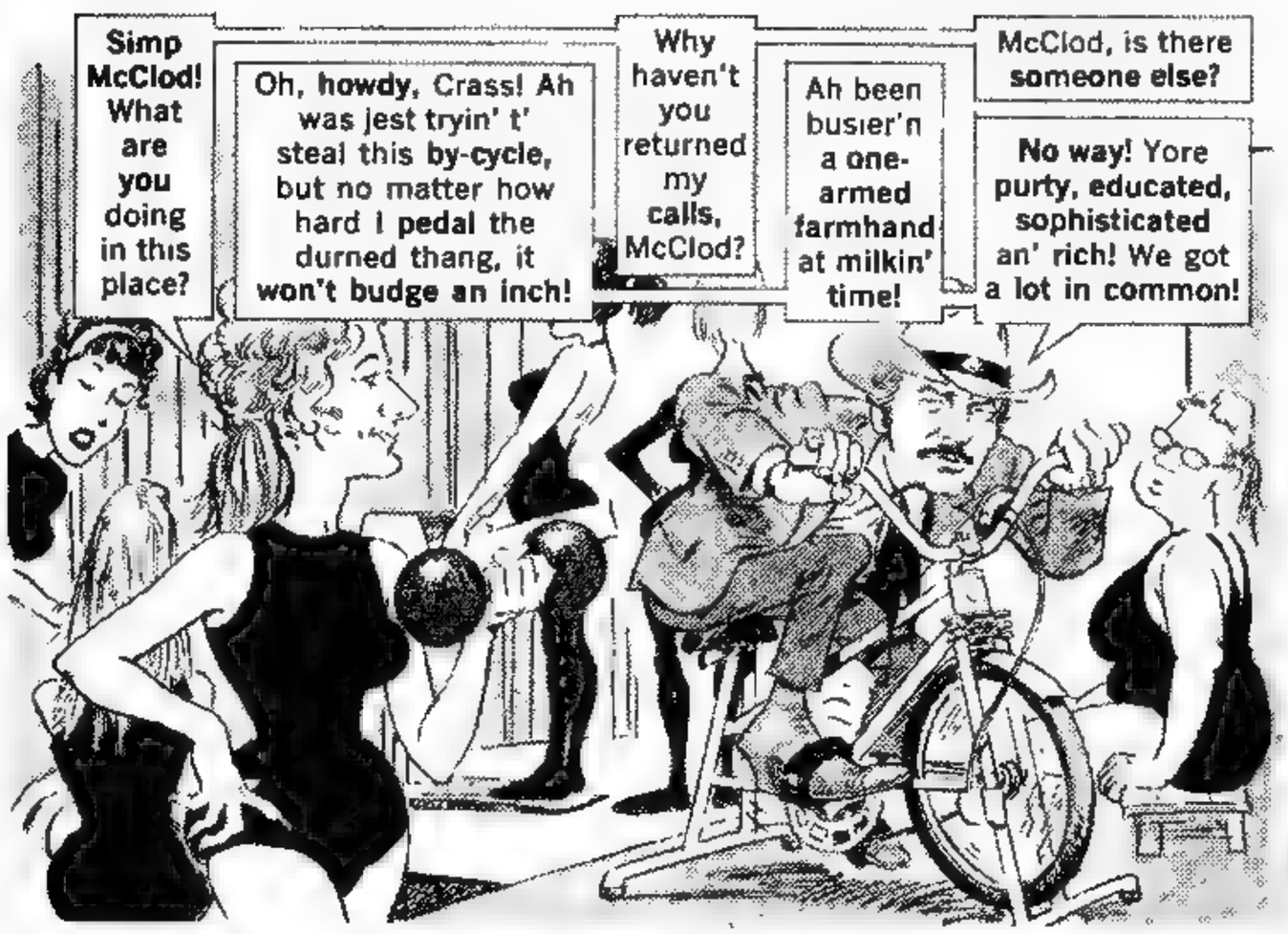
McClod! What happened to you? Did a Parking Meter fall on you?

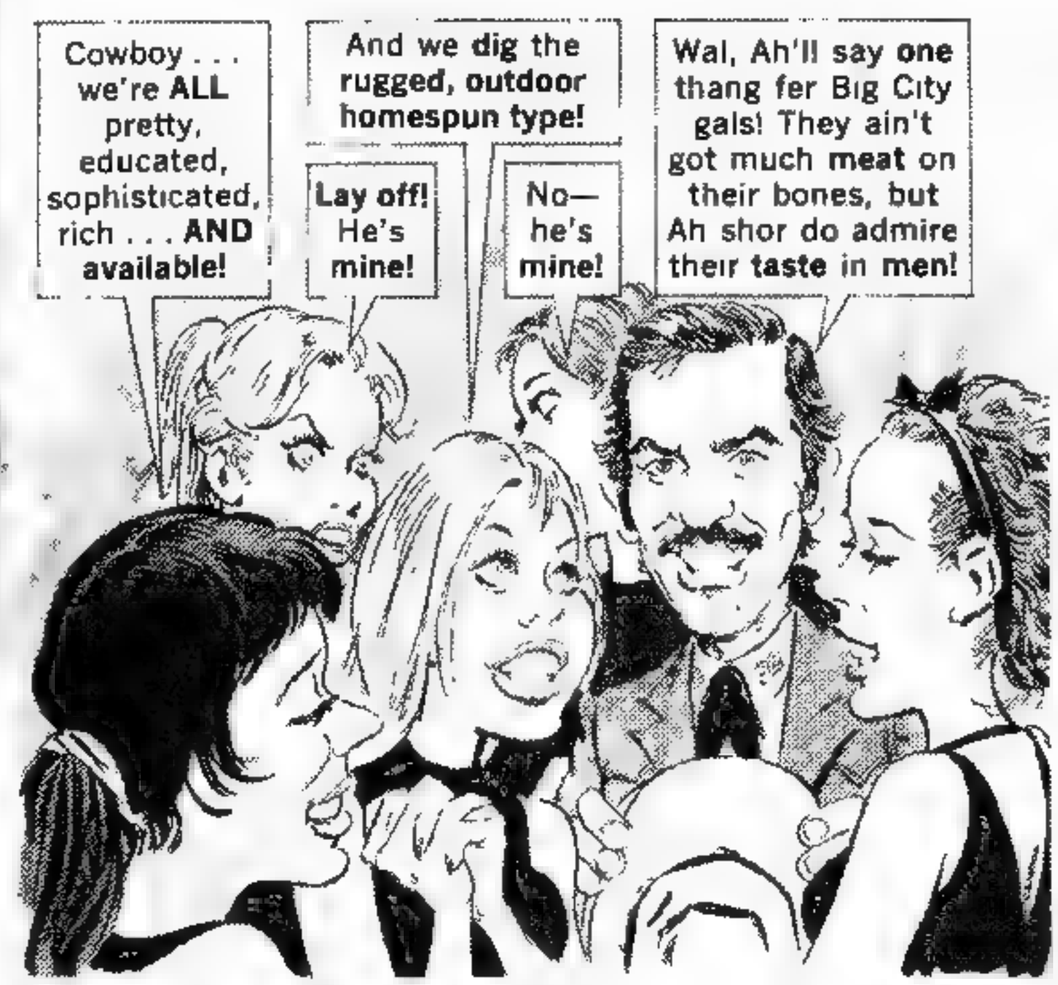
No, Chief! I figured I'd work on the By-cycle Case in my spare time, so I swiped a bike! But the training wheels fell off!

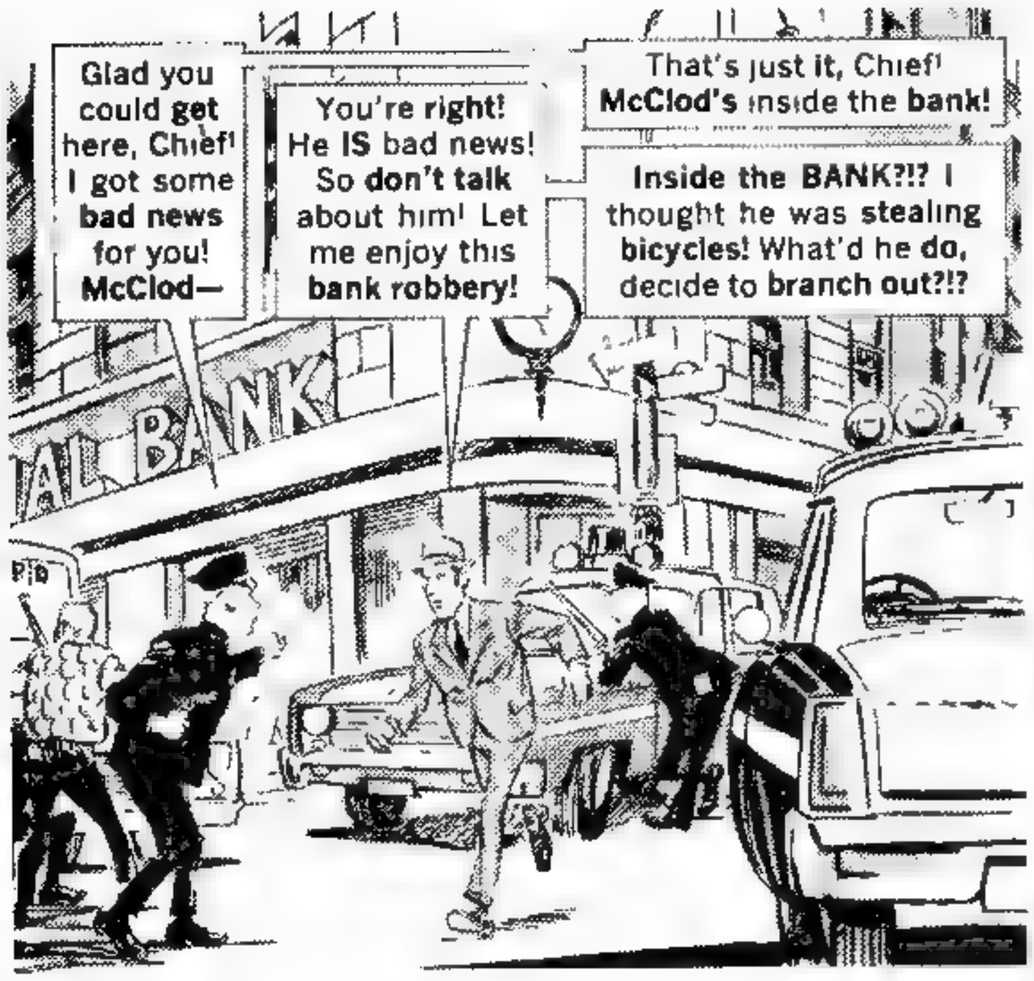

I told you to stay away from that Bike Caper, McClod . . .
Ah'd like to hang around and shoot the breeze awhile, but Ah got me some bikes to rustle!
McClod!!
Forget it! He's gone!

Hel-l-l-lp!! Police! That Texas Transvestite just stole my little boy's bike!


And now, Ladie-e-es and Gentlemen, the Great Spumoni and his death-defying high wire bicycle ride . . .
Stoppa that man! He's-a steal-a my bicycletto!!

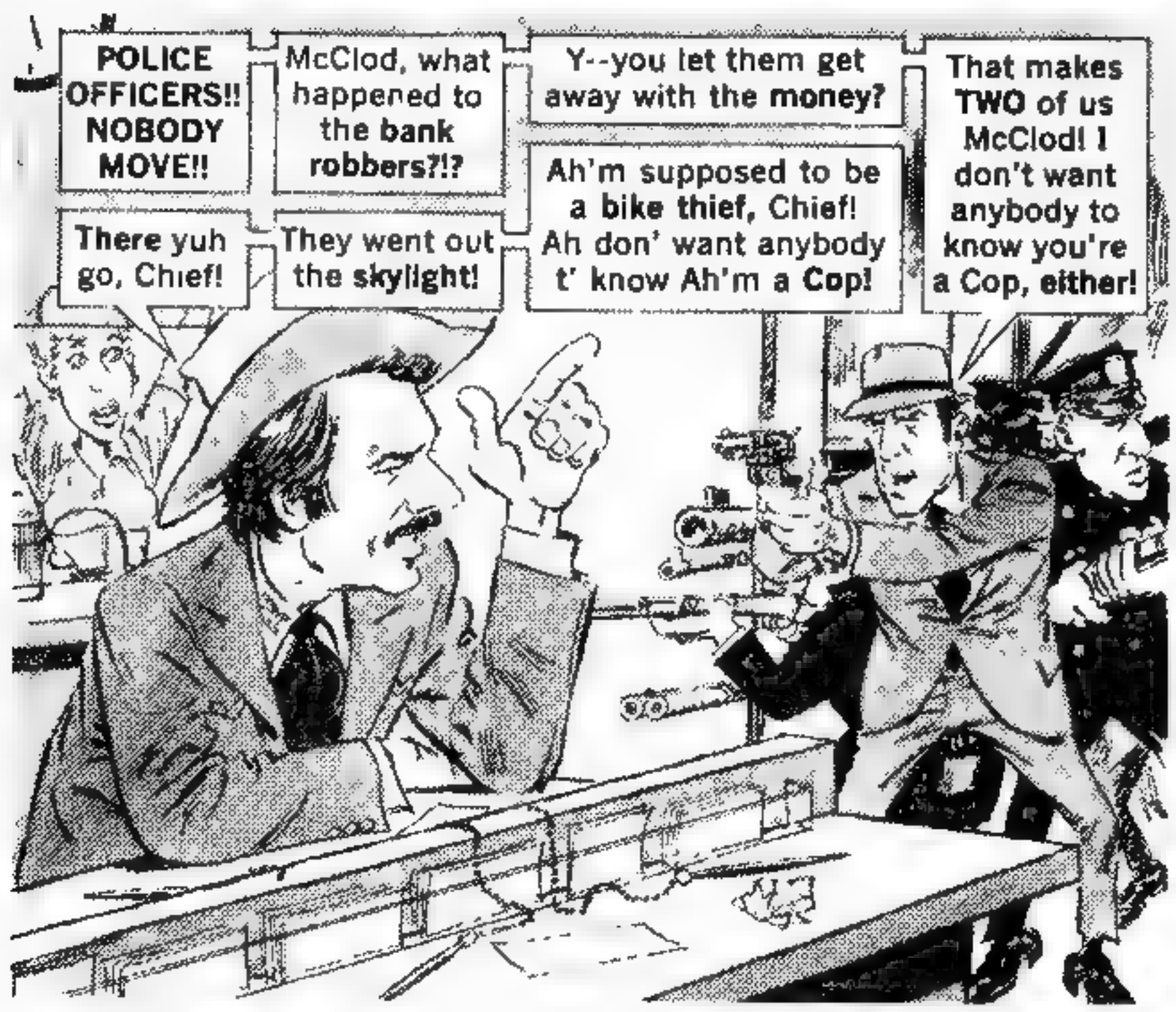

Simp McClod! What are you doing in this place?
Oh, howdy, Crass! Ah was jest tryin' t' steal this by-cycle, but no matter how hard I pedal the durned thang, it won't budge an inch!
Why haven't you returned my calls, McClod?
Ah been busier'n a one-armed farmhand at milkin' time!
McClod, is there someone else?
No way! Yore purty, educated, sophisticated an' rich! We got a lot in common!

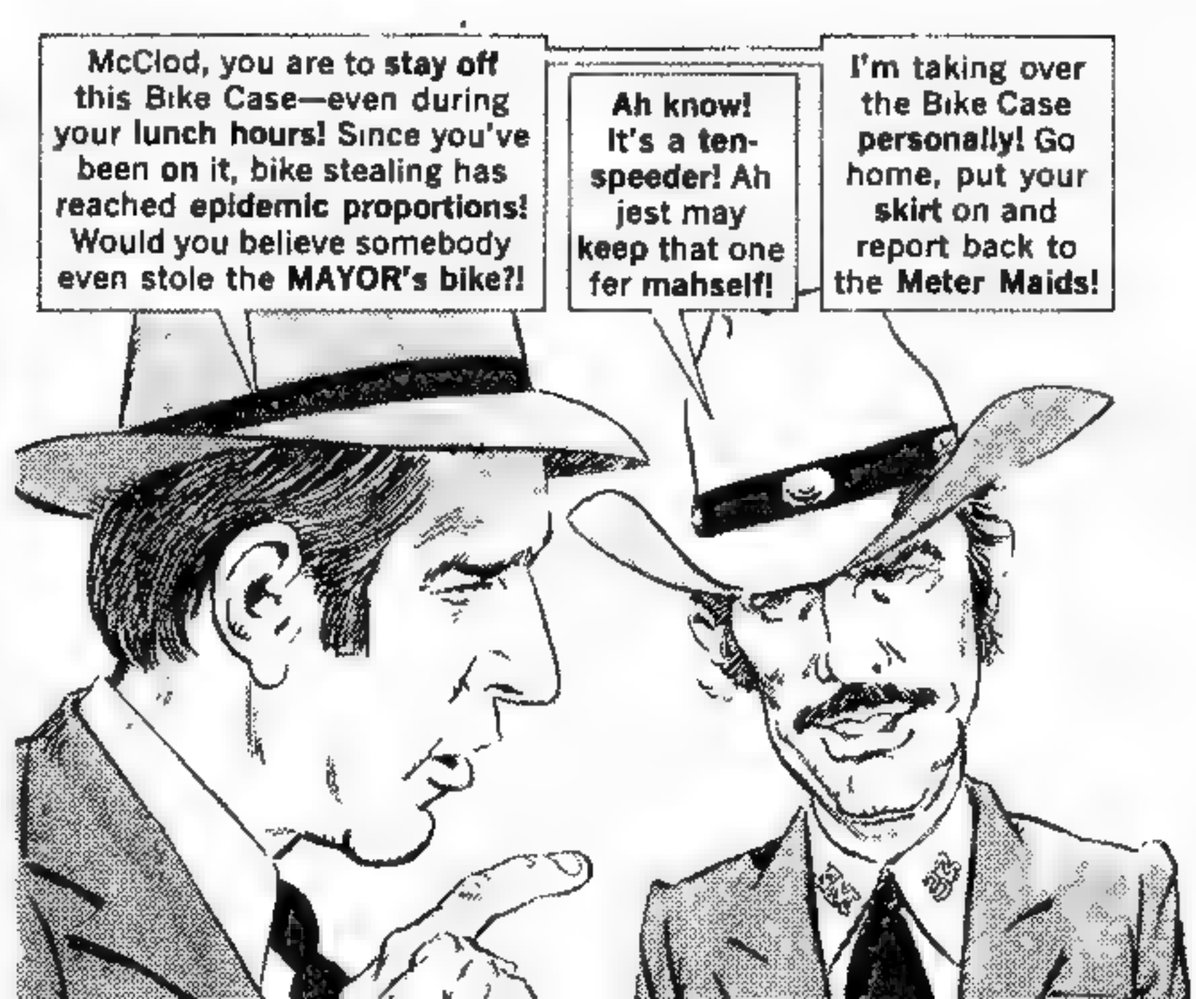

Cowboy . . . we're ALL pretty, educated, sophisticated, rich . . . AND available!
Lay off! He's mine!
And we dig the rugged, outdoor homespun type!
No— he's mine!
Wal, Ah'll say one thang fer Big City gals! They ain't got much meat on their bones, but Ah shor do admire their taste in men!


Glad you could get here, Chief! I got some bad news for you! McClod—
You're right! He IS bad news! So don't talk about him! Let me enjoy this bank robbery!
That's just it, Chief! McClod's inside the bank!
Inside the BANK?!? I thought he was stealing bicycles! What'd he do, decide to branch out?!?

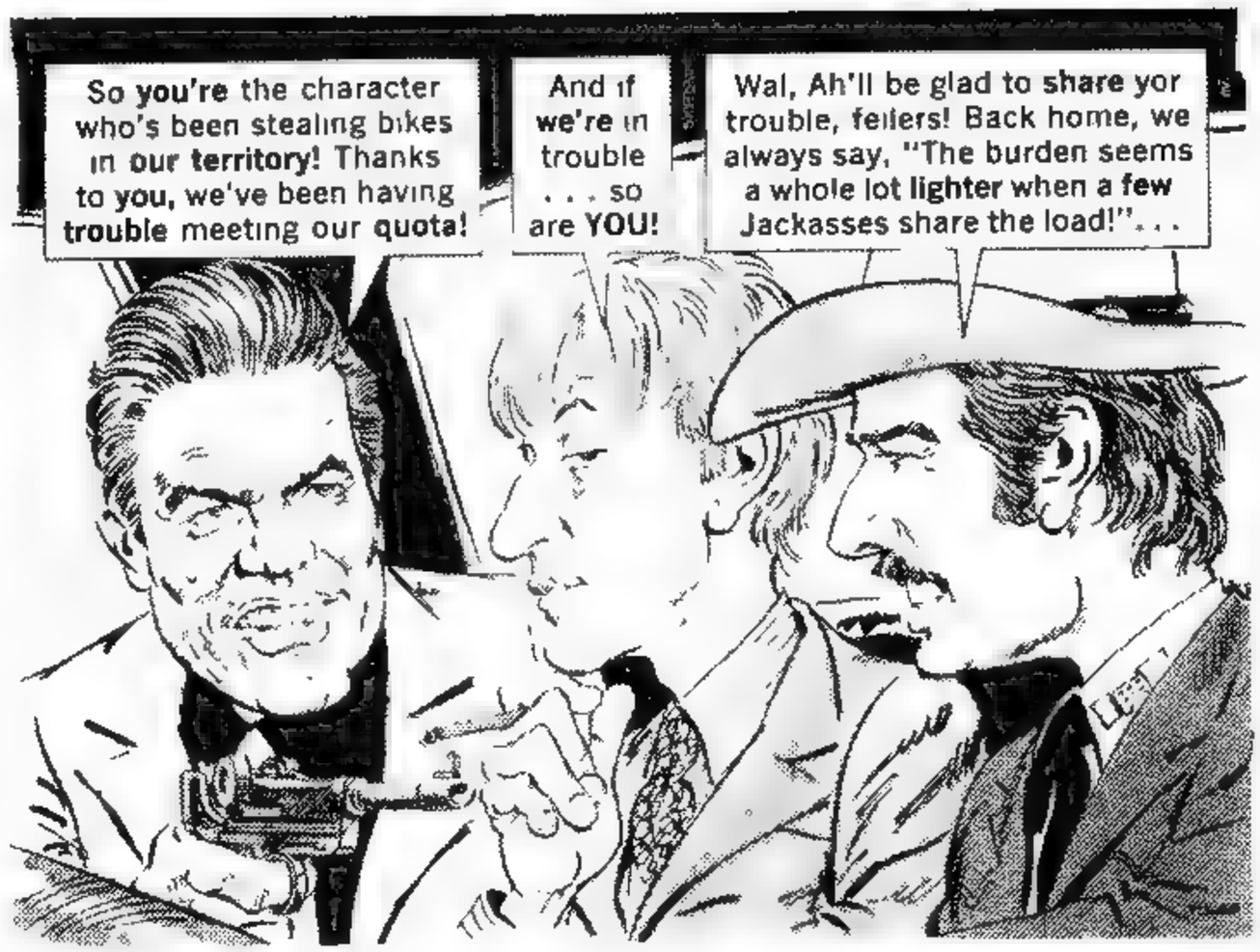
McClod's made so much bread stealing bikes, he had to open a bank account! He's one of the hostages!
NOW HEAR THIS IN THERE! LET THE HOSTAGES GO! ALL EXCEPT McCLOD! HIM—YOU CAN KEEP!

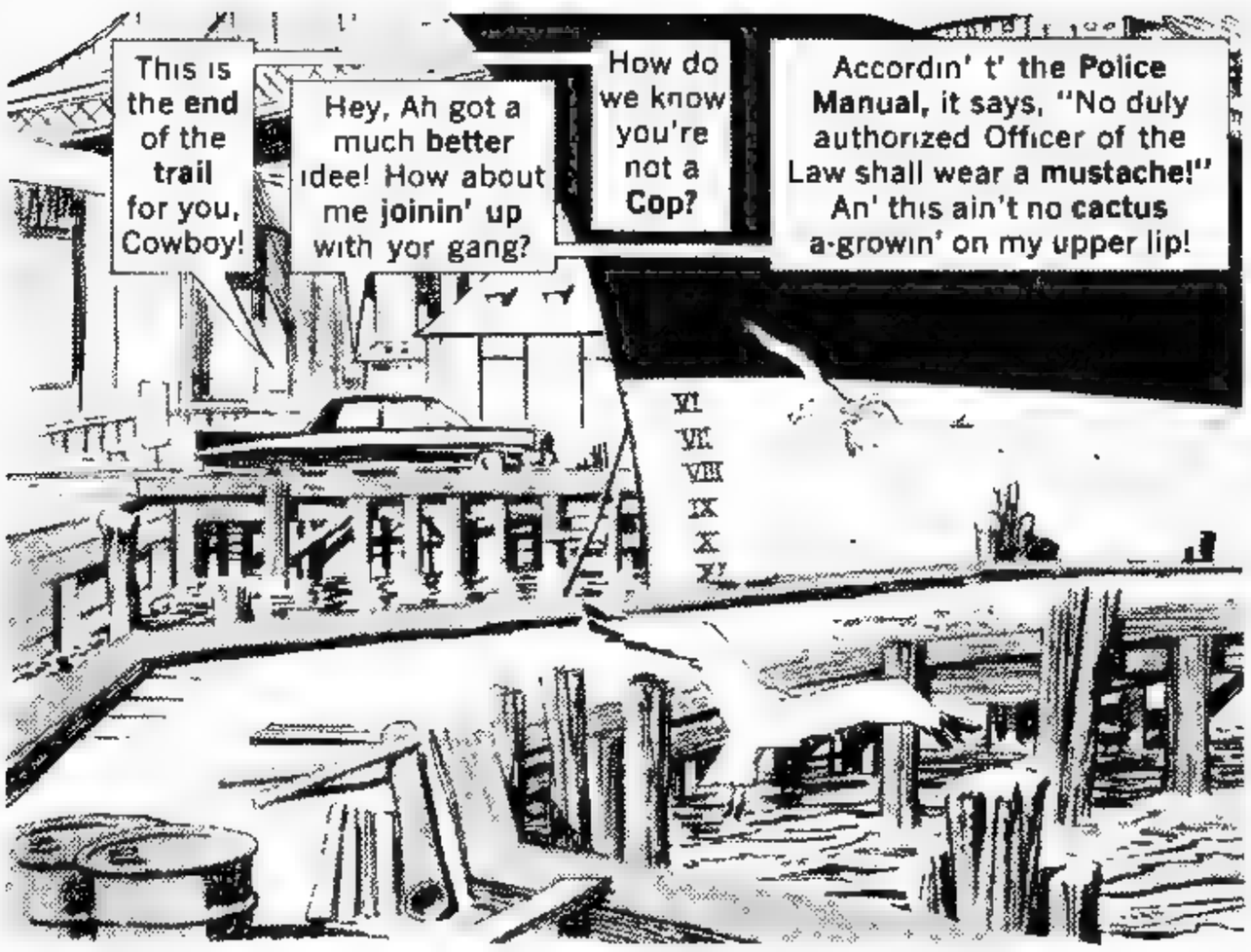
Nobody's coming out, Chief . . .
Okay! Let's rush 'em!!

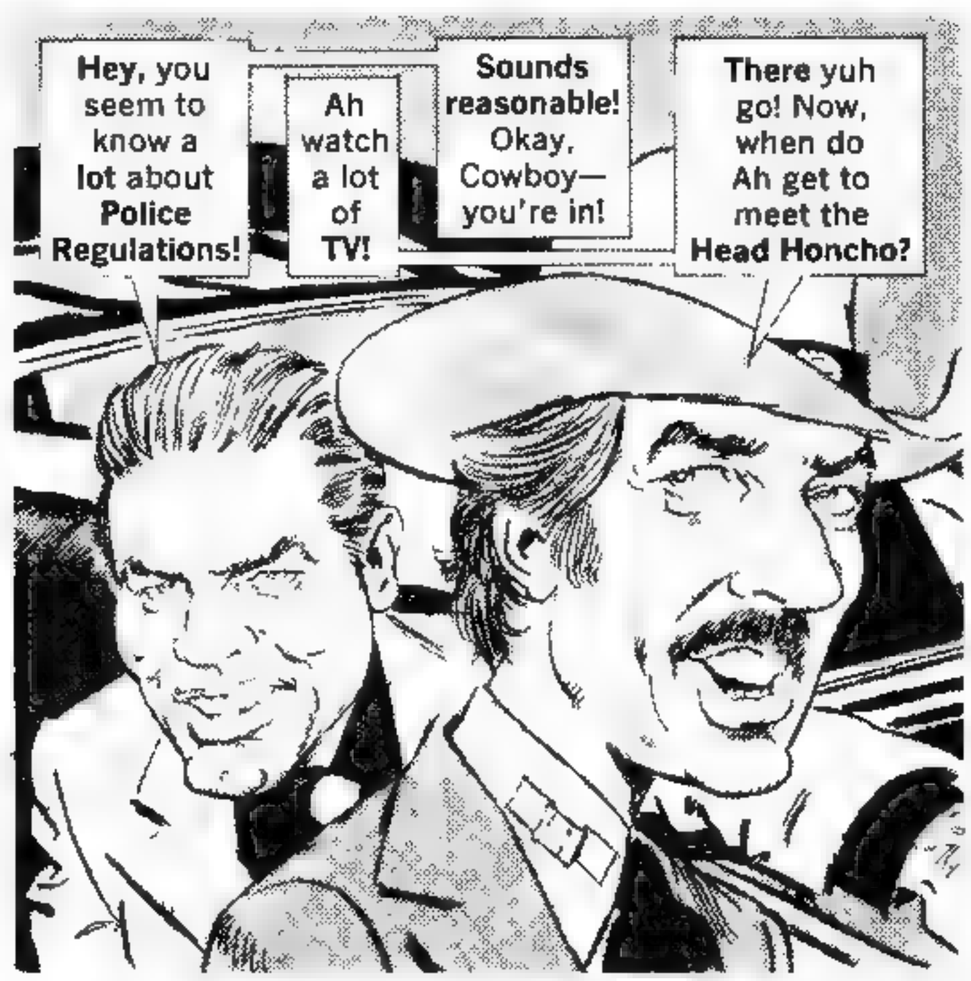

POLICE OFFICERS!! NOBODY MOVE!!
McClod, what happened to the bank robbers?!?
Y--you let them get away with the money?
That makes TWO of us McClod! I don't want anybody to know you're a Cop, either!
There yuh go, Chief!
They went out the skylight!
Ah'm supposed to be a bike thief, Chief! Ah don' want anybody t' know Ah'm a Cop!


McClod, you are to stay off this Bike Case—even during your lunch hours! Since you've been on it, bike stealing has reached epidemic proportions! Would you believe somebody even stole the MAYOR's bike?!
Ah know! It's a ten-speeder! Ah jest may keep that one fer mahself!
I'm taking over the Bike Case personally! Go home, put your skirt on and report back to the Meter Maids!

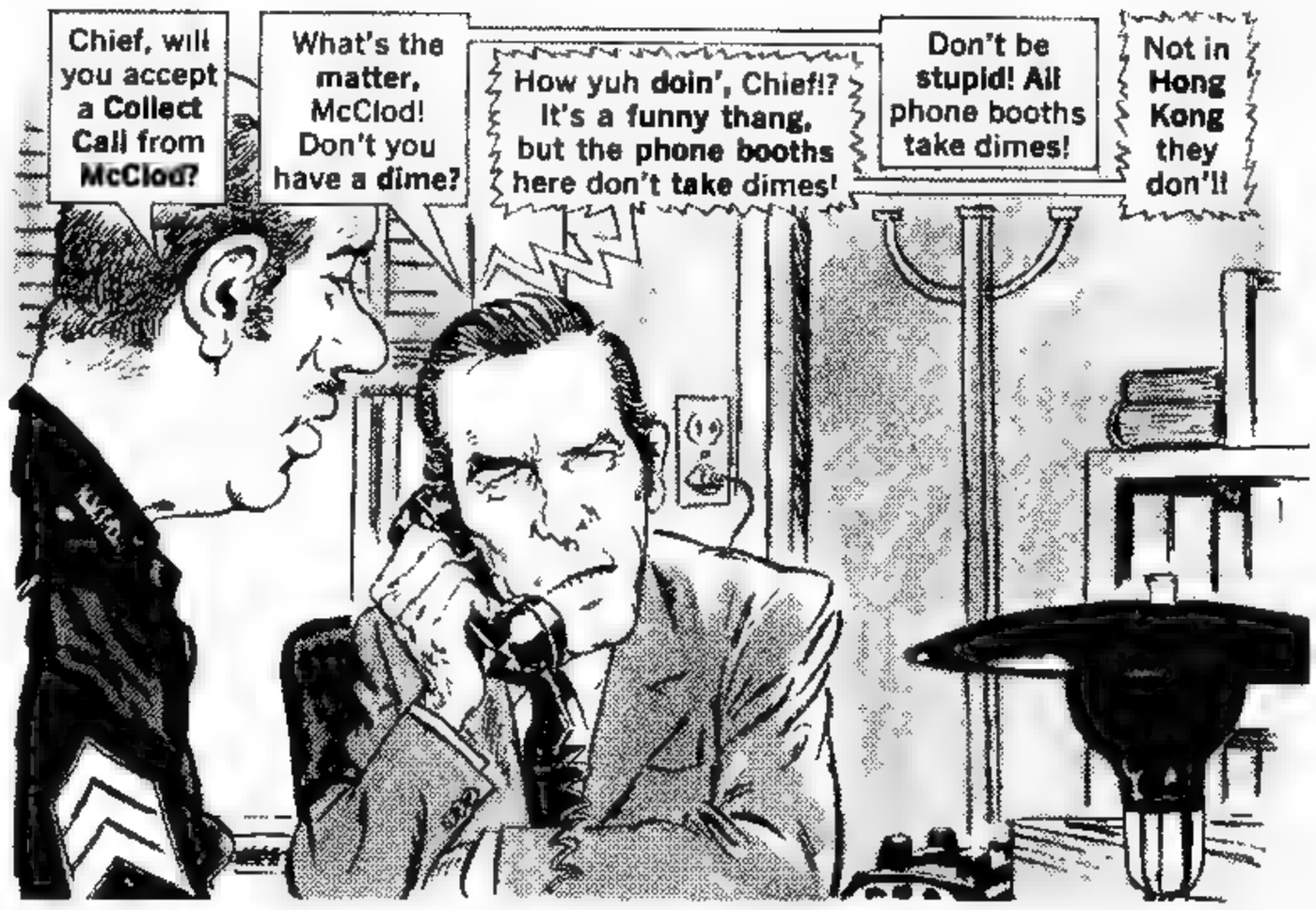
Get in the car, Man! We're gonna take you for a little ride!
There yuh go! No matter what they say about you Big City folks, yo're the friendliest people I have EVER met!!

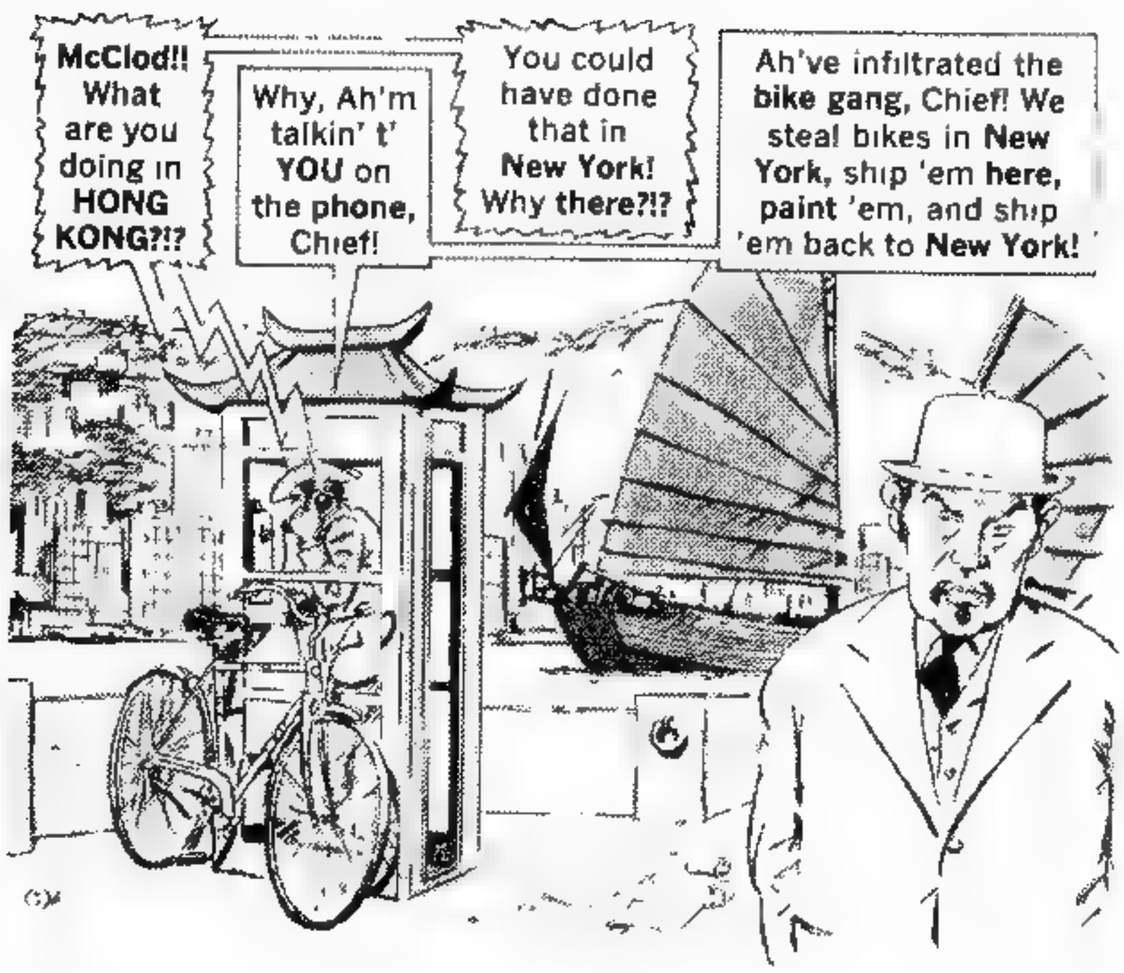

So you're the character who's been stealing bikes in our territory! Thanks to you, we've been having trouble meeting our quota!
And if we're in trouble . . . so are YOU!
Wal, Ah'll be glad to share yor trouble, fellers! Back home, we always say, "The burden seems a whole lot lighter when a few Jackasses share the load!" . . .

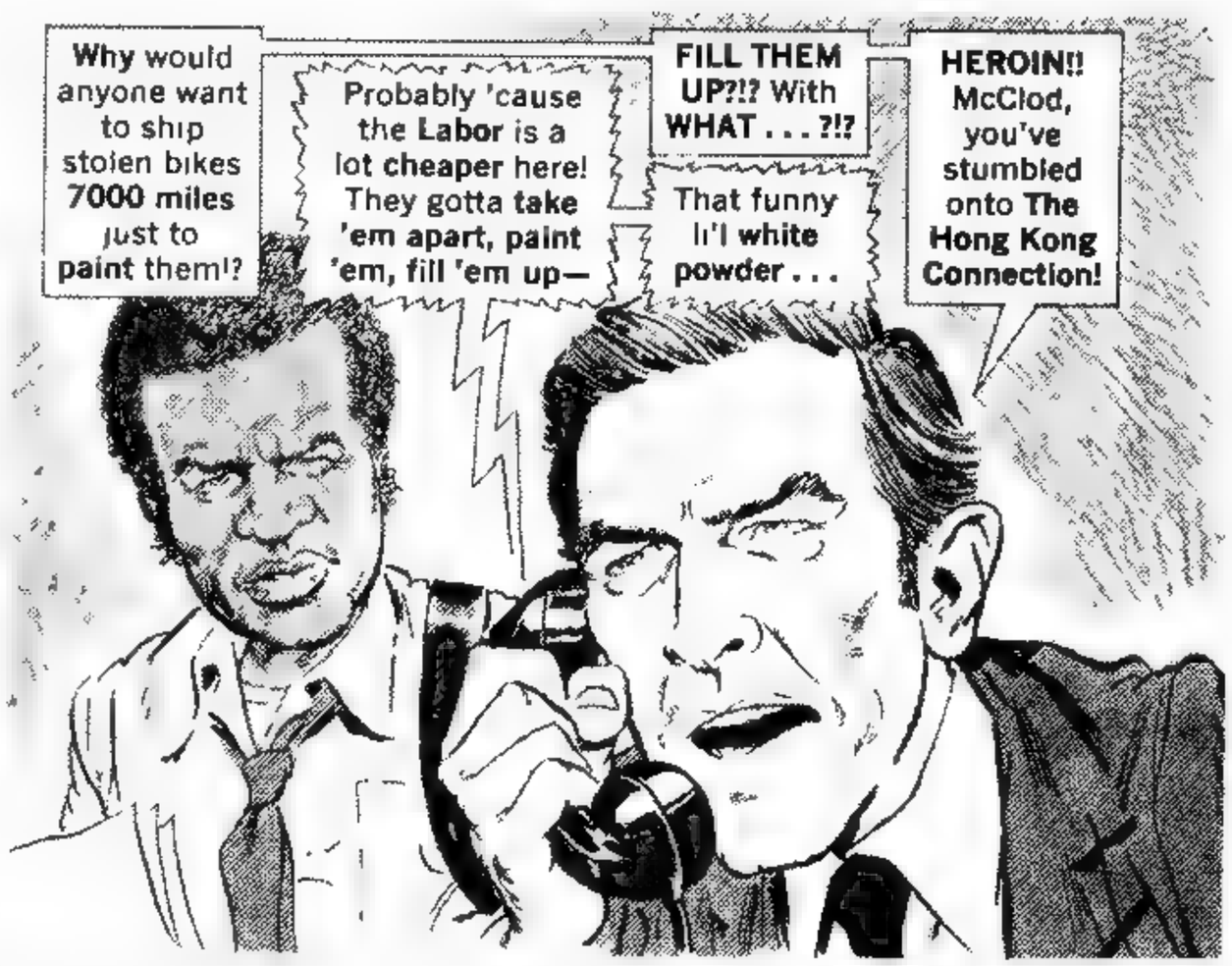

This is the end of the trail for you, Cowboy!
Hey, Ah got a much better idee! How about me joinin' up with yor gang?
How do we know you're not a Cop?
Accordin' t' the Police Manual, it says, "No duly authorized Officer of the Law shall wear a mustache!" An' this ain't no cactus a-growin' on my upper lip!

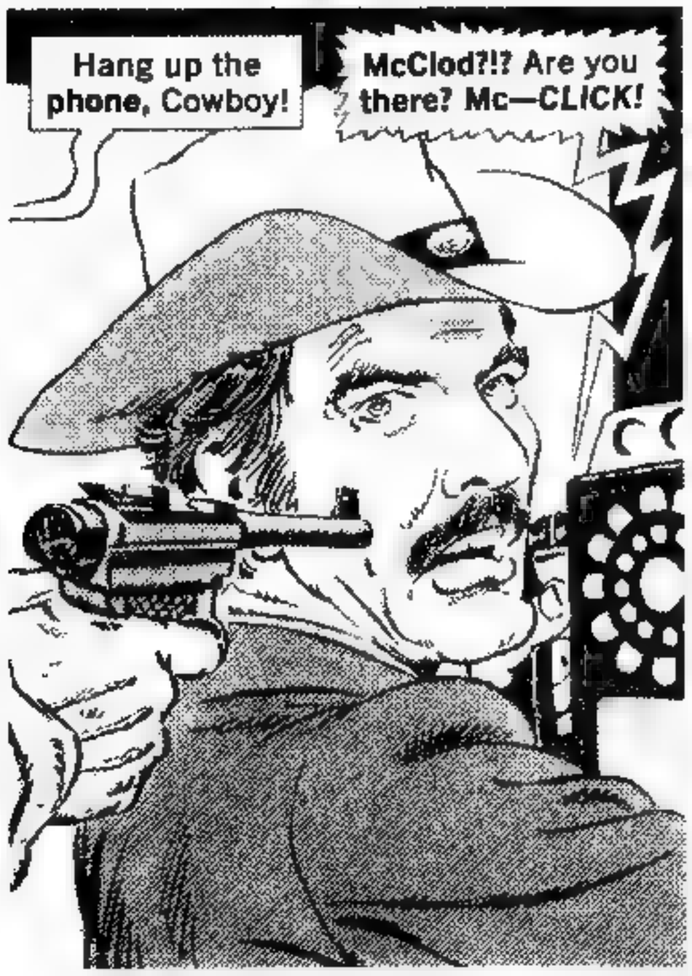

Hey, you seem to know a lot about Police Regulations!
Ah watch a lot of TV!
Sounds reasonable! Okay, Cowboy—you're in!
There yuh go! Now, when do Ah get to meet the Head Honcho?

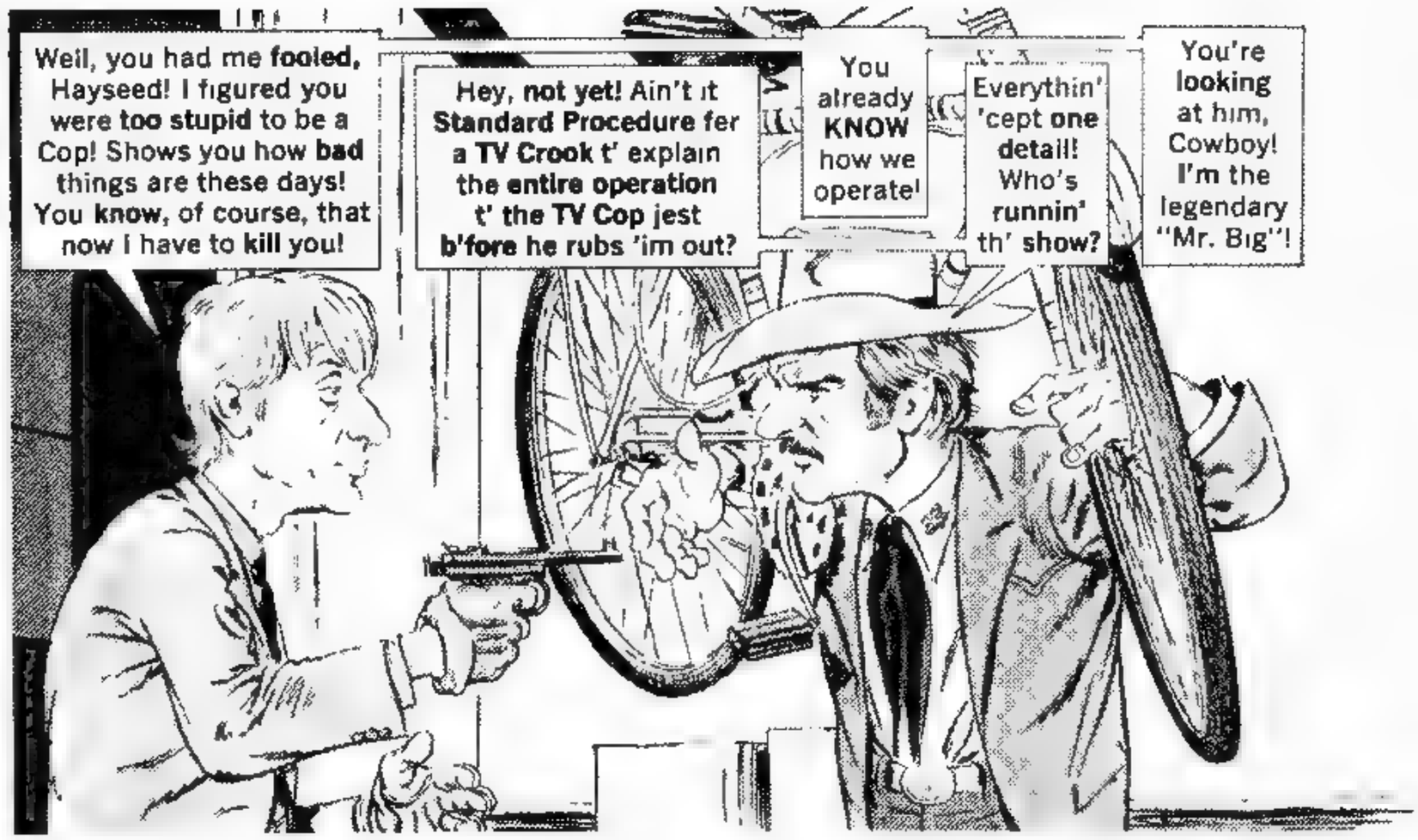
No one gets to meet "Mr. Big"! We get our orders over the phone! And let me warn you, Cowboy! Any funny business, and they're gonna find you floating in that river!
Don' worry, Pardner! Ah'd rather be DAID than float in THAT river!

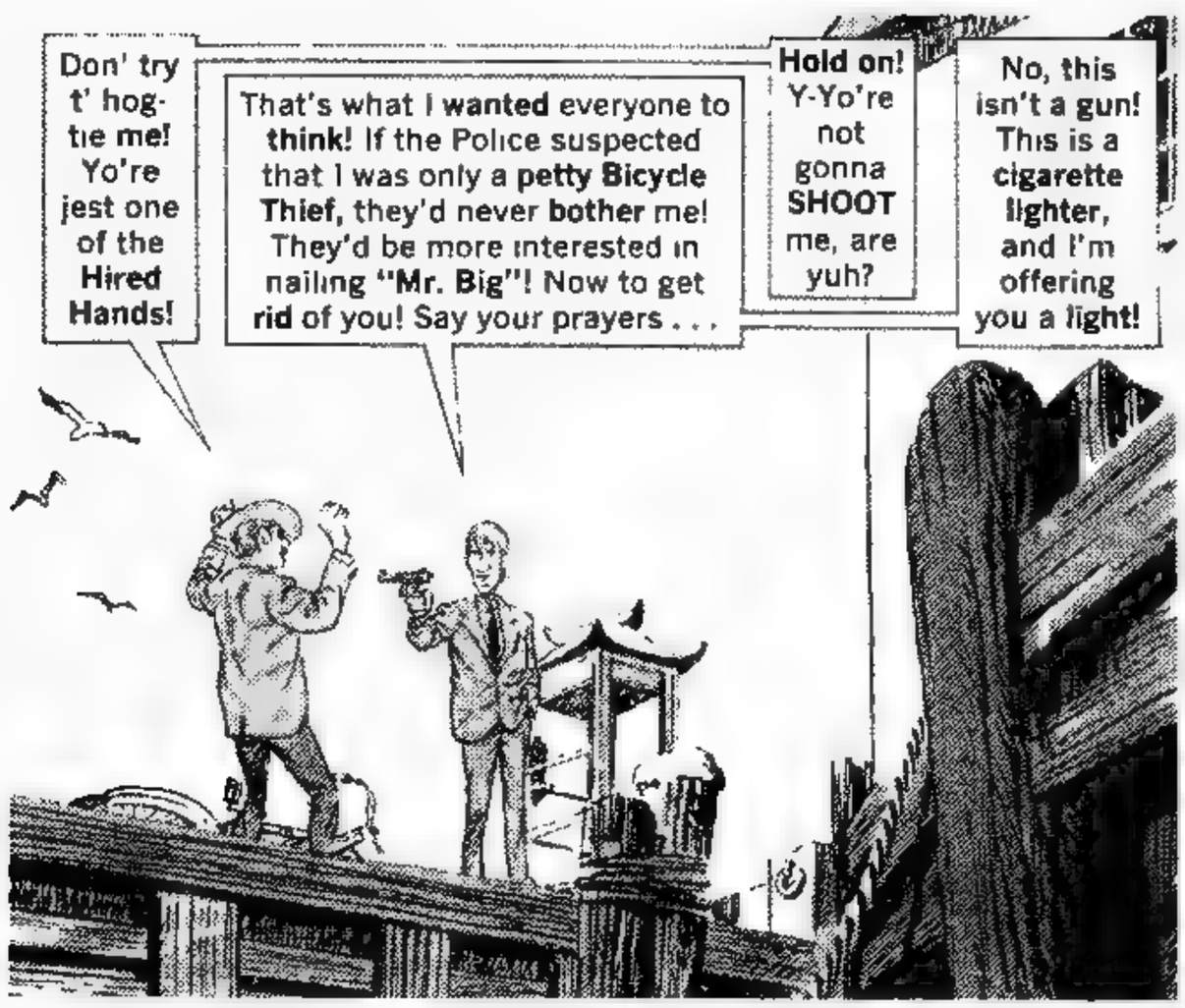

Chief, will you accept a Collect Call from McClod?
What's the matter, McClod! Don't you have a dime?
How yuh doin', Chief!? It's a funny thang, but the phone booths here don't take dimes!
Don't be stupid! All phone booths take dimes!
Not in Hong Kong they don'll!


McClod!! What are you doing in HONG KONG?!?
Why, Ah'm talkin' t' YOU on the phone, Chief!
You could have done that in New York! Why there?!?
Ah've infiltrated the bike gang, Chief! We steal bikes in New York, ship 'em here, paint 'em, and ship 'em back to New York!

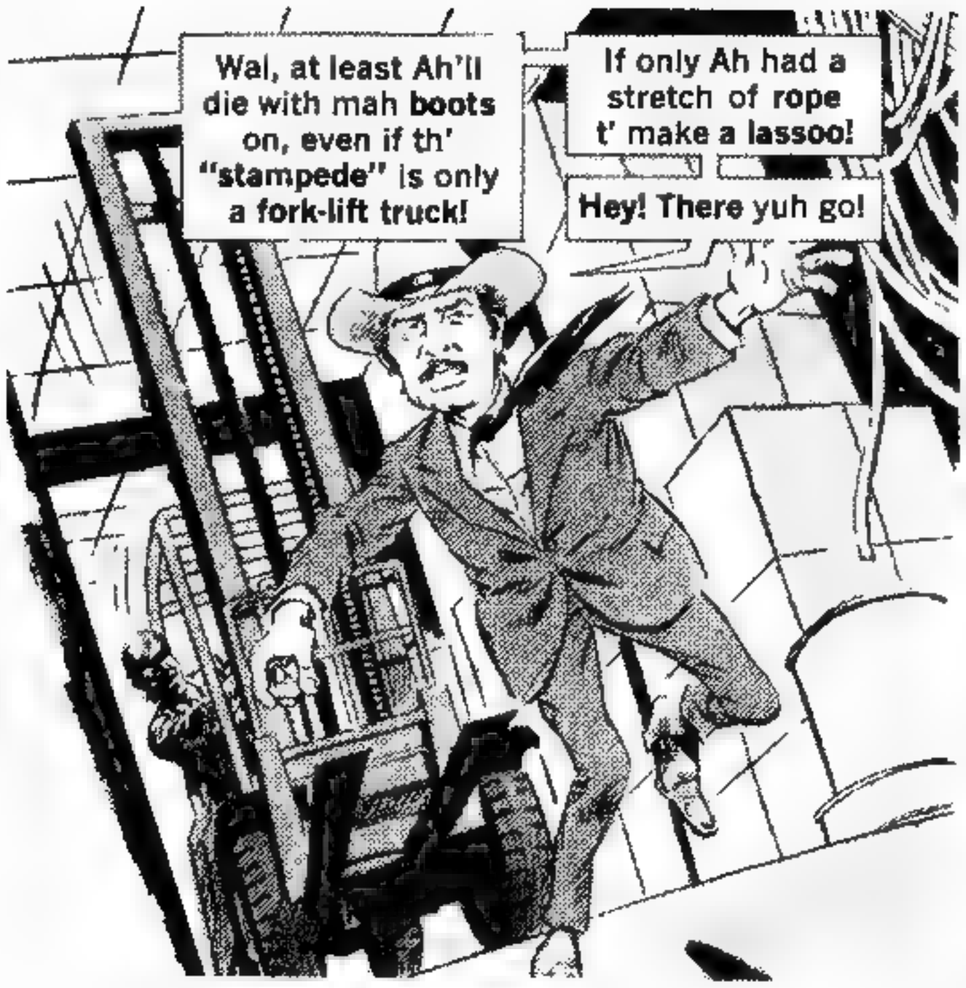

Why would anyone want to ship stolen bikes 7000 miles just to paint them!?
Probably 'cause the Labor is a lot cheaper here! They gotta take 'em apart, paint 'em, fill 'em up—
FILL THEM UP?!? With WHAT . . . ?!?
That funny li'l white powder . . .
HEROIN!! McClod, you've stumbled onto The Hong Kong Connection!


Hang up the phone, Cowboy!
McClod?!? Are you there? Mc—CLICK!


Well, you had me fooled, Hayseed! I figured you were too stupid to be a Cop! Shows you how bad things are these days! You know, of course, that now I have to kill you!
Hey, not yet! Ain't it Standard Procedure fer a TV Crook t' explain the entire operation t' the TV Cop jest b'fore he rubs 'im out?
You already KNOW how we operate!
Everythin' 'cept one detail! Who's runnin' th' show?
You're looking at him, Cowboy! I'm the legendary "Mr. Big"!


Don' try t' hog-tie me! Yo're jest one of the Hired Hands!
That's what I wanted everyone to think! If the Police suspected that I was only a petty Bicycle Thief, they'd never bother me! They'd be more interested in nailing "Mr. Big"! Now to get rid of you! Say your prayers . . .
Hold on! Y-Yo're not gonna SHOOT me, are yuh?
No, this isn't a gun! This is a cigarette lighter, and I'm offering you a light!

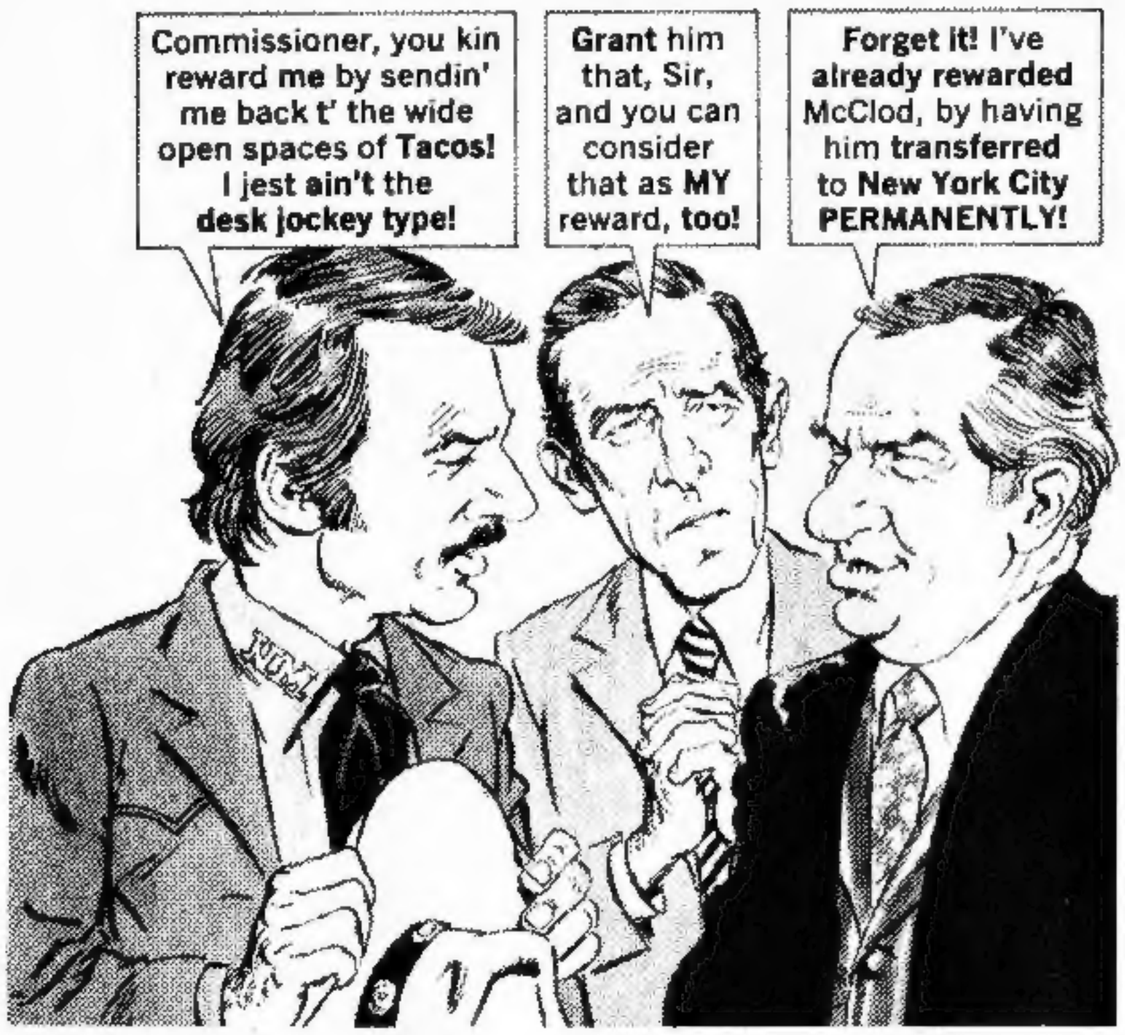
Wait a cotton-pickin' minute! Wouldn't it make a lot more sense if'n my death looked like an accident?!?
You're right! An accident would be much neater!
Gulp!! Maybe Ah'd be better off if'n Ah'd jest let him shoot me!

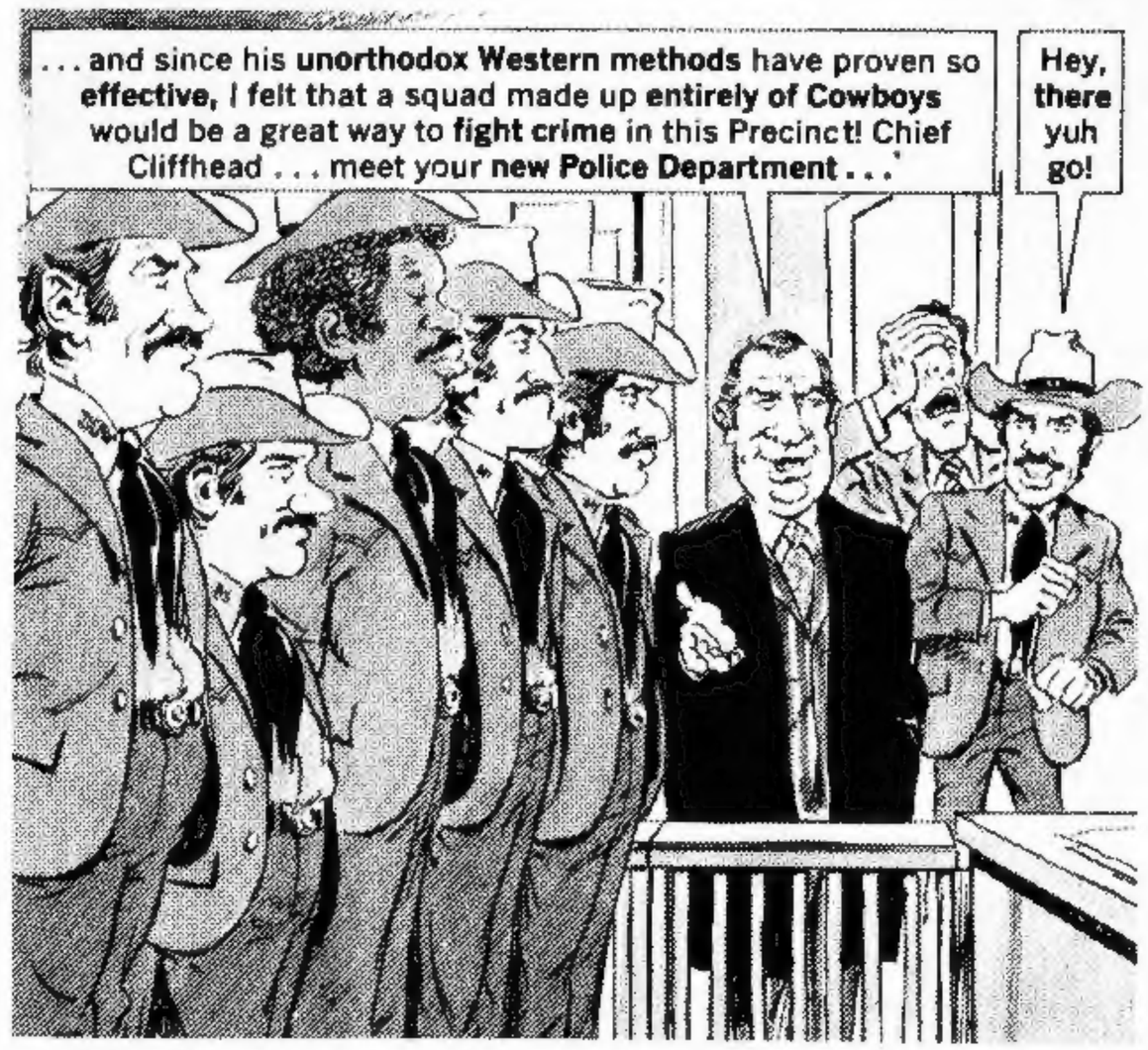

Wal, at least Ah'll die with mah boots on, even if th' "stampede" is only a fork-lift truck!
If only Ah had a stretch of rope t' make a lassoo!
Hey! There yuh go!

GOTCHA!
We're from the Hong Kong Police! Nobody move!
YAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Uh . . . Chief, it's the Hong Kong Police! I—I'm afraid it's bad news!
Did something happen to McClod?
No, to the Hong Kong Police! McClod wiped out half the Police Force with a runaway fork-lifte truck!

Hi, y'all! Wal, Chief, Ah'm ready fer my next assignment!
McClod, you're a menace to Police Forces the world over! You're not even going back to the Meter Maids! You're going to sit behind a desk and address invitations to the Policeman's ball till you retire!
Congratulations, Chief! You and the Marshal did such a great job busting The Hong Kong Connection that I've decided to reward you both!


Commissioner, you kin reward me by sendin' me back t' the wide open spaces of Tacos! I jest ain't the desk jockey type!
Grant him that, Sir, and you can consider that as MY reward, too!
Forget it! I've already rewarded McClod, by having him transferred to New York City PERMANENTLY!


. . . and since his unorthodox Western methods have proven so effective, I felt that a squad made up entirely of Cowboys would be a great way to fight crime in this Precinct! Chief Cliffhead . . . meet your new Police Department . . .
Hey, there yuh go!

STEP INTO A NEW ROUTINE!

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